

such a theatre the mere literary man who has read and written instead of living until he has come to feel fiction as experience and to resent experience as fiction, would be as much out of place as the ideal B. P. itself. Well, let him sit out his first mistaken visit quietly and not come again; for it is quite clear that it is only by holding the mirror up to literature that the dramatist pleases him, whereas it is only by holding it up to nature that good work is produced. In such a theatre *Widowers' Houses* would rank as a trumpery farcical comedy; whereas, in the theatre of to-day, it is excitedly discussed as a daringly original sermon, political essay, satire, Drapier letter, or what not, even by those who will not accept it as a play on any terms. And all because my hero did not, when he heard that his income came from slum property, at once relinquish it (i.e., make it a present to Sartorius without benefiting the tenants) and go to the gold-fields to dig out nuggets with his strong right arm so that he might return to wed his Blanche after a shipwreck (witnessed by her in a vision), just in time to rescue her from beggary, brought upon her by the discovery that Lickcheese was the rightful heir to the property of Sartorius, who had dispossessed and enslaved him by a series of forgeries unmasked by the faithful Cokane. (If this is not satisfactory I can reel off half a dozen alternative "dramatic" plots without ten minutes' thought, and yet I am told I have no dramatic capacity!) I wonder whether it was lack of capacity, or superabundance of it, that led me to forego all this "drama" by making my hero do exactly what he would have done in real life—that is, apologise like a gentleman (in the favourable sense) for accusing another man of his own unconscious rascality, and admit his inability to change a world which would not take the trouble to change itself? "A. B. W.," panting for the renunciation, the gold-fields, and the nuggets, protests that I struck "a blow in the air." That is precisely what I wanted to do, being tired of blows struck in the vacuum of stageland. And the way in which the blow, trifling as it was, has sent the whole critical squadron reeling, and for the moment knocked all the breath out of the body of the New Criticism itself, shows how absurdly artificial the atmosphere of the stalls had become. The critics who have kept their heads, counting hostile and favourable ones together, do not make five per cent. of the whole body.—Yours, etc.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

FARMERS AND LABOURERS.

SIR.—I have just read the article in the *SPEAKER*, "The Inevitable Issue." It should, I think, be printed and distributed in thousands. I have read a great deal upon the Agricultural Conference, but nothing I think so good. I am a farmer with a small corn farm, in which I have some hundreds of permanent improvements I am afraid to try to recover under the present laws, and as a consequence I pay rent on those improvements.

The mistake official Liberals have been making all along is not to consider the farmer as a factor in the rural districts, and make offers alone to the rural labourer. This was effective enough in 1885, and, if some of those promises had then been kept, the rural labourer would still vote Liberal; but having, as he thinks, been once deceived, he says it does not much matter who is in, "one is about as good as another, we'd better go along of master"; and "master" goes for the same reason along with the parson and squire.

But let the official Liberals come with an honest programme for the farmer of "fair rents and security," and the same for the agricultural labourer, artisan, shop-keeper, for the land is all monopolised, and everyone suffers from unfair rent, with no security. Then, I think, it will be a wonder if we, as Liberals, do not do better than in 1885 in rural England.

How much the present limited victory is due to the Liberal farmers who have stood fast to their principles against tremendous pressure it is hard to say, but without some local men in whom the labourer had confidence, there would not have been a seat won; and it will be a cruel injustice if Mr. Herbert Gardner does not bring forward something very definite for the farmers' relief. His exclusion from the Cabinet has quite a bad enough influence.

The Tories will be up and stirring. Protection is very taking to numbers, however foolish and idiotic the idea is that a nation gets wealth by taxing itself. They will not stop to consider this. Lord Winchelsea's Union will be another little scheme for diverting and dividing the Liberals from radical methods of dealing with the land. To restore property to rural England, to give a feeling of life and independence to its workers, instead of the constant stagnation, depopulation, and agriculture steadily going down hill, the farmer becoming bankrupt, and thousands of honest labourers working their last few years under the dread shadow of the workhouse, is a task worthy of our greatest statesmen.

It is a great opportunity for Sir Vernon Harecourt, who already has thousands of friends amongst the farmers, because they say the "Hares and Rabbits Bill" is the only honest Bill that has been given them.

Thanking you again for your article, I am, etc.,

WESTERN COUNTIES.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, December 30th, 1892.

THIS has been a dismal year for English letters; barren of achievement and almost barren of promise. For a man who likes to read new books it has been a year to be ill in—seriously ill, I mean, of a disease that does not allow him to sit up and read in bed. Understand me, please: I do not say for a moment that the best season's yield of books will outweigh an attack of measles. "There are not many works extant," says Stevenson, "if you look the alternative all over, which are worth the price of a pound of tobacco to a man of limited means." But my business here is to write about books as if they were really important, and made a whole world in themselves.

"Books, dreams, are each a world, and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good."

Very well, then: I am not going to belittle my occupation by trying to view the scheme of created things in its right proportions, but will content myself with observing that the summer of 1892 contained a General Election and an unusual number of fine days.

As for books, 1892 in England may be summed up as a year of *Reminiscences*. We have had the Englishman in Paris and Lord Augustus Loftus; Gordon Hake and William Bell Scott; Dean Hole and A. K. H. B.; Mrs. Andrew Crosse and Charles Santley; with Mr. Fowler of Aylesbury—the catalogue becomes Homeric—

'Αλλ' οὐκ αὖτις τοιόνδε τοιόνδε τε λαὸν ἔστωπ'
Λήν γὰρ φύλλοισιν εὐκρίδης ἢ ψαμθοῖσιν
Ἔρχονται πέλοιο, μαχηρόμενοι . . .

And it will be remarked that, as a rule, a year fertile in *Reminiscences* is barren of other inventive work. Professional authors stand aside to give the amateur his chance. To say that the amateur takes it as a rule is to speak mildly, or (as we shall soon, perhaps, be saying if the Head-masters carry out their threat and teach English in our Public Schools) to use *meiosis*.

In poesy the year started off very briskly. We had tasted the New Journalism and the New Humour, and found each a trifle gritty in the mouth: but "The New Poetry" made an attractive head-line, none the less: and the first genuine sample of it—Mr. Henley's "Song of the Sword"—was such excellent stuff that every good critic longed for more. Unhappily it would appear that this New Poetry—which its professors assert to be, before all things, virile—lacks one of the first attributes of virility, the power to propagate its kind. It is believed that the young gentlemen who, as late as last spring, were shouting "Ho, for battle!" and "Come, wade with us in blood!" went into hiding upon the threat of an irritable critic to come and measure their chests if this kind of thing continued.

But the year that killed Tennyson could hardly by any successes have been redeemed. And when, of all the poets who wrote memorial verses on Tennyson, it chose to strike down the most promising, and him alone, it was felt to be past praying for. The affliction of Mr. William Watson leaves us for the time with but two younger poets of very high promise—Mr. Le Gallienne and Mr. Kipling.

Of fiction, too, the retrospect is very blank. There has been no "One of Our Conquerors," no "Tess," no "Little Minister." Mr. Meredith has been working slowly, as he always works, his genius not being of the kind that achieves a triumph in each succeeding year, a few days after Michaelmas. On his altar the Briton immolates the goose in vain. Mr. Hardy's genius has temporarily declined upon "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved." Mr. Kipling's share in "The

Naulahka" is the sort of thing that, if he forgets it, all men may, and will, forgive. Mr. Barrie has been writing a play, and so has Mr. George Moore, and so has Mr. Henry James. Mr. Grant Allen, however, has written a masterpiece, and burnt it (in manuscript) out of regard for his reputation, thus rendering it hard for us to praise as we could desire. Miss Olive Schreiner continues dumb. Of Mr. Hall Caine's book of stories we may say that its author is recoiling (slightly) to spring the better: and I hope this will satisfy the host of Mr. Hall Caine's admirers who sent me abusive (and anonymous) letters a year ago, when, by the merest oversight, I omitted his name from an unimportant article in a Christmas number. Among writers of more recent fame, those who have added most to their stature are Mrs. Clifford, Mr. Zangwill, and (I should like to add) Mr. Henry Murray, whose "A Song of Sixpence" is certainly one of the most remarkable stories of the year. To sum up, your opinion of 1892 as an era in the writing of fiction will depend upon what you think of "David Grieve."

The year ends ominously. A week ago, or less, the Head-masters' Conference decided that English should be taught in our public schools. Of the possibility of teaching it—or learning it themselves—the Head-masters appeared to have no doubt: though why the art of using that language should be supposed to be communicable—and communicable by means of pedagogues—is a question to which I, for one, can supply no answer. There are possibly five and twenty men and women in England who can use the English language and know something about it. As far as I know, not one of these men is at this moment a schoolmaster. If the Head-masters think (1) that these five and twenty men and women can impart their secret; (2) that for £300 a year, or thereabouts, they would do so, forsaking their larger freedom and larger incomes to teach in school; then I can understand the vote of the Conference, and am alarmed by it.

But at present I neither understand it nor am alarmed. I cannot understand why any youth who wishes to get on in life (the great aim, just now, of public school and university teaching) should be forced to waste four or five years of his youth—nothing less will serve—in learning to write English, an accomplishment which only pays at all when backed by a rare combination of gifts, and even then very poorly. And I am not alarmed, for I know that in practice all attempts to pitchfork English into our public schools will end either in grammar or Caedmon—the latter for choice. And as neither of these has more than the remotest connection with English, we need not be anxious yet awhile.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

ENGLAND AT THE RESTORATION.

A. FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF CHARLES II. By J. J. Jusserand. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THE Count de Comminges, soldier and diplomatist, was in England as one of the representatives of his Sovereign from December, 1662, to December, 1665. M. Jusserand has collected and put together a series of extracts from his correspondence, not so much in order to illustrate English foreign relations at that period as to show what an intelligent foreigner thought worth observing in the country and in the manners and customs of its people. Accordingly foreign politics and the official business of the ambassador's mission form the least important part of the book. It is valuable, not as a supplement to Mignet and Dalrymple, but as a companion to Pepys and to Grammont.

Like Grammont, the Count de Comminges de-

scribes the King and the Court, but he does not confine himself to one side of things only. Literature and politics interest him as well as amusements and intrigues. He pictures Charles II. flirting with Miss Stewart, quarrelling with Lady Castlemaine, and trying to escape disagreeable business by pretending that he had forgotten his French. Of Grammont Comminges had no very good opinion. He describes him as taking in all the festivities and amusements of the Court the same prominent place which his biographer Hamilton assigns to him, and engaged as usual in numerous gallantries, "making, as is his wont, much noise, but little progress." He has much to say on Grammont's marriage with Elizabeth Hamilton, which the ambassador tried to hinder, and Charles II. helped to forward. "The chevalier," he concludes, "has not altered since he married, except in his having become such a downright liar as to stand matchless in the world." Nevertheless, in their picture of the Court of Charles II. Grammont and Comminges both agree.

At the special request of Louis XIV., Comminges sends him some account of the state of English literature. "Arts and Sciences," he writes, "seem sometimes entirely to leave one country to go and adorn another. They appear at present to have chosen France as their abode; and if some traces of them are to be discovered here, it is only in the memory of Bacon, Morus, and Buchanan, and in later times of 'un nommé Miltonius,' who has rendered himself more infamous by his noxious writings than the very tormentors and assassins of their king." The one English author Comminges knew and admired was Mr. Hobbes, "who may truly be called *Assertor Regum*, as his works show." Not only was the King of France the ideal hero of Mr. Hobbes, but he loved his person too. "We never meet without his asking me a thousand questions about him, and he always concludes by admiring exclamations and appropriate wishes for the king." Comminges suggested that as the king had often shown an intention to reward foreign men of letters, he should begin by granting Hobbes a pension. But Louis XIV., when his curiosity was satisfied, took a very lukewarm interest in English literature, and Hobbes never got his pension. Comminges himself, when he had answered the king's questions, made no further literary researches.

Far more interesting to the ambassador than the barbarous literature of England was its astounding constitution. For his master's instruction Comminges drew up an elaborate report, in which he endeavoured to unravel the mysteries of Parliamentary government. "If Aristotle, who tried to define even the smallest things pertaining to politics, were to come to life again, he could not find words to explain the nature of this Government. It has a monarchical appearance, as there is a king, but at bottom it is very far from being a monarchy. . . . The disposition of the laws of the country has limited in such a way the power both of the king and his subjects that they seem to be joined by indissoluble ties, in such a manner that if one of the two parties were wanting the other would go to ruin" (p. 100).

The Court was divided into four or five parties, and the king was at the head of the weakest. Some part of the responsibility for the weakness of the monarchy Comminges was inclined to attribute to the king himself, to his lazy good-nature and want of application. The result of both causes was that the king was practically helpless. As Courtin, one of the colleagues of Comminges, wrote, the King of England "can do nothing except when he wills what his subjects want." . . . "There is this difference between him and the King our Master, that his Majesty can order his subjects to go as he pleases, but the King of England is bound to follow his" (p. 142). An instance of this was afforded by the French attempt to mediate between England and Holland in 1665. Charles gave the Ambassadors good words, but apologetically explained to them

that parliament and the country were enraged against the Dutch. What the popular fury was Comminges discovered when the London mob broke his windows because he had not illuminated them for the Duke of York's victory over the Dutch in Southwold Bay. One of the things which surprised him most was the general interest in politics, and the freedom with which people talked about them. "In this country everybody thinks it his right to speak of affairs of state, and the very boatmen want the *mylords* to talk to them about such topics while they row them to parliament." Two years earlier he had been amazed by the Earl of Bristol's impeachment of Clarendon. He could not understand how a private nobleman was allowed to attack the king's First Minister, and not be thrown into prison for his boldness. "Nothing in the world is more surprising than what is to be seen in this Court, and less easily intelligible to a man who has been brought up under a different government and different laws." Seeing such things as these, he ventured to prophecy to Louis XIV. that if the Dutch war were not successful, the English would be tempted to return to a Commonwealth again.

A large part of the interest of these despatches is due to the character of Louis XIV. His thirst for political information was insatiable. Besides these reports on English literature and the English parliament, he asked Comminges to furnish him with reports on the navy, on the currency, and on the state of religion. He was equally curious for news about subjects of minor importance, social, commercial, or personal. "Never forget," wrote Louis, "that there is nothing in the whole world that does not come under the cognisance, and fall within the sphere, of an ambassador."

For this reason the ambassador, besides narratives of negotiations and disquisitions on politics, inserts in his despatches gossip about Lady Castlemaine, an anecdote of General Monk, or a character of the Duchess of York. The official correspondence is supplemented from the private letters of Comminges and his colleagues—letters full of complaints of the climate, the prices, and the fogs. The uncomfortable wanderings of the embassy during the year of the Great Plague, and the progress of the plague itself, are vividly pictured.

All this miscellaneous matter from the archives of the French Foreign Office, M. Jusserand has skilfully collected and put together. Ten portraits—some of which are excellent heliogravures—further enhance the attractions of a book which is sure to interest anyone who takes it up.

DRYDEN AND SOMERVILE.

AURENG-ZEBE: A TRAGEDY. By John Dryden. And Book II. of THE CHACE, a poem. By William Somervile. Edited, with biographical memoirs and notes, by Kenneth Deighton. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.

THE interest of this edition of Dryden's play and Somervile's poem lies, as Captain Cuttle might remark, "in its application." The book belongs to Messrs. Constable's well-edited and fastidiously printed Oriental Miscellany, and is intended mainly for Indian readers, who will naturally be interested in an English play which was obviously founded on Bernier's well-known "Travels in the Moghul Empire." Mr. Kenneth Deighton's notes are evidently addressed in *usum Babuorum*, and would appear officially explanatory to most English students. In view of an intelligent, but not highly cultured, Indian *clientèle* they are, however, well considered and to the point. But when Mr. Deighton in his Biographical Sketch maintains that "Dryden has throughout followed Bernier closely, and the character of the hero, if somewhat flattering, is in the main authorised by history," and, again, in the Preface, that "Dryden's portraiture is faithful

enough," we can imagine that a Babu, instructed in the history of his country, will open his eyes. Dryden describes his hero thus:

"But Aureng-Zebe, by no strong passion sway'd,
Except his Love, more temp'rate is, and weigh'd;

He sums their Virtues in himself alone,
And adds the greatest, of a Loyal Son," &c.

"Temp'rate and weigh'd" Aurangzeb certainly was; but to lock his old father up in the palace of Agra till he died was scarcely a proof of Loyal Sonship. One thinks of the old reproachful lines—

"It is all very well to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me downstairs?"

Aurangzeb's filial love was distinctly of the kick-me-downstairs order. Again, Dryden not only draws a picture of Shâh-Jahân's wife, "the furious Empress," under the impression that she was the celebrated Nûr-Mahal (the wife of Jahângir), but makes a complete hash of the family. There was no "furious Empress" at the time of the civil war described in the play. Mumtâz Mahal, the lady of the famous Taj, had been dead many years, and, save his daughter, none of Shâh-Jahân's other women had any influence in matters of state. Even had there been an "ambitious Empress" at this time, it could hardly have been said,

"To all his former issue she has shown
Long hate, and laboured to advance her own,"

for all Shâh-Jahân's children were the issue of his marriage with one wife. When Dryden says of the Emperor:

"Unmov'd, and brave, he like himself appears,
And meriting no ill, no danger fears,"

he has apparently overlooked Bernier's account of the extreme alarm manifested by Shâh-Jahân at the approach of his "Loyal Son"; and, in alluding to the defeat of the two brothers Dârâ and Shujâ, as "two such Conquests gain'd by such a son," he credits Aurangzeb with a victory which properly belonged to Raja Jai Singh. The meeting between father and son is wholly apocryphal: for Aurangzeb never saw his father alive after his rebellion. Of course, these historical inaccuracies are the privilege of the dramatist; but they do not justify Mr. Deighton's contention.

A specially interesting feature in this edition is the illustration which Mr. Archibald Constable has prefixed to Somervile's "Chace." The description of an Indian hunt in this poem is as obviously derived from Bernier's "Journey to Kachemire, the Paradise of the Indies," as Dryden's play was suggested by the same traveller's "History of the Late Rebellion in the States of the Great Mogol," both of which form part of the Montpellier doctor's Travels, which first appeared in an English translation in 1671. The poem gives an excellent picture of the Moghul method of sport, but it is rendered much more vivid by the fac-simile of an Indian miniature representing Akbar hunting by night. Here we see the youthful Emperor on horseback, surrounded by a few attendants, two of whom are showing him by the light of a torch the deer they have picked up. In front is a scantily-clothed damsel, who carries a lamp so placed on the outside of a shield that she remains in darkness, while the deer are attracted by the light and by the tinkling of the bell she jingles with the other hand. Close behind her stands the Amîr Shikâr, or chief huntsman, in an attitude of keen attention; he has just shot three deer, who are performing their death-somersaults in the air in front. In the background is seen the retinue or army of the Emperor, drawn up out of the way, with his travelling throne in the midst. The light thrown on the deer by the girl's lamp, and by the torch on the Emperor and his attendants, is skilfully contrasted with the general effect of night.

As a work of art the picture possesses high merits, and as a specimen of a branch of painting which is very little known in England it will be a surprise to many readers. The original belongs to

Colonel Hanna, who exhibited a magnificent collection of Indian miniatures at Messrs. Dowdeswell's rooms in 1890, and one of whose finest specimens of portraiture—an admirable vignette of the Emperor Shâh-Jahân—formed the frontispiece to Mr. Constable's edition of Bernier's "Travels." The history of the school—for there was a school, or, rather, several schools—of painting in India has yet to be written. It is at present unknown to the leading authorities in Europe. We read frequently of painters and their works in the Persian histories of the reigns of Akbar and his successors, some of whom spent vast sums in the encouragement of the art. The painters' names are preserved, and their works excited the admiration of Bernier and other travellers. Many specimens may be seen in the British Museum and elsewhere, and no one can study them without being impressed with the extraordinary delicacy of the drawing and the care and accuracy of the details. In the older pictures, of the end of the 16th and early part of the 17th centuries, the colouring is soft and harmonious, and the artists had a considerable idea of grouping and selecting their points of view. Portraits are the commonest form of the art, but Colonel Hanna's exhibition showed several delightful village scenes and landscapes, somewhat after the style of the hunting-scene which illustrates the present volume. They are all, we believe, on paper, and originally formed illustrations to manuscript histories and the like, or belonged to royal albums, the Moghul equivalents for the photograph-book of to-day.

One characteristic must strike the most superficial observer. The Emperor in the picture prefixed to Somerville's "Chace" is represented with a glory round his head, like a saint; there is a hunting-lodge in the middle distance, entirely unlike any Indian building; and a rustic bridge over the river, which would never have occurred to an Oriental artist. Here we have traces of that Western and Christian influence which is a marked feature in so many Moghul paintings. In the native histories we read of portraits of the Madonna and of St. John Baptist being used to decorate the walls of the palaces of the Emperor and his great lords, and one of Colonel Hanna's pictures, representing a kiosque of the Emperor Jahângir, actually shows us the portrait of the Virgin on the wall, precisely as it is described by one of the historians. There was a famous Jesuit mission at Agra at this time, with branches in other cities, and the Imperial family, following Akbar's eclectic lead, was disposed to look favourably upon the missionary fathers. Indeed, Dârâ, the eldest son of Shâh-Jahân, was reported to have died a Christian, and two less important Moghul princes were undoubtedly baptised—with a view (it was unkindly suggested) to the acquisition of Portuguese wives, which, however, the worthy Fathers would not sanction. To the influence of the Jesuits, no doubt, the curious introduction of Christian emblems, like Akbar's aureole in Indian portraits and landscapes, and the representation of the holy personages of the Church, must be ascribed. But nothing is definitely known of this artistic branch of missionary influence, and it may be doubted whether a scrutiny of the archives of the Company of Jesus would greatly enlighten us. It is, however, a curious and interesting subject, and Mr. Constable deserves all thanks for bringing it prominently forward, and illustrating it with notes drawn from his long experience of picture-hunting in India.

SOUR MILK FOR BABES.

FOOTPRINTS OF STATESMEN DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND. By Reginald Baliol Brett. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. BRETT apparently aspires to the reputation of a humourist, and we must congratulate him upon a successful appearance in that capacity in the present volume. Professing to write a series

of historical essays on such grave subjects as the foundations of modern government in England, the power of the Press, and the invention of Cabinet responsibility, for the benefit of a schoolboy of fifteen, he has, by an ingenious subterfuge, presented us with the ideas of this schoolboy himself, couched in the splendid prose which youth affects. The result is an intensely amusing little volume, from which the reader can learn how historical events ought not to be viewed, and how history ought not to be written. Mr. Brett has most successfully caught the schoolboy's ideas and modes of expression, and has accordingly produced a volume hardly less entertaining than "Vice Versâ" itself. What could be better, for example, as a caricature of the copy-book platitudes dear to the youthful heart, than this:—

"Towards the end of the nineteenth century we live quickly and luxuriously. The saving of labour has been exalted into a science. For the convenience of the majority, thinking is done by deputy. . . . It would be an error to imagine, as the young often do, that the visions of the political dreamer are vain and fatuous. They give to the practical politician that guidance which the pillar of fire gave to the Israelites in their wanderings by night. . . ."

"Without a conception of the wealth, the learning, the arts, and culture of the Roman Empire, sunk in the slough of the Middle Ages, and without having realised that North Africa was once covered with great cities in a high degree of civilisation, it is difficult to imagine Western Europe, including England, again submerged in semi-barbarous darkness. Who can assert that what the barbaric forces of Nature have once effected they may not again effect?"

Nothing could be happier, as a burlesque of the schoolboy's love of sounding commonplace, than these profound political reflections; nor anything more amusing, as a specimen of historic exactitude, from the fourth-form point of view, than this:—"Mr. Pitt called England the temperate zone of Europe. *This description has been truer at some periods than others.*" Mr. Brett tells us of many things and many people, but he never forgets his mission. Nobody who wishes to understand the schoolboy's view of history should fail to study the "Footprints of Statesmen." From it he will get—first, a bird's-eye view of history; secondly, a series of pen portraits of the eminent politicians of the past; and thirdly, a number of allusions to modern public men which, taken together, furnish us with a perfect picture of the naïve simplicity of the fourth-form boy's intellect. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Brett's caricature is almost too broad, as when he describes the *Times* as "the diurnal literary miracle which emanates at an early hour from Printing House Square." This is an artistic error. No schoolboy, however silly, could have dropped to such a depth as this. But at times, again, the imitation of the confused thoughts and imperfect literary expression of his prototype is beyond praise. Here, for instance, is a remark about Swift:—"He stands next to Bolingbroke as the founder of modern style. Its character has been said to be that it consists of proper words in proper places; and no higher praise could well be given. Its extreme simplicity was noted by Dr. Johnson. 'The rogue never hazards a figure,' he said, not disapprovingly." What could be prettier than this talk about proper words in proper places, in conjunction with the employment of "its" in the foregoing sentence? Or, again, what could represent more faithfully the youthful, the very youthful, frame of mind than this apology for Queen Caroline's coarseness in speech? "In palliation of the Queen's taste, it must not be forgotten that her conversation was mainly carried on in French, and that phrases in that elegant tongue have quite a different sound when translated into our crude vernacular." Elegant tongue, forsooth! Crude vernacular, quotha! What would Dr. Birch have had to say to the young aspirant to literary distinction who employed such words to describe the distinction between the language of Rabelais and that of Milton? And how would he have liked his favourite pupil, still dwelling on the same theme, to say that, "She (the Queen) respected him (the coarsely outspoken Walpole) for the defects of his qualities?"

Mr. Brett is most interesting, however, and most

successful when he seeks to convey to us, by dexterous allusion, the juvenile prig's ideas upon current politics. Manifestly he intends the boy he has made his victim to be regarded as a superior person, who moves in good society, and imbibes, in a fatuous and distorted fashion, the sentiments he overhears in those select circles. Thus he couples, after a complimentary reference to the editor of the *Times*, the Grub Street of Queen Anne and the Bouverie Street of to-day—a humorous allusion which, we fear, will not be appreciated by the editor of the *Daily News*. And again, after referring to Walpole as “an old parliamentary hand,” he adds the sagacious remark, “It has been since observed that there is no statesmanship which finds resistance to useless and expensive, and even immoral, wars so hopeless as that of the peace-exalting old parliamentary hand.” Apparently, Mr. Brett has not been quite able to divest himself of his own personality in this parody of the modern schoolboy. Once or twice he has committed the error of speaking what we imagine are his personal sentiments. Thus, after dwelling upon Pitt's ability, not only “to persuade his hearers of the justice of the cause he was advocating at the moment,” but also to persuade himself, he adds, “Although at given moments in a nation's history . . . such political gifts are of inestimable value to statesmanship, on the whole it may be doubted whether any nation is to be congratulated whose destinies are placed in the hands of a master of the art of rhetoric.” This is a distinct blemish on the parody as a whole. Mr. Brett should have known better than to make his schoolboy acquainted with the inferior political epigrams of to-day. These things belong rather to the undergraduate than the fourth-form stage of development. But we must pause in our survey of a work which, as a piece of humour, a burlesque of history, is admirable. There are many other gems of caricature in the volume besides those we have quoted; but our readers must go to the book itself if they wish to understand the way in which Mr. Reginald Brett has succeeded in bringing constitutional history down to the level of the schoolboy intellect. It is milk for babes which he has provided, in very truth; but the milk, alas! is sour, and consequently not likely to agree with any healthy lad of normal appetite. We shall only add, as a final proof of the humour of the production, the following specimen of the historical anecdote, as it frames itself in the luminous intelligence of the youthful moralist:—

“The fiction that power resided in the Cabinet as a whole was not disturbed. So little, however, was it really the case that the Duke of Newcastle, with singular tactlessness, on one occasion, when the King's Speech was under discussion, having omitted a paragraph which Walpole desired to suppress altogether, instead of quietly dropping out the obnoxious words without comment, turned and whispered to Lord Hardwicke, the Chancellor, for some minutes, and then adding, ‘You take me,’ passed on to the next paragraph. The Chancellor said nothing, but took snuff and looked wise, we are told, which, under the circumstances, was perhaps the simplest course open to him.”

Mr. Brett is certainly in his own way inimitable. What other person of mature years could have spoiled a story so successfully?

A HERO TO HIS VALET.

RACING LIFE OF LORD GEORGE CAVENDISH BENTINCK, M.P., AND OTHER REMINISCENCES. By John Kent. Edited by the Hon. Francis Lawley. With illustrations. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

WE have in Mr. Kent's remarkable book many facts about Lord George Bentinck and much entertaining gossip about horses and horsemen. From beginning to end, however, hardly any light is thrown on the inner life of the most remarkable racing man of the century. Lord George moves through the book like a lifeless thing able to speak and give directions. Doubtless expectation of much positive psychological interest in a work of this kind would have been foolish, but we were not prepared for such a seeming

automaton, with an unparalleled knack of gaining information on all sorts of subjects germane to the turf, and able “to make his horses running machines of the highest quality.” Disraeli's “Lord Paramount of the Turf,” counting “his thousands after a great race, as a victorious general counts his cannon and his prisoners,” led us to anticipate a much more gorgeous figure than that of this grave, absorbed pursuer of the costliest of games, with a habit of falling asleep in his club after dinner. Perhaps he got the most possible out of horse-racing. In his hands, at any rate, it became almost an art. It is what it is through him. His stringent code of laws, promulgated in 1844, gave honesty a chance at Epsom and Newmarket. By a slavish use of great mental and physical powers, and a sacrifice of comfort and leisure continued uninterruptedly for over a dozen years, he made himself “Lord Paramount of the Turf”—the turf, a game played with men and horses for money. Half this resolute labour would have won him the Premiership, or enabled him to master all the noblest things that men study. It wasn't his brief though zealous political career that wore him down; it was the fifteen years' hard labour at horse-racing, with their enormous excitement—all the more deadly for him as he kept it under such absolute control that his trainer was not aware of it.

We have come to the conclusion that the true interest of this book is in the unconscious revelation of the character of the author. We sympathise from the outset with John Kent, the pleasant, well-bred, honest trainer. That John Kent should write with enthusiasm, with unctiousness, of his master's career, is becoming, is admirable. It is very charming to find Mr. Kent differing respectfully from Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Grenville in their estimate of Lord George's political ability; to notice how he speaks with astonishment of Lord George's prophecy regarding the effect of railways on racing—a change the approach of which must have been patent to every stable-boy even before Hudson became king; to smile while he declares that on the arrival of the first horse-van—an invention of Lord George's—at Chichester “the enthusiasm and cheering were as great as when the news of the glorious victory of Waterloo was received in 1815”; and to applaud when he buys as a keepsake the last scarf his master had worn. We feel that to this man his master was a hero; in the private trainer to the Goodwood stable appears “the constant service of the antique world.” As a revelation of a fine character, in a region the air of which is generally considered unfavourable to the development of integrity and quite fatal to the finer feelings, this book is probably unique.

ROUND LONDON.

ROUND LONDON: DOWN EAST AND UP WEST. By Montagu Williams, Q.C. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS is in a sense a posthumous work. It is a reprint of sketches contributed to *Household Words*, and, as we learn from the preface by Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Montagu Williams was unable, owing to the illness which has unhappily ended fatally, to revise it for publication. Under such circumstances the critic is disarmed. It is enough to say that the book is fairly readable, contains some good stories, but is not so good as Mr. Williams' other volumes of reminiscences. Mr. Williams lived an eventful life, and had a keen and clear memory; but few memories are good enough to furnish three volumes of autobiography without occasional padding.

Still there is much in the book which was characteristic of the man. The successful criminal advocate lives in an atmosphere of melodrama. He has to unravel plots, many of which are quite good enough for the Adelphi, and to unmask the villain, or invent one, to save his client. Or he has to show

that the prisoner was more sinned against than sinning, and appeal to the great heart of the British public as represented by the twelve men in the box. Needless to say, the element of humour is not lacking in the Criminal Court, so that all the constituent parts of the pre-Ibsenite drama are fully represented. It was among these surroundings that Mr. Montagu Williams gained his great success, and the good points and the faults of melodrama are alike plentiful in his book. He takes us to the East End. He describes the coster and the match-girl and the bird-fancier as he saw them in his wanderings round his district as a police magistrate. His treatment of the chronic problem of poverty may not be very systematic or scientific: his idea of charity was the old-fashioned one of distributing blankets; but he had at least a kindly human sympathy which is more likely to produce immediate results than the most carefully digested statistics. And we do not doubt that his account of his East End rambles, though there is nothing very novel in what he has to tell, will make many people feel for suffering—even feel to the extent of unloosing their purse-strings. This is the best part of the book. In his sketch of the West, there are too many earls and countesses, who speak of one another as “the countess” and “the earl,” and too many unctuous parvenus—more, even, than in real life. But the aristocracy and plutocracy often fared ill in melodrama, even before Mr. Bernard Shaw came out as a dramatist, and there is a good deal of truth in the social criticism even if it is a little trite and overdone. It came from a good heart, which will make Mr. Williams remembered long after many a Chancery lawyer is forgotten who knows ten times as much law and makes ten times as much money.

FICTION.

SINGULARLY DELUDED. By the author of “Ideala.” Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

LORD WASTWATER. By Sidney Bolton. In two vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

ALADDIN IN LONDON. A Romance. By Fergus Hume. London: A. & C. Black.

THERE is a rollicking farce in “Singularly Deluded,” but it is told with a gravity and skill which cheat the reader into the belief that he is perusing something in the nature of a tragedy. A distinguished barrister who has been suffering from over-work suddenly disappears from the seaside resort where he is staying with his wife and child. The doctors declare that his mind must have temporarily given way, and that he is probably travelling about under an assumed name, ignorant of his own real identity. His devoted wife speedily finds herself on his track, and it is the story of her adventures in running him to earth that is told here. Very remarkable those adventures are. Within the space of little more than a week she is shipwrecked in the Channel, nearly drowned on the coast of Normandy, and arrested as a dishonest and faithless wife by an English policeman. Finally, when with the aid of a good nobleman, who possesses a wonderful yacht, she has succeeded in decoying the man she has been following on board the yacht aforesaid, she discovers that he is not her husband after all, and that all her risks and pains had been suffered in vain. Of course, the story ends happily; but surely never was a soap bubble blown to such dimensions as this. Nevertheless, it is a very pretty bubble, and its gradual expansion may be watched with pleasure and interest by everybody.

“Lord Wastwater” is a novel which can be praised almost unreservedly. Strong in plot, it is yet stronger in character painting. Dealing with familiar scenes, it is unconventional and original, and in the main theme of the story it touches upon one of the symptoms of the modern mind in a fashion that is almost unique. The instinct of fairness to the author which compels us to maintain reticence as to the plot almost forbids criticism in this particular instance, for it is

difficult to touch upon the volumes at all without making revelation of the story. Lord Wastwater, who is the hero of the thrilling narrative, is the type of a *fin de siècle* nobleman. Enormously rich, heir to a dukedom, but not even on speaking terms with his father, and without another relative in the world, he has sought excitement in a life of adventure and self-indulgence in those distant parts of the earth in which man reverts as nearly as possible to the simplicity of his barbaric ancestors. He might have been one of the reckless adventurers whom Louis Stevenson has painted for us in “The Wreckers,” and he seems to have gone through adventures and dangers quite as remarkable as any encountered by Mr. Stevenson’s characters; but he has returned to England to take up his place as a prominent member of society, a great landlord, a great nobleman, and the owner of one of the finest mansions in London. Profoundly bored by himself and everybody else, with something approaching to a disgust of life, with a natural cynicism against which a certain kindness of nature struggles in vain, he finds himself immersed in the commonplace incidents and intrigues of society. It is impossible to conceive a more striking figure in such surroundings as those with which the novelist associates him. In weariness or in good nature, or in half-hearted hope that he may attain to something better than he has yet experienced in his miserable, though splendid, existence, he falls for a moment into love with a charming and unsophisticated girl, who had already given her heart unawares to him. Here the tragedy of the story begins. There is a terrible murder, in which several persons with whom the reader is concerned are involved. It is a murder of singular atrocity and of singular mystery. Lord Wastwater, who has occasionally relieved the monotony of his existence by playing the part of an amateur detective, takes up the search for the rank offender. The chapters in which the chase after the murderer, his discovery and his conviction, are described will rank among the best of the kind in English fiction, and if they stood alone they would prove the writer of this book to be a master of his art. But there is much more than this in “Lord Wastwater.” There are descriptions of modern society penned with a fulness of knowledge and a graphic descriptive power that are simply admirable, and there are sketches of character which surprise even the jaded critic by their truth and their freshness. In short, “Lord Wastwater” is a book to be read and enjoyed, and we can only regret that the stern regard for the interests of the novelist at which we have hinted compels us to refrain from that detailed criticism which would render a revelation of the plot absolutely necessary.

Mr. Hume is happier when treading the path of romance, pure and unadulterated, than in his attempts to write the novel of real life. When once a novelist has reached the point of endowing his hero with a ring, the qualities of which are not inferior to those of the lamp of the Eastern fable, it rests mainly with himself whether he does or does not succeed in interesting his readers. The dullest of mortals is moved by the thought of a talisman which gives its owner the command of unbounded wealth and almost unlimited power; for does not such a thought carry one completely out of the regions of commonplace reality into a land where all things are possible? Our fault with the writers who use the old legend of Aladdin is that they never allow full play to their imaginations. They apparently lack the gorgeousness of conception which Dumas displayed in “Monte Cristo,” and seem content to make the favoured being who owns the magic symbol neither better nor worse than an everyday millionaire. This fault is apparent in Mr. Fergus Hume’s entertaining narrative, though it is not so conspicuous as in most works of this class. Wilfred Dacre, the hero to whom the great gift of fortune has fallen, succeeds by the aid of his ring in winning the wife he coveted, but

he is content to endow her with a beggarly five thousand a year, although he has been warned that the moment may come when the fabulous wealth he possesses will be lost to him. Aladdin himself would certainly have made the young lady the possessor of the greatest fortune in England. Mr. Hume, however, gets out of the beaten track of romance-writers, and shows a really creditable amount of skill and ingenuity, in that portion of his tale which deals with Dacre's attempt to restore the exiled princess of Busk to her throne on the shores of the Black Sea. This portion of the narrative is mixed up with the attempts of a certain wicked major to become the possessor of Aladdin's ring, and it is told with much spirit and verisimilitude. The wicked major is, of course, in the end defeated, and meets with his proper punishment; but what becomes of the ring, and how Dacre and his wife fare in the end, must not be told here. We can recommend "Aladdin in London" as an excellent specimen of the order of fiction to which it belongs, merely remarking, for Mr. Hume's future benefit, that the daughter of the younger son of a duke is not entitled to the prefix "Honourable."

SOME JANUARY MAGAZINES.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING leads off the magazine literature of the New Year with a contribution to *Macmillan's* in which we once more meet the immortal "soldiers three." The tale is entitled "My Lord the Elephant," and in it Mulvaney tells us how he rode a mad elephant and reduced it to submission, and how subsequently at the head of the Tangi Pass in Afghanistan, when the same elephant in a freak of temper was "stopping the way," and a whole army could not make it move, a word from him was sufficient to bring it out of the sulks. Mr. Kipling is at his best when dealing with Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd, and it is long since he has given us anything better than "My Lord the Elephant." Another short story having special merit in *Macmillan's* is one called "A Nameless Hero," telling of the snows and blizzards of the great North-West, and of the self-sacrifice which is to be found there as elsewhere. Mrs. Ritchie writes pleasantly of that old Newcastle celebrity, Thomas Bewick, whose fame, thanks to Mr. Austin Dobson, will not soon die; and there is an interesting literary paper on "Burns at Kirkoswald." In *Longman's* we get the opening chapters of a romance of mediæval France, which promises to be written in Mr. Stanley Weyman's best style. The first instalment breaks off at the moment when the hero—a poor gentleman of adventurous spirit—suddenly finds himself in one of those apparently hopeless dilemmas from which only a writer of Mr. Weyman's skill can find a way of escape. Mr. A. H. Beesly breaks into poetry which is more than passable, and the author of "Letters from the Baltic" gossips of Edinburgh society nearly fifty years ago, telling us of Jeffrey, Wilson, Lockhart, Chalmers, and the other distinguished Scotchmen who kept alive the tradition of Auld Reekie's literary greatness after the death of Scott. Wilson, we are told, "was one of those men who could talk all day of himself without being an egotist. Self to him was only a text on which to preach his rambling, dreamy, eloquent sermons; or a butt on which to fasten his irresistible exaggerations and extravaganzas. No one was ever tired with his form of egotism, for it was the garb in which he dressed up the quintessence of his humour and originality." Mr. Lang at the Sign of the Ship discusses once again the old, old story of Queen Mary and the Casket Letters. In *Temple Bar*, besides the opening chapters of two new novels, both of which promise well, and some of those short stories for which this magazine has always been famous, there are capital papers of a distinctly literary flavour on Ariosto and Samuel Palmer the artist. The new year's number of *Harper's* is, as usual, a very strong one. Mr. Poultney Bigelow tells the story of his expulsion

from Russia—for expulsion it unquestionably was—in his usual lively and graphic style; whilst fiction is contributed by such practised hands as those of Mr. Howells, Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. R. H. Davis, and Miss E. S. Phelps. The illustrations are quite up to the general level of *Harper's*. One paper to which a special interest attaches is that on Proletarian Paris, by the late Mr. Theodore Child. The *Eastern and Western Review* begins the year in strength with contributions from Sir Edwin Arnold, Major-General Sir Frederick Goldsmid, Colonel Thackeray, and Madame Mijatovitch. In the *Argosy* we are confronted by a new story from the pen of Mrs. Henry Wood, who seems to have left at her death a sufficient amount of manuscript to keep her favourite magazine supplied with fiction up to the end of the century at least. Nor can it be said that "The Engagement of Susan Chase" shows any falling-off in the powers of the author of "East Lynne." The *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *Newbery House Magazine* are meant for graver readers than those of the *Argosy*. In the *Gentleman's*, history, literature, and morals are discussed in various phases by competent writers, whilst the *Newbery House Magazine* contains some really valuable articles on social questions, notable among them being Sir Dyce Duckworth's plea for amended legislation on behalf of habitual drunkards. The *Cornhill* is distinguished again by the high quality of its short stories.

DECENTRALISED HISTORY.

A HISTORY OF HAMPSHIRE, INCLUDING THE ISLE OF WIGHT. By T. W. Shore, F.G.S. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS, the latest addition to an excellent series of Popular County Histories, is full from end to end of delightful learning. We are sometimes tempted to sigh for the old County Histories, vast volumes, compiled in a spirit of prattling antiquarianism, with quaint views of "gentlemen's seats," in the manner described by Mr. Hardy: elegant residences, with Corinthian porticoes, and a dog and a lady "strenuously walking" in the foreground. What rambling disquisitions, what erudition of a beautiful inaccuracy, what an air of leisurely research! But the day has gone by for all that, and now we want scientific precision, and a trained historical sense for the national, social, or ethnological value of facts. History, like so many things just now, is being decentralised: each province, county, diocese, hundred, parish, town, village, and what not, is required to contribute its special help to the general study of the past. Hence the many series of historical works, each dealing with some individual region or spot; each showing how, here and there and again here, this or that set of influences was operative; how local characteristics have affected the country at large, and how the main current of history has affected each part of the country. Hampshire is a county of unusual promise for its historian. "No county," writes Mr. Shore, "offers a richer field for the study of pre-historic or mediæval archaeology. A peculiarity in its history is the great part it has played in national history, and especially during the Saxon and Norman periods." Taking his cue from that, Mr. Shore has written twenty-two chapters, with scarce a superfluous word; so fertile, indeed, is Hampshire, that he has omitted whole sides and aspects of its history which do not directly bear upon his main topics. It is a record of general movements, manners, and characteristics; and much that is of an interest that is altogether literary or sentimental is properly left aside. The art, none the less, by which Mr. Shore has invested his details of social conditions, racial features, and the like, with a living and lively charm, is most meritorious. The Celtic and Belgic inhabitants, the Wessex period, the Norman and Angevin rule, are discussed with a rich brevity which condenses much into a sentence. The chapters upon religious history, upon matters of tenure, upon local government, are perhaps the best; Mr. Shore has taken great pains in elucidating the precise facts upon all such points, so deeply interesting to us now at this stage in the history of communal and municipal life. Even his later chapters, upon Winchester, Southampton, Portsmouth, for all their necessary concision, are not inadequate. Winchester, for example, is an immense subject: from Bishop Milner to Dean Kitchin, learned historians have felt that. Yet Mr. Shore's two chapters leave a very true and satisfying impression. And he is not wanting in picturesqueness: he devotes a chapter to mediæval remains and legends; but his chief task was to show how Hampshire and its capital towns have played, and still play, an important part in the national life, and he has done it without exaggeration. There is room between the learned solidity of Dr. Stubbs and the loose enthusiasm of Mr. Green for a combination of accuracy and vivacity: the present book well fulfils that demand.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

CAPTAIN WILLIAMSON'S once famous work on "Oriental Field Sports"—which was published in 1807, and dedicated to George III.—has long been a scarce book, bringing an ever increasing price because of the beauty and vigour of its coloured mezzo-tint engravings. The original edition contained forty large plates, with descriptive letterpress, and now twelve of the best of these engravings have been reproduced in a convenient size, and with appropriate letterpress, at a moderate price. India has changed greatly since Captain Williamson knew it, and these illustrations, clever and graphic though they are, depict phases of sport which belong to a past generation rather than to our own. When the book first appeared the fox-hunting squires of the Georgian era felt that there were even in the chase new worlds for them to conquer; but for the most part they were content to leave the glory and the hazard inseparable from the pursuit of such big game as lions, leopards, and tigers, to the more adventurous of their sons.

Nearly thirty years have rolled away since the first publication of the "Naturalist on the River Amazons," a book which in one form or another has since passed through many editions both at home and abroad. Ten months ago, in the bitter wintry weather which then prevailed in London, Mr. W. H. Bates, F.R.S., succumbed to the prevailing epidemic of influenza, so that now this reprint of the original unabridged edition of an almost epoch-making book appears with a memoir of its author. "Bates of the Amazon," as the late assistant-secretary of the Royal Geographical Society was familiarly termed in scientific circles, was by no means a man of one book, and yet his reputation will always rest chiefly on the volume before us. He was born at Leicester in 1825, and his family were connected through several generations in a modest way as manufacturers with the staple industry of the district. He was intended for the same trade, and indeed served his apprenticeship to it, but he quickly displayed his true bent by scouring the country round Leicester for specimens of moths and butterflies. At the age of twenty-two his devotion to natural history won him the friendship of a man who shares with Darwin the honour of having conceived the theory of Natural Selection—Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, then a school-master in the town. In the year 1848 Wallace and Bates determined to explore some hitherto untraversed region, and accordingly set out for South America for the purpose of studying the natural history of the Amazon and its tributaries. They settled in a little house in the vicinity of the town of Para, on ground cleared from a forest that stretched at that time—an almost pathless jungle of luxuriant foliage—two thousand miles inland to the foot of the Andes. Afterwards the two friends travelled widely and accumulated specimens, and there is no need here once more to recount the twice-told tale of the scientific spoils and results of the expedition. Mr. Wallace returned to England in 1852, but it was not until the summer of 1859 that his companion followed his example. "The Naturalist on the River Amazons" was the outcome of Mr. Bates's eleven years' residence, in almost entire seclusion, amongst the fauna and flora of South America, and it at once enabled him to take high rank as a naturalist. Darwin was amongst the first to recognise the importance of the researches of Bates, and it was, indeed, through his friendly offices that Murray was induced to publish the work. Mr. Clodd, in the interesting memoir to which we have already alluded, states that, next to Darwin's appreciation, the compliment which most pleased Bates was that which was paid him by John Gould, the famous ornithologist. Gould had long desired to see the great King of Waters. When he met Bates after the appearance of the book, his first greeting was: "Bates, I have read your book. I have seen the Amazons!" Such a tribute was just, for the vividness with which the work is written is hardly less remarkable than the scientific exactness which marks all its statements. Bates's name was now in everybody's mouth, but his total income, as he was forced to confess to Darwin, was only one hundred and twenty-three pounds. Fortunately Sir Roderick Murchison came to the rescue, and the man who claimed to have added eight thousand new species to science was set free by an appointment under the Royal Geographical Society from further financial care. He lived the life of a scientific student, and to the end of his days

contributed to the advancement of learning in the department of natural history with which his name will now always be honourably associated. Mr. Clodd says with truth Bates's breadth of mental "beam" permitted the inclusion of the most varied branches of knowledge, and those who only knew him in connection with his official work or his special field of research were not aware of his many-sided individuality:—"Perhaps to know him at his best, and pierce the thick husk of his modesty, was to be his companion when, the evening work of 'beetle-sticking' over and the frugal supper eaten, the pipe was lit and talk started, sometimes on some topical subject, but more often on matters suggested by his wide and varied reading."

A group of biographical essays, slight in structure, wholesome in tone, but of no special insight, has just appeared under the title of "Some Noble Sisters." The author, Mr. Edmund Lee, is favourably known by an appreciative and graceful monograph, published a few years ago, on Dorothy Wordsworth, whose right to be included in any portrait gallery of noble sisters is certainly not likely to be challenged. The Countess of Pembroke, "Sidney's sister," Caroline Herschel, Susanne Grossmith, Elizabeth Whittier, and Eugénie de Guérin were all remarkable women, who gave without stint their affection and their services to brothers, in the light of whose genius such self-sacrifice has been made apparent to the world. The book is pleasantly written, and the fragrance of sweet household love and gentle, disinterested loyalty lends a charm to the record of deeds of meek womanly devotion.

"Mothers and Sons" is a thoroughly sensible little book, in which the Rev. E. Lyttelton, Headmaster of Haileybury College, discusses with candour and tact some present-day problems in the home-training of boys. Mr. Lyttelton lays stress on the subtle laws which regulate moral growth, and on the necessity of mothers seeking, by every means in their power, to obtain a powerful influence over the early and most impressionable years of a boy's life. Yet influence, if it is to be real and lasting, must be largely unconscious; it is a spell which character alone can cast over young lives. Therefore Mr. Lyttelton does well to remind mothers who wish to foster within their sons the principles of simple rectitude that they are "embarking on a task which requires unworldliness." Nearly every aspect of a boy's life is passed in brief but suggestive review in these pages, and everywhere an attempt is made to show how mothers may quicken within their sons a true and manly love of the good, the beautiful, and the true.

"Gleanings from a Ministry of Fifty Years" is a title which explains itself. The volume contains fifty brief discourses preached at various times during that period by the Rev. Charles Holland, of Petworth, in his own parish church and elsewhere. All of these sermons are simple, devout, and practical; and, if they are not marked by special distinction of style or suggestiveness of thought, they touch life at many points and are rich in the saving quality of common-sense.

Guide-books are often dull and dry, diffuse and tedious in statement, and painfully matter-of-fact. Mr. G. W. Harris has written a "Practical Guide to Algiers" which does not sin in such directions, and yet is explicit and practical. Several books, big and little, have been written about Algiers, notably those of Playfair, Seguin, Gaskell, and Knox; but there was, nevertheless, quite room for a compact little volume like the present, well-informed, comprehensive, and picturesque. The population of Algeria amounts to three and a half millions, and is singularly mixed—Kabyles, Arabs, Moors, Turks, Koolooghias, Jews, Negroes from the Soudan, and last, but not least, European settlers, visitors, and speculators. Roughly speaking, the Moors and the Jews rule the towns, and the Arabs the country. Spaniards are very numerous in Algiers itself, and as for the Kabyles, they remain to-day exactly as Sallust described them: "A race which possesses a robust and healthy constitution, which can resist great fatigue; they are men who succumb only to age, or under the teeth of wild animals." This capital manual is indeed thoroughly "practical;" there is no phrase of the life of the people which it does not describe, and its hints to the stranger are based on experience, and are altogether admirable.

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* ILLUSTRATIONS OF INDIAN FIELD SPORTS. Selected from the Engravings first published in 1807 after designs by Captain Thomas Williamson, of the Bengal Army. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. Small quarto. (10s. 6d.)

THE NATURALIST ON THE RIVER AMAZONS. By Henry Walter Bates, F.R.S., late assistant-secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. With a Memoir by Edward Clodd. Portrait and Illustrations. London: John Murray. Demy 8vo.

SOME NOBLE SISTERS. By Edmund Lee, author of "Dorothy Wordsworth." London: James Clarke & Co. Crown 8vo.

MOTHERS AND SONS; OR PROBLEMS IN THE HOME TRAINING OF BOYS. By Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttelton, headmaster of Haileybury College. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo.

GLEANINGS FROM A MINISTRY OF FIFTY YEARS. By the Rev. Charles Holland, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. Crown 8vo.

THE PRACTICAL GUIDE TO ALGIERES. By George W. Harris. With Preface by Lady Burton. Third Edition. Maps. London and Liverpool: George Philip & Son. 12mo.

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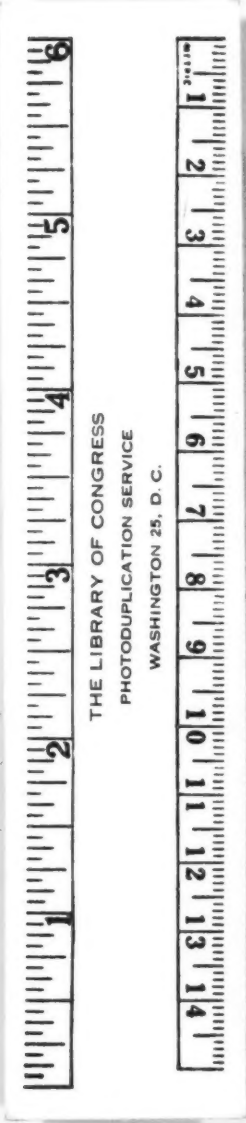
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THE SPEAKER:

A REVIEW OF

Politics, Letters, Science, and the Arts.

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VOLUME VII.

JANUARY 7 TO JULY 1,
1893.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME. MR. GLADSTONE leaves Biarritz to-day, and, after spending Sunday in Paris, hopes to reach London on Monday evening. He has had an extremely pleasant stay on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, has greatly enjoyed the brilliant sunshine, and believes that he has accumulated fresh stores of physical and mental vigour. It is to be regretted that he should return to find England in its most wintry aspect; but he has fortunately long since learned the necessity of guarding against exposure to the cold, and there is no reason to suppose that any ill-effects will follow his sudden change of climate.

WITH Mr. Gladstone's return Ministers will re-assemble in London after the Christmas recess, and the Cabinet meetings will recommence. It is hardly necessary to say that the meeting to be held on Wednesday next is likely to be one of special importance. The members of the Cabinet have had three weeks in which to reflect upon the proposals for the settlement of the Home Rule Question, which have been discussed by the small Cabinet Committee to which the subject was in the first place entrusted. According to the *Times*, Ministers and their supporters are daily taking a less hopeful view of their position, and are now looking forward with doubt and fear to the immediate future. We do not pretend to be prophets, but it does happen that we know rather more than the *Times* evidently does of the temper of Ministers and of the Liberal party generally. We can affirm, without fear of contradiction, that never since the General Election have the spirits of the men who hold the leading place in the counsels of the Ministry been more buoyant than at this moment. The probable duration of the Government, which eager Tories are calculating by weeks, is not a subject which can be discussed with profit. All that we can say is that the men now in office are confident that they will remain there for a term which may be measured rather by years than by months.

OUR remarks on the subject of the county magistracy and our earnest appeal to the Lord Chancellor to exercise the powers he undoubtedly possesses in order to put an end to one of the heaviest grievances under which the Liberal party labours in rural districts, are now, we see, re-echoed by the *Daily News* in a powerful article. Lord Herschell is doing excellently in the boroughs,

though perhaps not quite so excellently as Mr. Bryce has done in Lancashire. But he still has to tackle the grave and difficult question of the county magistracy, and we trust he will do so not only speedily, but with the courage and vigour which are needed in order to carry out so great a reform.

THE article we publish elsewhere on the difficult points in the Home Rule Bill is not meant in any sense as a professed revelation of the contents of the Bill itself. But it represents correctly the views which have been pressed upon Ministers from very important quarters, and it at least shows how some of the difficulties about which we have heard most in recent discussions on the question may be surmounted.

SOME of our Tory friends are making much of Mr. Robert Wallace's article in the *New Review*, entitled "Scotland's Revolt Against Home Rule." The title is not the least amusing part of a very amusing article. Scotland revolted against Home Rule last July by turning out a great number of Anti-Home Rule members and sending Home Rulers in their place. But Mr. Wallace is a wit who delights in paradox. He has used his favourite weapon in this particular article so freely and adroitly that he has even taken in Mr. Labouchere, who comments quite seriously upon Mr. Wallace's utterances in this week's *Truth*. Now, taken seriously, Mr. Wallace's argument is an absurd one. But Mr. Wallace is by no means given to being absurd, and his readers may take it for granted that the amusing essay which has raised the hopes of the duller Tories so high, is meant to be read between the lines, and to convey quite a different lesson from that which appears upon the surface. We shall not do Mr. Wallace the injustice of revealing his secret. It will doubtless come to light in due time. All that we need note at present is that his outburst of Scotch humour does not portend the loss of even a single vote to the Government.

THE enemies of Home Rule must be sorely put to it to find suitable comments to apply to Mr. Healy's speech to the Irishmen of Newcastle. The keynote of the speech was the reiteration of the speaker's faith in the loyalty of Mr. Gladstone and his party, and the display of a spirit of marked moderation in view of the early production of the Home Rule Bill. Nor are there wanting indications that the leading men of other sections of Irishmen—even though some of them

are rather inclined to hide their intentions—are imbued by the same spirit. The Tory wire-pullers are now pinning their hope of defeating the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons upon the defection of Mr. Redmond and his little party, and upon the help they imagine they will get from Mr. Labouchere and one or two other Liberals. We are convinced that, so far as Mr. Redmond is concerned, the anti-Irish hopes are built upon the sand. At present all the appearances indicate that the leaders of both sections of the Irish party are satisfied with the outline of the Home Rule Bill which has been made known to them, and that their chief anxiety now is as to the character of the financial arrangements which will be proposed by Mr. Gladstone. On that subject Ministers will doubtless be guided, first, by the opinion of such a financial expert as Mr. Giffen, and, secondly, by their own conviction that, in the early years of the Home Rule Government at all events, very generous treatment must necessarily be extended to Ireland. Nor do we believe that upon this point they will encounter any serious obstacle from English opinion. When everything is settled regarding Home Rule save the pounds, shillings, and pence part of the question, we do not believe there will be much difficulty in settling it altogether.

THE inquiry into the recent dynamite explosion at Dublin, which is being conducted under the provisions of what we may call the Dynamite Act, is hailed by certain foolish persons in the press as a practical re-establishment by Mr. Morley of the Coercion Act. The *Times*, indeed, talks as though the Chief Secretary had once more set up that infamous Act by means of a subterfuge. Such talk is childishly foolish and unvarnished. If the explosion of Christmas Eve had taken place at Whitehall instead of Dublin, we should have had just such an inquiry regarding it as that which is being held in Ireland. Everybody wishes, if possible, to discover the criminal; everybody wishes him to be punished. Mr. Morley has acted wisely in putting in force against him not a law which applies only to offenders in Ireland, but one which may be used with just as much effect against offenders in England. The distinctive feature of the Coercion Act was that it was applicable only in Ireland, and was therefore in the nature of special legislation directed against the inhabitants of one portion of the United Kingdom alone. The distinctive feature of the Dynamite Act is that it deals even-handed justice to Englishmen and Irishmen alike.

THE visit of Lord Mayor Knill to Dublin, where he was made a freeman of the city, was one of those pleasant amenities between the sister countries which might be oftener repeated. They are of a great deal more importance than the Gradgrinds can understand. Man is a sentimental being as much as a rational one; and those who imagine that such an exchange of courtesies, performed with spontaneity and grace, as that which took place in Dublin this week has no effect upon inter-racial feeling, simply do not understand human nature. This Tory London Lord Mayor fêted by his Dublin Nationalist brethren, presented with the freedom of their city by the Nationalist Corporation, cheered by the Dublin crowds as he passed through their streets in all his state, is a spectacle as significant as it is pleasing.

THESE softened manners could not have been possible, say, in 1885. A Tory Lord Mayor of London would as soon have thought of making a progress to Kamskatchka as of visiting the capital of Ireland; and, had he made the venture, the chances are his state coach would have come back in a manner not calculated to incite other Lord Mayors to follow his example. What has happened since 1885 to bring about the change? There are those who sneer at the

"union of hearts," and the effect of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy on Irish public opinion. Alderman Knill, who is a Tory, no doubt thinks that his gratifying time in Dublin had no manner of reference to such a cause. Public opinion itself in both countries is probably more or less unconscious of all that has happened to it, and how it has happened. But the chain of causation is as plain as A B C. Let us add that, politics apart, the whole incident in Dublin is highly creditable to all concerned—to Alderman Knill's good sense, and to the hospitality and grace of the Irish metropolis.

WE are not sorry to see a reference in the *Daily News* to the ecclesiastical patronage of the Government. The exercise of patronage is, of course, at all times the most difficult and delicate duty of a Minister, and it is quite impossible that any Minister should satisfy every member or every section of his own party by his mode of dispensing the places at his command. What is true of patronage in general is a *fortiori* true of Church patronage. It would not merely be a scandal but a positive sin to distribute patronage of this kind as a mere reward for party services. All Liberals, we trust, are in agreement on this point. But having said so much, we are bound to admit that the *Daily News* correctly interprets the sentiments of a large section of the Liberal party when it expresses the hope that under the present Government ecclesiastical preferment will not be given exclusively to one section of the clergy, and that, where other things are equal, clergymen who are Liberal in politics will have the preference. It would be interesting to learn how many Liberals received ecclesiastical preferment from Lord Salisbury during his six years' premiership. The lot of the Liberal clergyman, as all the world knows, is anything but a happy one in the best of circumstances. It ought to be made as little unhappy as possible.

IT is amusing to see that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has now apparently accomplished its conversion from a Radical into a Conservative organ of opinion, waxes merry over the disappointment which it supposes is felt in Liberal circles at the absence of all political honours from the new year's *Gazette*. The *Pall Mall* even professes to pour scorn and contempt upon those who aspire to titles, and indulges in some sage remarks about the giving of such things as a reward for political services. Our contemporary's simplicity is amusing. If it has any message of this kind to deliver, it might reserve it for the time when Lord Salisbury is again in office. He, at least, may very properly be reminded that there is such a thing as the prostitution of "the fountain of honour" for party purposes. Mr. Gladstone's worst enemy has never suggested that this is one of his faults. If he errs at all, indeed, it is in the opposite direction. Of course, the omission of any distinctions for politicians, or for any but persons connected with the Army and India, merely means that the present was not considered a fitting moment for going beyond the services in the bestowal of honours. The turn of those who have earned the gratitude of the State in other fields of labour will come by-and-by.

THE affair at Ambigol Wells wears more ABROAD. than one rather serious aspect. It is no light matter, for one thing, that an Egyptian force should be overcome and totally routed—for that is what the result comes to—by a body of Dervishes; and that, too, with such severe loss as thirty-seven men killed, including one British officer. From the point of view of encouragement to Soudanese disaffection, no class of event could be more unfortunate. The effect upon the Dervish mind may be calculated with almost mathematical precision. It

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counts for nothing in mitigating this effect—indeed, it rather helps to enhance it—that the Egyptian soldiers led by Captain Pyne appear to have behaved with gratifying steadiness and courage; the point for the Dervish is that, in spite of their improved soldiery, they were outflanked, cut in two, and compelled to fly, leaving their British commander dead on the field. We shall now probably hear of fresh expeditions of the frontier field force to “restore prestige.” And here comes in the second serious consideration which this incident suggests. What was Captain Pyne’s little force doing up so far as Ambigol Wells? It was they who were the aggressors too. They were actually on the hunt for Dervishes, and proceeded to attack them on sight. We content ourselves for the moment with recommending very close and suspicious attention to these present operations on the Soudanese frontier. We speak not without book when we say the “forward” party in Egypt require special watching just now.

WITH the close of the holidays the Panama investigation has been taken up again with significant promptitude and vigour. The Brisson Committee resumed its sittings on Thursday; while M. Francqueville, the examining magistrate, who appears to have rested not upon his labours at all, signalised the week by the arrest of M. Blondin, one of the chief clerks of the Crédit Lyonnais, who is supposed to have acted as one of the intermediaries between M. Arton, Baron Reinach, and the Deputies. This energy is a good symptom of the spirit of the Government. There is no question that the one way for the Republic out of the present crisis lies through the swift and thorough exposure of the scandals. It is a healthy symptom of the state of French public opinion that the desire for the punishment of the delinquents is so urgent and stern, and that there is no wish expressed in any quarter now that the affair should be hushed up. Should M. Carnot and his Ministers unhesitatingly correspond with this feeling on the part of the nation, the Republic may come through the ordeal stronger than before.

MEANWHILE there are rumours of Ministerial dissensions—MM. Ribot and Burdeau desiring more light on the scandals, the rest of the Cabinet preferring to draw a veil over them. Still, the excitement has immensely abated, and the projected Socialist manifestation at the re-opening of the Chambers has broken down for the usual reason—divisions among the organising committee and the resignation of three of its eleven members, including MM. Guesde and Jourde.

IN the interval of comparative freedom from scandalous revelations in France, there is less exciting but even more substantial food for alarm in the statistics of population for 1891 issued on the last day of the old year. As in 1890, there is an excess of deaths over births, this time of 10,505, and, taking the native population alone, of no less than 19,000. Foreigners in France increase and multiply; Frenchmen, on the whole, decrease in numbers. Moreover, no one specific cause is apparently assignable—not even the influenza. In Brittany, La Vendée, and Dauphiné, the birth-rate is comparatively high, while in a compact group of departments running from the Loire to Cherbourg and St. Malo the death-rate has increased over that of 1890. No less than 25 per cent. of the births in Paris are illegitimate, while in the Pas de Calais and the Somme they are 13 to 14 per cent., and in Auvergne and Brittany only about 3 per cent. The divorces are the most numerous in any year since the passage of

the Divorce Act (77 per 100,000 households). And the causes of all this are permanent, and deeply seated in the national character—in its virtues, too, as well as in its vices.

SPAIN and Italy have both had their “Panama scandals,” happily on a very small scale: and an attempt has just been made to exhibit one in the recent history of Germany. The leading Socialist paper, the *Vorwärts*, published a list of members of the Reichstag and various German Parliaments, foreign journalists and others (not named, but described by transparent paraphrases) who, it alleged, had received money from the Guelph funds. A table of the dates, (from 1868 to 1890) and of the amounts received was appended to the article. However, it is declared by the official Press, and by the majority of independent papers, that the documents cited must be forged; and it has transpired that they have been handed about for sale in various countries, have been refused by no less than ten Paris publishers, and were finally printed last year at Zürich. Besides, particulars of a similar payment to Herr von Bötticher were published in March, 1891. So the story is probably incorrect; but, if true, it is just what might have been expected.

THE Ministerial proposals for the extension of the franchise in Belgium, which were at last published on Tuesday, will hardly satisfy the Labour Party or the Radicals, though they will probably gain sufficient support among the Liberal *bourgeoisie* to ensure their adoption. The electoral qualifications henceforward are to be as follows:—One year’s residence in the same electoral division; the ownership of real property to the value of at least 2,000 francs, or the occupation of a house, or part of a house, of a certain value—varying according to the population of the commune in which the house is situated—as “principal tenant”: a term used to signify those tenants who pay certain taxes to the State. Sub-tenants, therefore, and lodgers have no vote under this category; and as lodgers are rare in the rural districts, and common in the towns, these qualifications favour the rural districts—and therefore the Ultramontanes—at the expense of the miners and artisans, a large majority of whom are Socialists.

BUT besides this occupiers’ franchise, there is to be an educational franchise for all those who have passed either certain existing public examinations or a new examination which shall include at the least reading, writing, and arithmetic. Most of the town population, therefore, will come in under this qualification; but they will be balanced by a certain number of rural and Ultramontane illiterates, for whose benefit apparently the owners’ and occupiers’ franchise is intended. The percentage of illiteracy in Belgium is now nearly 40. As these provisions are to be inserted in the Constitution, universal suffrage will be out of the question for a considerable time after their adoption. The referendum, whether Royal or popular, the “representation of interests” and proportional representation, have disappeared from the Ministerial programme. But the hand of the *doctrinaire* is seen in the salutary provision that voting shall be compulsory—which recalls some of the provisions by which Greek legislators, from Solon downwards, sought to secure stability or check the advance of democracy. Moreover, voters must have attained the age of twenty-five.

THE scheme is avowedly a compromise, devised in order to secure sufficient support among the Liberals to make up the necessary two-thirds majority in the Constituent Assembly. It also provides for the acquisition of colonies—meaning, of course, the Congo States. And it contains two or

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY’S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

three odd provisions, in some of which the hand of the *doctrinaire* is again apparent—*e.g.*, that the Royal Princes are to take their seats in the Senate at 18, but are not to speak or vote till they are 25, when presumably they will have become sufficiently instructed by their seven years' apprenticeship to politics; that they are to forfeit their rights of succession to the throne if they marry without the consent of their parents and of the King for the time being; and that Senators are to be elected by the same classes of voters as the Deputies, except that the voters must be over 35, which again suggests some classical parallels.

THE speech of the German Emperor on Monday to the Generals commanding the various army corps has caused a great sensation. An exact version, indeed, is still wanting; but he seems to have insisted on the necessity of the adoption of the new military scheme, to have condemned the opposition to it, both in the Reichstag and in the army (this is a reference to Count Waldersee, whom he removed early in 1891 from his position of Chief of Staff to the command of an army corps), and to have indicated that he was quite ready for a dissolution of the Reichstag if the scheme should be rejected. The Liberal Press finds in the speech a fresh reason for organising the party for a general election. A Sovereign who will descend in this way into the Parliamentary arena must necessarily expect occasional defeat. Every blow at the scheme—if the Emperor is correctly reported—will now be dealt also at its Imperial advocate. And it is quite possible that Germany is on the verge of a conflict like that which Prince Bismarck carried through successfully in Prussia. Only, Germany is now democratic; Particularism is not altogether dead; and it is only the Independent Conservatives and the National Liberals who support the scheme as it stands. Moreover, there are the Social Democrats to reckon with as well as the South German Catholics; and both parties, especially the former, are admirably organised for combat.

THE strike among the coal-miners of the basin of the Saar, though decreasing as we go to press, is still very serious. Nearly four-fifths of the whole number (30,000) are out; troops, of course, are being sent to the district, and there are constant small collisions between the strikers and the police. The causes of the dispute are far from clear. The mines are nearly all Crown mines. The condition of the miners was improved—notably by the institution of provident funds—by the Emperor in 1889. The wages paid are said to be much higher than anywhere else in Germany. The strike was undertaken against outside advice, and, apparently, one of the chief demands of the men is for an eight hours' shift from bank to bank, which they are not at all likely to get. There is said to be ample coal in store to supply the market for some time, and it is not supposed that the miners have the least chance of success. So much the worse, of course, for the peace of the district.

THE rejection of the Franco-Swiss Commercial Convention has been followed by a tariff war, and the formation of leagues against French goods in the principal cities of Switzerland. That country is now thrown more than ever on Germany for her supplies. Thus drugs and chemical products in small packets (*e.g.*, patent medicines) coming from Germany are charged with a duty of 40 francs per 100 kilos, but 150 francs coming from France; some articles of French glassware pay 50 francs, while similar articles from Germany pay only from 6 to 14 francs; and in the case of machinery, and many articles of food and clothing, the duties on imports from France are double those of German

goods. Italy, it is said, is anxious to profit by the folly of France to make some arrangement with Switzerland. It will be curious if the result should further the construction of the Simplon tunnel. The districts most to be pitied are the canton of Geneva, and the French "Pays de Gex," its neighbour on the north-east—which are cut off by geographical frontiers from their fellow-countrymen and by French Protectionists from their natural markets and sources of supply.

IN Argentina the mediation of the Federal Government in the revolution in Corrientes has been unsuccessful, and the Province is in a state of civil war. At the end of last week, moreover, there were rumours of an incendiary plot at Buenos Ayres, and a number of policemen and firemen were arrested. Of course, a South American revolution does not necessarily mean so much disturbance of trade or of the social economy as would take place elsewhere. Revolutionists, we believe, have been known to suspend a blockade, or even a bombardment, on European mail days. There are fighting classes and producing classes, and the former do not necessarily interfere with the latter. Still, there are unpleasant indications of more general disturbances in more than one country in South America. In Central America, too, Costa Rica is said to be preparing for war over a boundary dispute with Nicaragua.

WE have it now definitely, on Mr. LITERATURE. Knowles's authority, that Tennyson intended the "Idylls of the King" for an allegory. "By King Arthur," he said, "I always meant the soul, and by the Round Table the passions and capacities of a man." "This, of course, is what one often suspected, or rather feared," writes a correspondent, "and it tallies in some sense, but not quite tallies, with another dictum of the poet's which I remember seeing some years ago. This was a letter addressed by him to a young American writer, Mr. Condé B. Pallen, who, in a series of articles in the *Catholic World*, a New York magazine, had expounded the theory that King Arthur was a figure of Christ, and the Round Table of His Church. The Laureate's letter amounted to a practical, though not (as I recall) a strictly definite endorsement of this theory. 'You have,' he said in effect to his American critic, 'divined the direction of my thought.' Here would be two separate, if kindred, meanings, authoritatively given, for the 'Idylls.'"

IT is in the nature of allegories, from the sun myths down, to be very adaptable, and it is in the nature of great works of art to suggest meanings to those who contemplate them which were not originally, or rather consciously, intended by their creators. Mr. G. F. Watts, we know, leaves the public to take away what meanings each one finds himself in his pictures, and holds that such meanings are as rightly in them as any he himself intended. One wonders if it were thus with the late Laureate: perhaps Mr. Knowles could tell us. Did he conceive the poem first, and did the poem beget in his mind the idea of an allegory? Or did the conception of the allegory precede the poem?

THE success of the Marbot memoirs has had an inspiring effect upon the holders of all sorts of military souvenirs in France. An astonishing quantity of this class of literature has been given to the public within the year. The latest book of the kind, which is just out, is one of the most curious. This is the "Souvenirs du Capitaine Parquin," published by Boussod et Valadon. Captain Parquin, unlike Marbot, does not write from the point of view of the general staff. He was a man of the

people, who, through many campaigns, and after many wounds, laboriously worked his way up to the grade of captain, and his picture of the Napoleonic armies is mainly seen from the ranks.

A MOST interesting picture it is. In Captain Parquin himself it is very clear we have the typical French soldier of the time. Vain, swaggering, of a reckless and mocking courage, ferocious and unscrupulous in an enemy's country, a pillager, ravisher, incendiary, and thief, and yet in his hour a superb enthusiast, he is an embodiment, in many respects, of both the glories and barbarisms of war. The Captain is particularly fine in recounting his conquests amongst the fair sex, a field in which he rivalled the prowess of Gil Blas. German baronesses, Spanish marquises, grande dames of his own nationality fall victims to his dashing mien, and he always took the precaution when campaigning of carrying with him rings made of his hair to give as keepsakes to the disconsolate fair.

His regimental larcenies he confesses with an unblushing serenity which is itself a striking comment on the state of military morals during the campaigns of the great Napoleon. Once when he was assistant quartermaster, "a little Jew" tempted him to sell him the vouchers for the regimental rations, explaining that the adjutant of the 7th had already done likewise. The Jew was the contractor, and thus we see that Baron Reinach was not the first of his race to corrupt a French official. Afterwards Parquin met the adjutant, who complained, "Here are fifty frédéric d'or," says Parquin, naming half the sum he got, "for which I exchanged the vouchers." "All right," says the adjutant, "give them to me." And he put them in his pocket. This passes for a joke. Parquin perhaps deserved to be shot. But such is war; a man who takes three standards from the enemy and is always first up the walls of a citadel is too valuable to be brought to book for such peccadilloes.

THERE are many rumours of new ventures, and at least two accomplished facts, in periodical literature—the *Geographical Journal*, a monthly intended to popularise the work of the Royal Geographical Society; and the *American Athenæum*, a monthly also, devoted to literature, science, and art. The former is practically without a rival, and its success is a foregone conclusion; the latter will have to shoulder its way in a crowd.

A COLLECTION of verse and prose, by James Thomson, consisting almost entirely of matter contributed to the *National Reformer* before 1875, or communicated by his literary executor to its columns during the past year or two, has been edited by Mr. John M. Robertson, and published under the title of "Poems, Essays, and Fragments" (Bradlaugh Bonner). Taken as representing his earlier literary performance, these poems, essays, and fragments are bound to be of great illustrative interest, and may prove of independent value.

MUCH interest is felt in a volume entitled "Poems Dramatic and Lyrical," by Lord de Tabley, which Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane will shortly issue. The author, better known some years ago as the Hon. John Leicester Warren, published six or seven volumes of poetry under that and other names. He was also a frequent contributor to the early numbers of the *Fortnightly Review*. Some of the poems will be culled from the author's early volumes, but many have been quite recently written. The volume has another point of interest,

Mr. C. S. Ricketts having made for it five exquisite drawings, the like of which have not been seen since the Tennyson illustrated by Rossetti and Millais in 1856. The binding design of petals is by the same hand.

MESSRS. HENRY & Co. request us to state, with reference to a remark which appeared in THE SPEAKER of December 24th, that they have published a translation of "Ecstasy" by Louis Couperus.

WE are glad to perceive that Mr. T. P. O'Connor has been encouraged by the success of his *Sunday Sun* to expand the paper to the dimensions of a regular weekly. The first number of the new series is really a striking specimen of Sunday journalism. The "Book of the Week," and the other literary features which have been the distinctive note of the paper hitherto are retained, and there are added several new features of perhaps a more popular character in the shape of fiction, news, gossip, and so forth. Mr. O'Connor's aim is high, and the success of his venture may be taken as one of the evidences of the spread of education among the masses. Hitherto the democracy have not been exactly flattered by the style in which their Sunday papers have catered for them. Mr. O'Connor, who is nothing if not a progressive democrat, evidently means to try if their tastes are not as responsive to good things as those of their betters.

BESIDES Mr. Summers, M.P., to whom OBITUARY reference is made below, the deaths have been announced since our last issue of the Hon. George Higinbotham, Chief Justice of Victoria, long one of the leading journalists and orators of Australia, who as Attorney-General in the McCulloch Ministry took a prominent part in one of the severest of the Parliamentary conflicts which have marked the history of his adopted colony. Dr. Peter Reichensperger, a leader of the German Catholics and an economist of some distinction; Mr. E. S. Dicken Cowley, an officer of Her Majesty's Household who served in the Portuguese War of Succession on the constitutional side; M. Albert Delpit, the French dramatist; M. André Guillemin, well known as a populariser of science; and last, not least, Professor Marmaduke O. Westwood, who held the Hope Chair of Zoology at Oxford, who began life as a solicitor, but whose enthusiasm for beauty led him to the study alike of mediæval paintings, ivory carvings, and butterflies, on all of which, as well as on entomology generally, he was among the very highest authorities of the time.

THE death of Mr. William Summers, the member for Huddersfield, at Allahabad on Sunday last, is a real loss to the Liberal party. Mr. Summers went to India in October, purposing to return to England soon after the opening of the session. A thoughtful and intelligent man, singularly modest, of a most gentle spirit, he was at all times distinguished by his thirst for information which could be turned to service in his public career, and there is no doubt that he was seeking to inform his mind still further upon Indian questions when he met with his untimely and wholly unexpected death. It was a surprise to many persons that he was not included in the present Ministry, for he had done valuable service for the party as one of the Whips when it was in opposition. But whatever disappointment he may have felt at being passed over, he showed none, and remained to the last a most loyal and ardent supporter of the Liberal cause and the Liberal leader. Huddersfield will find it difficult to secure a representative so entirely suitable for his position as he was; but it may at least be hoped that the West Riding borough will return a successor to Mr. Summers of the same way of thinking as himself.

THE DIFFICULT POINTS IN THE HOME RULE BILL.

THE day is at last approaching when the curiosity alike of the friends and the opponents of the Government will be satisfied by the production of Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule. Into the general merits of the Home Rule question it is needless to enter. The country has pronounced in favour of the Liberal policy, so far as that policy includes an honest attempt to put an end to Irish agitation and discontent by conferring upon Ireland the right of local self-government. For twelve years the Imperial Parliament has been paralysed, important British interests have been seriously injured, and Ireland itself has been plunged in agitation and suffering, owing to the failure of the Government to effect an arrangement with the Irish people. No man of common intelligence, who does not happen to be an Orangeman or an Irish landlord, will question the fact that the interests both of Englishmen and Irishmen demand that such an arrangement should be secured as early as possible. The one point upon which men now differ is the possibility of coming to such a settlement as will satisfy Irishmen without sacrificing those interests which Englishmen of all parties are resolved to maintain. The *Times* and the representatives of the Orange party have been loudly maintaining for years past that the thing is impossible. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have maintained the contrary, and the United Kingdom, by its vote last August, declared that it believed Mr. Gladstone rather than his opponents. Next month we shall know what Mr. Gladstone's proposal really is. It is not, therefore, too soon to consider some of the chief difficulties which must be dealt with in any Home Rule Bill, and the manner in which it may be possible to surmount them. Those difficulties are connected with the Land Question, the retention of Irish members in the House of Commons, the preservation of the Imperial Veto, the Judiciary and Police, and Finance. We shall endeavour briefly to point out the difficulties and the possible mode of settlement in each case.

I. The Land Question. It is obvious that the Statutory Parliament which will be established in Dublin under the Home Rule Bill will not be in a position to deal with the Land Question, at all events for some years to come. The Liberal leaders have expressly referred to this as one of the great difficulties in the way of Home Rule; whilst opponents of the policy of conciliation are loud in denouncing the idea that the landlords and the land system of Ireland should be placed at the mercy of a Parliament which will be largely composed of those classes which, roughly speaking, represent the anti-landlord interest. In these circumstances it seems obvious that the simplest way of meeting the difficulty will be to reserve to the Imperial Parliament for a certain term of years the sole right of legislating on the Land Question for Ireland as well as for the rest of the United Kingdom. In this way the new Parliament in Dublin would be relieved from a question that would, in the first instance, certainly overtax its powers, whilst the dangers feared by the friends of the landlord class would pass away.

II. The Irish representation in the House of Commons. The solution of the Land Question we have suggested above furnishes incidentally a clue to the problem still more difficult of the Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament. We may, indeed, point out that this difficulty is one which affects Parliament rather than the Ministry. Six years ago Mr. Gladstone proposed to remove the

Irish members altogether from the House of Commons. His proposal then was strenuously opposed, not only by Conservatives and Liberal Unionists but by a certain number of his own supporters. In deference to the strong feeling evoked upon the question, the Liberal leader subsequently pledged himself not to provide for the removal of the Irish members in his next Home Rule Bill; but even when he gave this pledge he made it clear that he still retained his personal belief that their removal was desirable. Now we are told he will be attacked on this very point by the people who attacked him for an absolutely opposite reason six years ago. Even some Liberals have declared that they will not vote for a proposal which would allow Irish members to deal with English and Scotch business, whilst English and Scotch members would have no right to meddle with Irish affairs. Without dwelling upon the inconsistency of those who now take an exactly contrary course to that which they took in 1886, we may venture to suggest that in the circumstances Mr. Gladstone would be entirely within his rights if he were to treat this particular point in the Bill as an open one. "Honourable gentlemen," he might say, "have insisted so strongly upon the retention of the Irish members that in deference to their views I have inserted a provision to that effect in the Bill, in spite of the fact that my personal opinion is against it. Under the circumstances, the House must decide for itself what course it will adopt on this particular question." This would, no doubt, be an ingenious method of carrying the Bill safely past one of the dangerous rocks in its course; but, in view of what we have said on the Land Question, it will hardly be necessary for Mr. Gladstone to resort to this expedient. No one was more strongly in favour of leaving the land question to the House of Commons than Mr. Parnell, but he made one express stipulation as the condition of this concession to Conservative feeling. It was that until the Land Question had been dealt with by the Imperial Parliament, or until the term of years within which such legislation was to be carried had expired; there should be no alteration in the Irish representation at Westminster. This condition is obviously fair. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the Government will meet the question of the retention of the Irish members by adopting Mr. Parnell's suggestion, under which the Irish representation would remain untouched until the Land Question had been finally disposed of. The arrangement would, however, be purely provisional. Sooner or later there must be a readjustment of the proportionate representation of Ireland and the rest of the United Kingdom.

III. The Veto. Of all the bugbears which the opponents of Home Rule have conjured up, the biggest and the silliest is the scare about the loss of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. It is difficult to understand how the agitators who have raised their alarms on the platform and in the Press have failed to see that they were fighting a shadow. What man or what body of men can destroy the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament? Its very essence is its indestructibility. So long as Great Britain remains free, so long will the Grand Parliament at Westminster remain absolutely supreme. The laws which it makes to-day it can unmake to-morrow. The rights which it confers now it can take away whensoever it pleases to do so. The Irish have not been slow to recognise this fact. They know that the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament rests upon the supremacy of thirty millions of people over five. It is, in short, a condition of the question as solid and irremovable as the geographical position of Ireland with regard to England. It is only

among the panic-mongers and the hair-splitters that there is this simulated fear of the loss of the Imperial supremacy by the passing of a Home Rule Bill. But a great deal depends upon the way in which this supremacy will be asserted with regard to the Acts of an Irish Parliament. It would be disastrous to any scheme of Home Rule, and intolerable to the people of both countries, to give the House of Commons opportunities for constant interference in the proceedings of the Irish Parliament. Irishmen, indeed, would rather not have Home Rule at all than secure it under such conditions. But the Imperial supremacy must be maintained; in other words, there must be a power of veto vested in the supreme authority of the United Kingdom. How is it to be exercised? Without pretending to conjecture the decision arrived at by the Cabinet on this point, we may say that the simplest form of veto is also that which is most likely to work well, and to be acceptable to both countries. In other words, the veto might be placed in the hands of the Lord-Lieutenant as the representative of the Sovereign. There would be no need to state expressly in the Bill that His Excellency would exercise this veto on behalf of the Imperial Government. That fact, which would be self-evident, depends upon that supremacy of the Imperial Parliament which nothing can take away.

IV. The Judiciary and Police. These questions, though troublesome because of the personal interests involved, must rank among the minor difficulties of Home Rule. One of the essential conditions on which Mr. Gladstone won the assent of his party to his Home Rule proposals was that steps should be taken to secure the independence of the judicial body in Ireland. How necessary this is has been shown by the scandals connected with Mr. Balfour's administration of "justice," so called, through his removable magistrates and the other agents of the Coercion Act. Probably the essential point will be secured by the retention for a fixed term of years of the appointment of judges in the hands of the Imperial Government acting through the Lord-Lieutenant. The question of the police might be settled in a similar manner. The *raison d'être* of the Royal Irish Constabulary will cease when Ireland becomes a contented and self-governing nation. But the disbandment of that semi-military force, and the substitution for it of an ordinary body of police under the control of the local authorities, will necessarily be a work of time. If a term of five years were definitely fixed for the completion of the transformation, the Constabulary remaining in the meantime under the control of the Lord-Lieutenant, we believe that Irish public opinion would be fully satisfied. Mr. Parnell, at all events, asked for nothing more than this, even at the time of the Boulogne negotiations.

V. Finance. This question, which is really of vital importance in the framing of any measure of Home Rule, is too complicated to be discussed fully here. In the main, we do not see how the machinery of the 1886 Bill can be improved upon. The Receiver-General provided for in that Bill, though he is greatly disliked by the Irish, is an official who, to use the words of a great authority, "would be worth many millions of money during the transition period." He would, too, have the advantage of diverting to himself some part, at least, of that hostile sentiment which is at present concentrated upon the landlords as a class. A grave question arises as to the amount of the Irish contribution to the Imperial revenue. It is a matter which requires careful consideration. But we may hope that the English people, recognising the difficulties which must beset the Irish executive at the outset of its great enterprise, will deal liberally, and even generously, with Ireland in

this matter. It need hardly be said that Ireland does not expect, and will certainly not receive, the power to impose anything in the shape of protective duties under the new Bill.

We have dwelt exclusively, it will be seen, upon what are regarded as the points of special difficulty in the Home Rule measure. We do not pretend to know in what precise form the Cabinet will eventually decide to deal with them. But we have pointed out how these questions can be solved without doing violence either to British interests or to Irish sentiment. We have not touched upon the immediate benefits which Ireland will secure under the Home Rule Bill. These may be summed up as the establishment of an independent Irish executive acting under an Irish Parliament, with full control over local affairs and over all national affairs which are not specially reserved, like the land, for the Imperial Parliament. For a certain number of years there must, of necessity, be a transition period, during which it will be the duty of the Imperial Government to watch over vested interests, the rights of public officials, and the independence of the judiciary. But no wise Irishman will quarrel with an arrangement which he must know to be inevitable, and the sole object of which is to make the great change demanded by Ireland and recognised as necessary and just by the people of the United Kingdom, with the least possible amount of friction and of danger.

PEACE PROSPECTS IN EUROPE.

THE New Year opens with Europe at peace. But six armies, huger than the world has ever seen, armed with a deadlier enginery of destruction, and trained to a degree of scientific efficiency hitherto unprecedented, stand watching each other across the frontiers of the chief European States. This is the great fact under the menacing shadow of which all our works of peace and civilisation are being carried on. We may set our hand to new tasks with the opening of another year; we may go on extending liberties, softening manners, cultivating the refined and elegant arts. But all the time we are waiting for the dreaded Interruption—when the destroying hosts will rush together with flame and iron, and Europe, for all one can say confidently to the contrary, may be given over once more to barbarism and anarchy. It is a curious comment on our boasting nineteenth century, and somewhat disconcerting to those who expect too much from man. But the facts cannot be gainsaid. There are the armies, there are the passions, and there is the pitiless and blind force of circumstances, both the irresistible and the unforeseen. The question of the hour in Germany is a new Army Bill, and it must be passed and the last available man put under arms, for otherwise, declares the Emperor, war cannot be averted; the measure is for Germany "a military and political necessity." The bolt from the blue which in the twinkling of an eye has changed the aspect of things in the French Republic is a reminder of the part which may be played at any moment by the totally unexpected. It is impossible to feel very secure about peace in such a situation, and one finds oneself getting most comfort out of guarantees which are purely cynical: such as, that it must take another year before the Russian army can be equipped with the Lebel rifle.

Nevertheless, these cynical guarantees are for the time being reassuring. Bating always the influence of the unexpected, there is ground on the whole for hoping that 1893 will be a year of peace.

Rulers and statesmen hang back, oppressed by a new feeling; what a continental writer calls a philanthropic cowardice, a dread of the unknown horrors of war under the new conditions, causes them to hesitate. That will no doubt count for something in helping delay. One might hope that it would count for a good deal more, but the new terrors will probably have to be proved first before war is rendered obsolete by simply growing too terrible for human nerves. The best assurance of the moment lies in the fact that both the bellicose combinations have excellent reasons of their own for not just yet breaking the European concert. The necessity of waiting till the Czar's forces are armed with the magazine rifle is quite sufficient reason (if there were no other) for France and Russia holding their hand. On the other side, the Triple Alliance is deterred by the non-committal attitude of England. If to-morrow the British fleet were unreservedly mortgaged to the Central Powers, peace would not be worth many weeks' purchase after the German Emperor had got his Army Bill. The temptation to seize the chance presented by the unreadiness of Russia and the internal troubles in France would become irresistible to a combination, two of whose factors can no longer keep up the strain of their armaments. But the uncertainty as to how England may behave towards the aggressor sicklies o'er the native hue of that resolution. A week or two ago it looked as if a serious danger was coming from France itself. It was a shock to the sense of confidence to behold the suddenness and ease with which the Republic was brought into apparent peril of its life. This danger is, of course, one of those which may spring up at any moment. But just now it seems long odds that the Republic will weather the storm. It has no rival; M. Carnot is calm; and an element quite new in the history of France is a great, highly organised Republican army, which, at the back of a President who knows how to be vigorous as well as calm, should prove a sufficient security for order and the constitution.

From whatever point one views it, it is clear that it is England who wields the most beneficent influence in this situation. Her independent policy acts as a damper upon both the great continental adversaries. She can practically give the victory to either. Her joining the Central Powers would mean Italy freed to co-operate across the Alps, the Black Sea protected, and Denmark prevented from going with the Czar and seeking revenge for Schleswig-Holstein. That is a rod over the heads of France and Russia. Her merely holding aloof would mean the converse of all this; the Mediterranean at the mercy of the Franco-Russian fleet, Italy compelled to keep her army in the Peninsula, the Balkan States, Denmark, and probably Turkey swept into the train of the Czar; the which is a rod for the Triple Alliance. Yet it is this superb and solemn position—a position which, in point of fact, makes England the peacemaker of Europe—that our Jingo would have us surrender. England, we repeat, is to-day a potent check upon both the hostile combinations. Did she adopt the policy which certain advisers do not hesitate to offer, and bind herself hand and foot to the Triple Alliance, she would not only cease to be a check upon either, but would be the weight thrown into the scale of one side which would upset the ticklish balance and tip the beam for war. For what is plain to those who do not choose to be blind is that the menace to peace comes quite as much from the Triple Alliance as it does from Russia and France. Russophobia is a chronic mental disease in this country, against epidemics of which sensible people have to be continually on their guard. The judgment of those who are afflicted with it is

as dangerously unreliable as that of persons suffering from any other form of mania. When they look at Russia they "see red." They do not reason. They behold fantastic and dreadful chimeras—the "Colossus of the North" about to bring Europe under the yoke of his bloody despotism, the Bear prowling stealthily and hungrily towards the East, a horde of Slavonic barbarians sweeping over that home of civilisation which lies between them and the mosque of St. Sophia. The sight of these portents dominates their intelligence, which becomes unable to grasp anything else firmly but their *idée fixe*. Whereas if we turn an unfevered eye upon Germany, Austria, and Italy, we will see quite as much to apprehend in the interests of peace. The Czar, a man naturally of pacific temperament, has arguments enough against war in the present condition of his own dominions—famine, an unprepared army, a revolutionary party ready to make trouble when his back is turned and the government confided to officials whom he distrusts. In Germany, Austria, and Italy, on the other hand, all sorts of arguments speak for bringing things to an immediate issue. In Italy and Austria the financial strain approaches the breaking-point; and unless their armies are put in the field before that point is reached, Germany may find herself, when the pinch comes, without effective allies. Again, the young and headstrong Kaiser, his throne endangered by the extraordinary growth of Socialism in his Empire, may not unnaturally deem that the safety of his dynasty, as well as of his country, depends upon his bringing that perfect military machine, on which he relies, like a true Hohenzollern, into active operation. These to the Jingo mind would even be arguments for England joining in and hastening the fateful hour. But we, for our part, neither fear chimeras nor distrust ourselves so much. The true policy of England is to preserve the peace as long as possible; to strengthen the bonds of sympathy and common sentiment amongst the various parts of her own vast Empire; and to cultivate an identity of feeling and of interest with that great English-speaking Power beyond the Atlantic, one of the mightiest of the Powers of the future, which, with the other branch of the English-speaking world, may one day be the sanctuary to which civilisation, affrighted out of Europe, may fly for refuge.

THE DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH.

MR. W. S. LILLY is becoming a voluminous author; a fact in itself gratifying, since he belongs to a class, not so large as it once was, which contributes a good deal to the happiness of the unemployed, the class of sworn controversialists. Mr. Lilly is always controverting somebody, and never seems to lose interest in his own verbiage; he marshals his phrases and monthly takes the field with his verbal forces with positive gusto, and so seldom fails to be himself interesting. His last book, "The Great Enigma," may be confidently recommended to all arm-chair theologians and philosophers of the three sexes. Mr. Lilly's preface takes the form of a dedicatory epistle to Lord Halifax, who is a son of the Charles Wood at whom John Bright was wont to gird, and is just now one of the lay leaders of the English Church Union. In this epistle there occurs the following passage concerning Disestablishment:—

"The wanton sacrifice of a venerable institution which, if not from its directly religious claims, is of great secular utility as a vast organisation of charity, and a widely effective school of moral culture, might well seem to

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politicians not wholly given over to majority-mongering a heavy price to pay for the brotherhood of Chadband and Stiggins and their strange allies the English admirers of Hébert and Chaumette."

Nonconformists need not quarrel with the vulgarity of this passage. A critic who is so ignorant of the weak points in the armour of orthodox dissent as to be driven in his impotent rage to drag in by the heels those purely mythical monsters Chadband and Stiggins may be safely left to simmer in his own conceit; but the pious Church-folk who follow Lord Halifax, and who fondly believe themselves members of a visible Church; Catholic, as spread over the earth; Apostolic, as coeval with the Apostles; and Holy, as being the dispensers of the Sacraments, how will they enjoy seeing their "Venerable Institution" thus patted on the back by a Papist, and bidden to hold up its head as a branch of the Charity Organisation Society and school of moral culture? If High Churchmen are the men we take them to be, they will pull a wry face and be overheard muttering something about "Roman" impudence.

Our present purpose, however, is not with Mr. Lilly, but to state as clearly as we can the reason why an increasing number of persons, who *à priori* have no rooted objections to Establishments, are bent upon the severance, at the earliest possible date, of the connection between the English State and the Church by law established of that realm. The reason is the revival—and we admit the successful and (so far as the word can ever be used of human thoughts) permanent revival—within the Anglican Church of the ideal of the priesthood, its supernatural character, mission, and endowment. England, we are persuaded, still hates priests, and rejects with scorn their sham and arrogant pretensions; yet now, on all hands, and in well-nigh every pulpit of the Establishment, these pretensions are being made as a matter of course. No doubt the Bishop of Sodor and Man rejects them as lustily as we do, and, as Sydney Smith once observed, the Bishop of Sodor and Man is better than nothing. His brother of Liverpool is sound Protestant to the core, and the Bishop of Worcester seems a healthy-minded eclectic; but that the tide is set steadily against these prelates and is running strong with the Bishop of Lincoln, cannot, we think, be doubted for a moment by any impartial but informed observer.

More than forty years ago Mr. Ruskin printed an outspoken pamphlet, called "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," in which he said:—"As for the unhappy retention of the term 'priest' in our English Prayer-book, so long as it was understood to mean nothing but an upper order of Church officer, licensed to tell the congregation from the reading-desk what (for the rest) they might, one would think, have known, without being told—that 'God pardoneth all them that truly repent'—there was little harm in it; but now that the Order of Clergy begins to presume upon a title which, if it mean anything at all, is simply short for Presbyter, and has no more to do with the word Hiererus than with the word Levite, it is time that some order should be taken, both with the book and the Clergy. For instance, in that dangerous compound of halting poetry with hollow divinity, called the *Lyra Apostolica*, we find much versification on the sin of Korah and his company, with suggested parallel between the Christian and Levitical Churches, and threatening that there are 'Judgment fires for high-voiced Korahs in their day.' There are, indeed, such fires. But when Moses said 'A prophet shall the Lord raise up unto you like unto me,' did he mean the writer who signs γ in the *Lyra Apostolica*? The office of the Lawgiver and Priest is now for ever gathered into one Mediator between God and Man;

and THEY are guilty of the sin of Korah who blasphemously would associate themselves in his Mediatorship."

In this spirited passage Mr. Ruskin expresses what is still the deep conviction of the vast majority of Englishmen. Things have not stood still in the last forty years. What then were but the pretensions of a few exalted spirits are now the claims of a whole class. It is high time men aroused themselves from the lethargy which supposes that nothing which concerns the Church of England can be of any real importance, and put to themselves these questions: Do we or do we not believe in priests? Have priests or have they not supernatural endowments? As we answer these questions with a "yes" or with a "no," so will our attitude be towards the Establishment. If we hold Mr. Ruskin's opinion and also believe (what he did not believe forty years ago) that it is hopeless to purify the Anglican Church of its Roman leaven, we shall as citizens do what we can to "cut the painter," and get quit of all connection with an institution which bases its formal teaching on a blasphemous pretension. In writing this we are animated by no personal hostility to those who are called "good Churchmen." Far from it; we delight in the writings and still more in the temper and spirit of most of the eminent High Churchmen of the day. Their piety is fervent, their lives are self-denying. That the Sacramental theory has a deep root all men must admit. That sanctity is frequently its note no one can deny. Let it have a fair field and no favour. By its fruits it must eventually be judged. But as citizens we have a right to object to be associated for a day longer than we can help with an enterprise which we believe to be directed against truth. Why should the English State, largely composed, as we believe it to be, of men who agree with Mr. Ruskin about the pretensions of priests, be condemned to patronise such an exhibition of priestcraft as the Anglican Church has now avowedly become? As the only good reason for maintaining an Establishment in a land where religious opinions are divided is the belief that it teaches the truth, so the best possible reason for agitating for the overthrow of an Establishment is the belief that it teaches error.

Englishmen are only too averse to theological discussion, and hence it is that the advocates of Disestablishment are apt to ignore their best weapons of attack, and to be content with mere sticks and stones when swords and bayonets lie unregarded by their side. The new school of clergy are, however, honest and earnest men. They regard their priestly claims as a precious heritage, and they loudly proclaim their mission and their supernatural endowments. John Bull will soon be compelled to lend them his ears, and when once he has done this the Liberation Society may close its doors, for its work will be over. This is no question of intolerance. Anybody who likes may go to mass except the Lion and the Unicorn. Those noble beasts must stop at home.

LORD PEMBROKE AND "THE SPEAKER."

SINCE we wrote on the Agricultural Conference a couple of weeks ago, interest in the farmer has been growing apace. Only the blind can now fail to see the looming greatness of what we then ventured to call the coming issue, as only the stupid and pusillanimous can refuse to meet it with firm and prepared minds. The monthly reviews are full of the bitter cries of the desperate landlords, and in the Tory press, daily and evening, the echo is taken up in various keys. It is a distracted chorus, and we repeat

again what we said two weeks ago, that Liberals have reason to be thankful that it has been raised. The question is one of the most tremendous import for the future of England, and here is the Tory party, through the mouths of its pontiffs, exposing to the world the weakness of its position and its utter helplessness and ineptitude in face of the crisis which impends. Mr. Lowther engineers his precious Conference and chalks up "Protection" on the black-board, from which Mr. Chaplin, his aider and abettor, promptly runs away. Yet "Protection!" and "Protection!" cackle the landlord geese on all the highways; it is their one note, and they will quack it even as a death-song, notwithstanding the warnings of their timorous guides. Lord Winchilsea, greatly daring, comes forward to square the circle with a wonderful idea of an Agricultural Union, in which the labourer and the farmer are to unite to balance the landlord on their shoulders in a new way so that, thus fixed up, the three may stand against the world. But no sooner does his lordship, beaming with pardonable pride, propound this beautiful scheme than his own party papers proceed to throw cold water on it with singular unanimity, and to inform the world and him that they fear the circle cannot be squared in quite this manner. And this is Tory statesmanship and practical politics! But what, may we ask, are our Liberal publicists about? On the question comes with gathering force, inevitable, not to be dodged or stopped. The greatest of our industries is threatened with ruin. The British farmer stands at the parting of the ways, brought to think and choose at last by the sheer desperateness of his extremity. He turns for counsel to the camp of his old masters, but from that quarter cacophony and not counsel comes. When is he to hear the clear bold voice teaching him the way of salvation for himself and for the country?

Lord Pembroke, one of the numerous landlord critics who have taken to using their pens in the Press, falls foul of us for our plain speaking. Lord Pembroke's arguments are typical, and will repay examination. But before glancing at them let us assure him that our views on this question are neither hasty nor new, nor have they been arrived at through partisan hostility to the class which he represents. Rather the contrary. We even see with a sentimental regret the decay of an institution which has played a brilliant and vigorous rôle in England's history, and which has struck deep roots into the national life. We are no doctrinaires following general principles with sanguine recklessness. Rather do we incline to the example of Burke in these matters: the complicated structure of society is a fact we bear in mind. But all things have their day, and it is the part of wisdom to recognise in time when their end is at hand, and to give straight warning in time, and to take action in time. The British land system, as it now stands, is doomed. Its knell has sounded. The sooner all parties recognise that fact, and speak plainly about it, the better it will be for all.

We do not think we shall be summing up Lord Pembroke's main argument unfairly when we say that the difference between him and us lies in the question, Which of the burdens upon land is it most expedient and equitable to relieve? We pointed out that the heaviest and, to the common welfare, the most pernicious of these burdens was the £70,000,000 a year which the cultivator is called on to furnish to the landlord in the shape of rent. He contends that the right thing to lighten is the contribution which the landlord pays to the State in the shape of taxes. This is a question upon which we fear interested parties will take their

sides according to their interests. It would be expecting too much of human nature to hope to convert Lord Pembroke against his rent-roll. But (with his permission) we might put it to the impartial man in the street that taxes are an impost paid to the State for the benefit of the whole community, whereas rent is a penalty upon industry, which goes straight into the pockets of a single and unproductive class. We will repeat, too, our statement that the biggest and plainest fact of the situation is this £70,000,000 burdening and crippling British agriculture. Now suppose Lord Pembroke's suggestion were carried out and the taxes taken off the landlord but the rent continued, that would simply be another way of arranging that the community at large should tax itself in order that the landlord might be kept in rent which the land has ceased to produce. Lord Pembroke sees an objection to Protection (which he would otherwise favour) on this very ground: to tax the food of the manufacturing population for the sake of preserving British agriculture would, he says, "be, from the national point of view, an economic blunder."

With Lord Pembroke's minor points we do not think it necessary to deal; only we would point out that his argument in reference to farm buildings sounds hardly serious. Why should landlords' investments in farm buildings be specially protected any more than town-holders' investments in buildings? The value of the farm must be treated as a whole; and if the farm or the buildings lose their value, why, they lose their value, that is all; and the investor loses his money just the same as you or I would lose our money if a stock we had invested in went to the wall. If this reasoning does not convince Lord Pembroke, we would call his attention to the fact that Irish tenants were deprived by law of their improvements on the ground that they had enjoyed them for a number of years and were thus sufficiently paid for them. Lord Pembroke, who is an Irish as well as an English landlord, will appreciate this principle, the spontaneous emanation of the Tory mind, which may now be applied as sauce for the gander, having served its purpose famously as sauce for the goose.

A HIGH PRIEST'S PASTORAL.

WE stand somewhat in awe of Mr. Frederic Harrison. Even Professor Huxley, who can knock down Prime Ministers and miracles like nine-pins, cannot attack the high priest of humanity with impunity. So we hasten to say that we agree with most of what he said on New Year's Eve and New Year's Day. The first of January is a very good time to make good resolutions. Man and woman are only like in difference. Armies, navies, rents, taxes, and blue books are all too big. The distressing thing about Positivism, regarded as a religion, is that there is so little in the positive part of it for a man of ideas to disagree with. It is not like Theosophy, or the creed of the Shakers, which are unfathomable mysteries. And yet nothing makes a Positivist so angry as to tell him that his notions are much like anybody else's. He has the pride of a sectary in his peculiarity, combined with the pretensions of a Catholic to Universality. And this combination would be very annoying in anyone with less literary skill than Mr. Frederic Harrison.

Mr. Harrison, for instance, might be indignant if we accused him of a weak imitation of the Western Churches—we mean the other Western Churches—in making a festival of New Year's Day. He tells us that the feast which is called in the Book of Common Prayer the feast of the Circumcision, is,

on the contrary, of natural origin and universal significance. "The oldest, the most solemn, and the only universal anniversary, is that which brings round the close of one year and the beginning of the next." But is this so? We had fancied that our 1st of January was a day known only to the Teutonic and the Latin races, originally arranged by a Pope of Rome and fixed in this country by an Act of the reign of George II. The Turks and Russians, of whom Mr. Harrison remarked that "we could not reform them nor school them, and it was absurd to scold them," have notions of their own on these matters. So have the Jews and others, as can be learnt from Whitaker's Almanack. The Chancellor of the Exchequer also, terribly antiquated in this as well as other particulars, follows the customs of our ancestors and ends his year at the end of March. So that the Comtists must be found guilty in that, instead of discovering a day sacred by natural law, they have slavishly followed an Act of Parliament and the custom of their rivals at St. Peter's and St. Paul's. There may be reasons of obvious convenience for the plagiarism. Positivists want to take their holidays in or about the same time as other people. But it is none the less a serious fault in a new religion. The framers of the Calendar of revolutionary France made no such obeisance to institutions elsewhere established, and fixed a New Year's day of their own. The Comtists jog along like the rest of us. We should not be surprised to hear that holly and ivy and mistletoe were used in the decorations of Newton Hall.

But those who regard Mr. Harrison and his friends rather as a well-conducted Sunday lecture society than as a sect will care little for this trace of the old Adam, and turn to what Mr. Harrison said. Here, again, we are on difficult ground. Mr. Harrison's first subject was woman; the 31st of December is the feast, not of fair, but of holy women. Now, there are already two Women's Liberal Federations. As an Orthodox party organ we dare not risk the possibility of a third, and Mr. Harrison holds views on "the woman question" less advanced than the least advanced of those organisations. He thinks that woman is, to put it politely, too good for public life. Her intellect is "more subtle, more delicate, more rapid, more in electric sympathy with emotion than that of the average man," and these are very dangerous qualities in a politician. Mrs. Browning paid a similar left-handed compliment to her own sex when she said—

"And if Cervantes had been Shakespeare too
He'd made his Don a Donna."

The last place we want Don Quixotes in is the House of Commons: there are so many windmills there. The only Don Quixote in the last House of Commons (Mr. Cuninghame Graham) was suspended, and has gone to Morocco, travelling incognito. Perhaps in England they would be just bearable, for England can just bear so much. But we, whose women are little less free from sentiment than our men, must think of our neighbours, and of the force of example. What of poor France? If to the interrogations of M. Deroulède were added a display of "electric sympathy" by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the Chamber would be daily suspended "with emotion" about half-past four in the afternoon. So the duty of women is at home, to minister to man and supply him with "a source of religion which all could understand." The religion of humanity is present daily and hourly in all good women. So that we men can stay at home and worship our household gods, or cultivate religion by our own firesides, which is a very comfortable form of devotion for the present season.

It may be suggested that this doctrine is just a little too good (for man) to be true, and is not a little dangerous. There is an eloquent passage in Mr. Lecky's "History of European Morals" in which he speaks of the prostitute as the "great high priestess of humanity, blighted for the sins of the people." Like Mr. Harrison's doctrine, Mr. Lecky's has some truth in it, for lust might, but for prostitution, play even more havoc with the social fabric. But humanity is certainly not worth worshipping while it requires such ministrations. And though Mr. Harrison assigns to his high priestess of humanity a higher and nobler office, he also seems to keep most of the good things of the earth for men. Why, for instance, should women be debarred from that "glorification by name" which is often the most potent incentive to effort? Or why should they be prevented from undertaking, if they so choose, the drudgery of public life instead of the still more wearying drudgery of the household? Why should man not sometimes take a turn with the perambulator? These are questions which might well be asked by either Women's Liberal Federation.

FINANCE.

FOR the moment the silver crisis is not influencing the Stock Markets as much as it has done for some months past. The chief preoccupations at present are in connection with Paris. The most alarmist rumours have been circulating, and there are fears of a breakdown upon the Bourse. Within a month French 3 per cent. Rentes fell from about 99½ to 94½, a fall of 5 per cent. As preparations had been made for months past for an early conversion of the 4½ per cents., there was a great speculation in Paris in 3 per cents. The fall has inflicted heavy losses upon the speculators. Some important institutions have suffered considerably, though they are no doubt able to bear their losses. There has been also a very considerable fall in Crédit Foncier shares, a lesser fall in Bank of France shares, and a general decline in other securities. Here in London there was a scare upon a mild scale in the Argentine market. It originated in the struggle that is going on between the new Finance Minister, Dr. Romero, and the great financial houses interested in Argentine affairs, and it was intensified by the sale of a large amount of Funding Loan bonds, which was effected only after three days' attempts and by private negotiation. There has been since a recovery in the market, as the Argentine Minister in London announces that he has received instructions by telegraph to continue issuing Funding Loan bonds. The announcement is regarded in the City as a withdrawal of the Finance Minister from the position he had previously taken up. In other departments there is very little doing. Home and Colonial Government securities are very well maintained, to a considerable extent by foreign buying, and the Home Railway market is likewise steady. Indeed, on Wednesday there was a sudden and sharp rise in Brighton Deferred stock, said to be caused by purchases for persons who had information that the dividend would be better than had previously been expected. In spite, however, of movements of the kind, there is an exceptional absence of business.

For the time being apprehensions respecting silver have somewhat abated. It is now generally accepted that the existing American Congress will not repeal the Silver Purchase Act; and as gold exports from New York have been suspended, while the value of money in India is rising, and consequently the demand for silver is increasing, the general belief is that for some time to come the silver market will be firmer than it has been recently.

That will depend, of course, upon what is done in the United States. But there is an active business doing already in exports from India, and during the next four months much money will be required for bringing down the crops, especially the cotton and wheat crops, from the interior to the ports of shipment. That will naturally lead to increased imports of silver, assuming that there is no further alarm in the market. While silver apprehensions are abating, trade continues depressed and speculation paralysed, and the rates of interest and discount are falling away. In the open market the rate of discount is now somewhat under $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and will probably go lower. With the beginning of the new year it is generally expected that withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England will cease, the more particularly as it would be impossible to raise large loans anywhere just now. But if Governments cannot borrow, they will not be able to take away much gold from London. On the other hand, there usually is a considerable inflow of gold from all parts of the world in the first three months of the year, and assuming, therefore, that there is not an early crisis, the probability is that rates of interest and discount will fall still further. It is to be borne in mind, however, that French capitalists have for weeks been selling securities in London, and, if the financial situation gets worse, they may take a good deal of gold.

A GIRL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN BRIGHT.

TWENTY years ago, when I was eighteen, I kept a journal which recorded (among much other matter) a short visit paid by the late Mr. Bright to his brother-in-law, Mr. Hadwen Priestman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. This visit I, being something of a hero-worshipper, thought it worth while to describe in minutest detail. Only the other day some friends, who had unearthed this forgotten manuscript book, suggested that I should publish recollections which, though in part trivial, have struck one or two of those who knew him best as giving a very genuine glimpse of his manner in conversation.

I do not attempt to throw the thing into orthodox literary form, because in such a process it must lose that freshness of "first impressions" which is its single merit. I have altered a word here and there to make the sense clearer; I have added an occasional explanation, and re-arranged the order of the matter somewhat.

1872. We were standing by the hall fire when the cab drove up. I was so frightened I did not know what to do; E. and M. flew out into the hall, and our distinguished guest entered, and began passing some remark about having seen me in London "in one of my political fits." He was then conducted into the drawing-room, and sat down before the fire, while I sat admiringly looking on. He said nothing particular before dinner.

At dinner I contrived to sit opposite to him, and in the evening he talked a good deal. He had been fishing on the Tweed. He had had to wait a good while at Carlisle station.

"I don't dislike waiting at railway stations. A station is like a genteel fair, and I like muddling about the bookstall, and buying newspapers."

He described some curious symptoms of the illness from which, at the time of this visit, he was slowly recovering. It began not long after the opening of the 1870 session. Coming out of the Board of Trade into the street he felt so giddy that he would have fallen against the railings, like a drunken man, if there had not happened to be a cab close by with the door open. He got in and drove to Mr. Thring's office in Parliament Street, whose business it was to draw up bills with the help of two or three assistants.

"Mr. Thring," he said, "my head is falling all to pieces. I shall not be back in Parliament for two years or more, but, before I go away, I must beg you to insert such and such clauses in the Irish Land Bill."

Mr. Thring replied that *his* head was in the same condition, and his mind completely confused with bills and clauses. (Two years later John Bright met him near the Duke of York's column, and he is still going on.)

Two days after the interview with Mr. Thring at his office, John Bright was obliged to leave London, and did not return to Parliament till last session, and then only for a few nights. During this illness he was not delirious, and was perfectly conscious of where he was; but whenever he shut his eyes, he saw scenes as vivid as if they had been real—all the armies of France and Germany, "scores and scores of thousands of men, with their flags and music, and cavalry and artillery." Then he saw things like the carvings on Greek temples—gods and goddesses, animals and chariots; and once he saw sitting at the foot of his bed a lovely woman, apparently about thirty years of age, dressed in the costume Friends (Quakeresses) wore "when they were more sensible than they are now" (book muslin arranged in folds at the neck, and a cap), "and with a pure, kindly, and intelligent face." He saw these things "as clearly as *this*" (lifting up his hand before his eyes), yet as soon as he opened his eyes the visions used to disappear.

A long country drive and some calls had been planned for the next day, but the morning was wet.

This was a bitter disappointment to me, but it all ended well. The day proved not so wet as we feared, and we started about ten. Passing a statue of Liberty, John Bright remarked, "Liberty makes its own monument."

He said he could feel no interest in the river (Derwent), though a very pretty one, because there were no fish in it.

He noticed the portrait of Gladstone in my father's drawing-room, and said it was a very pleasant one.

"Is it pleasanter than the original?" somebody asked.

"Oh! he has his pleasanter and his less pleasant looks, like everybody else."

The conversation at dinner was very interesting. There was some talk about agricultural labourers, and John Bright gave several instances of artisans in his own neighbourhood, many of them in his own employment, who had risen to a higher position and become masters themselves; but who ever heard of such a thing (he said) as an agricultural labourer rising to be a landlord?

He saw a book on profit-sharing, which he did not seem to like much.

"You can give away as much of your business as you like; there's no difficulty in it."

Giving workpeople a share in the profits of a business would, he thought, most likely cause discontent. Supposing the business made £20,000, and the men got £5,000 of it, they would think it an unfair division, and ask why one man should have £15,000 and the rest only £5,000; whereas it was in reality "not a merit, but a grace, as the theologians say," that they got anything.

Speaking of the Mines Regulation Act, he said that Joseph Sprouts (a fictitious but amusing person who figured in the *Morning Star*) had noticed how the French population consisted of two great classes, "waiters and other folks." If things went on in England as they had been going for some time past, our population would soon come to be divided into two classes also, "inspectors and other folks."

Next morning Mr. Joseph Watson and his son, now Dr. Spence Watson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, came to breakfast.

There was some conversation about the Alabama claims. John Bright said the whole thing was very humiliating to England. A number of disreputable

people in this country had lent two or three millions to "Jeff Davis," with which he built his navy. They had never got one penny of it back, so that England has had to pay both the original cost of the vessels and compensation for the damage they did. He blamed Lord Russell for letting the *Alabama* escape.

"I am sure he never sympathised with the South in his heart," John Bright said; "but he was surrounded by a bad atmosphere in London, and he could not overcome the influences brought to bear on him."

The Government of that day spoke against the North in the House of Commons, especially Lord Palmerston. John Bright had entreated him to say "three or four friendly words," which would make all "square" between the two nations; but he made a violent speech on the other side, and so did Sir Roundell Palmer. After the debate John Bright found Sir Roundell Palmer and Milner Gibson standing by the fire outside, and the latter said, "What a very good speech Palmer has made for us!" meaning the Government; to which John Bright replied, "You must have deserted all the principles which you and I have advocated in common for so many years if you really think so. It is well that it does not rest with two men to set two worlds in a blaze, or you two would have done it," meaning Palmerston and Palmer. "That is the only wrong thing," he added, "I ever knew Roundell Palmer do—the only wicked thing, I mean."

They then talked about Gladstone and his speech at Newcastle in 1862 (the speech in which Gladstone said Jefferson Davis had made an army, had made a navy, and probably had made a nation).

John Bright remarked that he wondered how it was that a man who knew so much as Gladstone should have been so ignorant about America.

By the way, the first night he came there was some talk about General Grant and Horace Greeley. The former seems likely to be successful as a candidate for the Presidency. John Bright said he liked Greeley personally ten times better than Grant—"but I daresay it's better as it is," he added.

Someone suggested that Grant had more head, and Greeley more heart, but John Bright said he didn't think Grant had very much head.

But to return to the conversation at the breakfast-table.

Someone said Gladstone must have a very strong constitution.

John Bright said he did not think so. "He takes great care of himself in some ways—and his wife takes great care of him."

"Does he take much exercise?" someone asked.

"Last November I was at Hawarden, and Mrs. Gladstone and I went out for a walk round the house and grounds. We came to some trees where there was a man cutting down one with an axe. 'There's our woodman!' said she, and it turned out to be the Prime Minister. He had neither coat nor waistcoat on; his braces hung down to his heels; and the perspiration was running down his face. I tell him it's too violent exercise for his age—and I'm satisfied it is so. We started out for a walk, and went four or five miles. It was raining heavily. I had a greatcoat and an umbrella. He had no greatcoat and no umbrella, but a stick—but he didn't seem to mind. Of course he changed his clothes when he got in."

"What exercise does he take in London?"

"I don't know. He rides sometimes, but not very often. He told me once that for five-and-twenty years he had made it a habit never to let his mind dwell on Parliamentary or political matters after getting into bed, and he has acquired such a control over his thoughts that he can do it. I have gone on a different principle, and I believe it is a bad one. When I was in London I used to sit up for half an hour after I came from the House, reading poetry or something quiet, to calm my mind. When I am going to make a speech on a subject I care about, I lie awake three or four hours every night for several nights thinking about it."

"But then you must remember," put in M., "how different your speeches are from Gladstone's."

"No; the only difference is that he takes twice as long to say a thing as I do, and that he says twice as many things. 'People say my mind's subtle,' he said once to me, and seemed to think it an unjust charge. 'I don't know what you mean by subtle,' I replied, 'but I know what other people mean by it.' Here is the chart of an argument. There are three or four prominent headlands. I dwell on them at length, and so do you—but you go into all the little creeks and bays and inlets, and enlarge on them with equal detail and elaboration, instead of bringing out the great promontories of your argument forcibly, and so your audience lose sight of them. When you use so many small arguments, people think you have no big ones. Those are not the arguments that convince people. I leave out the little creeks and dwell on the projecting headlands only. If I can convince a hearer on one of them, I have got him. But you dwell on small and great arguments alike."

"Did he make any improvement after that?" someone inquired.

"I did not notice any; but I have heard him make many very good terse speeches—as good as ever were made. I think he is the most wonderful speaker of whom we have any record in the House of Commons. The Tory Governments of sixty or seventy years ago, in Pitt's time, had large and subservient majorities, and the Prime Minister had not to make anything like so many speeches on different subjects in the course of a session as he has now. A few weeks since I had a letter from Gladstone. In the times of slavery, he said, the worst crime a man could commit was to steal himself, and I had done it. In these days, Gladstone added, the only remnant of slavery in the Empire was the Ministry. I daresay he feels so at times."

Later in the day H. told him I was a worshipper of Gladstone, and intended to write down all that had been said about him.

"Oh! tell her not to put in a word I may have said that might seem unkind, for he has been kindness itself to me, and I feel most kindly towards him; indeed, he has never ceased, almost, to urge me to go into his Ministry again."

He was asked to write a number of autographs for distribution among E.'s friends, which he did. He went away by the train about half-past two. I felt a great reaction after he had gone. He is very different from what I imagined him, both in appearance and manner. I can't help thinking his portraits give a very incorrect idea of him. He is about the middle height, and very stout, I need hardly say. He has a very finely shaped head, and in every way by far the finest face I ever had a good look at. He has grey hair, a good deal less white, curiously enough, than it was the last time I saw him (1870), and a great deal of it, a splendid high forehead, blue eyes, a straight but not particularly remarkable nose, and a mouth which would almost tell you how eloquent he is. His lips are rather thin than thick; yet they have not that disagreeable sort of thinness which looks as if a person had no lips at all. His mouth is beautifully shut (they say an orator's mouth always is) yet not compressed; his voice is very pleasant, and his manner of speaking very interesting. I always was an admirer of him, but in the two or three days he was at B—he quite won my heart (as people say). I found him quite different from what I fancied, and much nicer altogether, and this leads me to think that very likely other people not personally acquainted with him have a false idea of him; but it may not be so. Oh, how much I enjoyed the few days of his visit! I don't think I ever enjoyed myself so much in my life. I generally contrived to sit opposite him at meals, so as to have a good view of him, and the time he was at B—seemed like a sort of brief intoxication—I felt so excited. The worst of that sort of thing is you feel so dull afterwards, and I

feel sure I shall very soon lose (I have partially lost already) the vivid idea of him, which is very disappointing.

TENNYSON'S BIOGRAPHY.

WE believe that the present Lord Tennyson is now engaged in collecting materials for a Life of his illustrious father. There ought to be no lack of material for such a work, and, provided Lord Tennyson is able to divest himself of that excess of filial devotion which too often spoils what may be called family biographies, Tennyson's Life ought to become one of our English classics. Nobody wrote more racy prose than the Poet-Laureate, and though comparatively few of his letters have found their way into print, those which have been permitted to appear—as, for example, his correspondence with the late Lord Houghton—give rich promise of the treasures still to be opened up to us. Unfortunately, Tennyson, whose absorption in his own work was almost unequalled, allowed himself to escape from the thralldom of letter-writing after his marriage. His wife then, and subsequently his son and successor, became his substitute in correspondence; so that in the later years of his life his letters were comparatively few and unimportant. But by that time his fame was established, and another of his intellectual characteristics was receiving the attention it deserved. This was his brilliant and almost unique gift as a talker. Such talk as that which flowed from his lips “garrulous under a roof of pine” at Farringford, or in the spacious study at Aldworth, or, again, in some London drawing-room on one of his rare visits to the metropolis, was hardly to be heard from any other man. Many of us know something of Mr. Gladstone's charm as a conversationalist; of the way in which, dealing with almost any conceivable subject, he can contrive to throw new light upon it; of the striking sentences he has the knack of dropping, apparently at hazard, but which, once heard, are never forgotten; of the charm of an unfailing courtesy of manner to small as well as great, which makes of even his bitterest political opponent a personal friend and admirer. The talk of Mr. Gladstone's great contemporary had very different characteristics; but it was equally well worth listening to. Its pungency, its abounding humour, the extraordinary range of knowledge, especially of Nature and its endless phenomena which it displayed, and the poetic insight into the characters of individuals and the heart of things generally, which was perhaps its most remarkable feature, made it talk not unworthy of the top of Olympus. If, therefore, some record of this talk has been preserved by those who lived with him, his biography will certainly take rank with that of Samuel Johnson.

Mr. Knowles, who has for once broken through his rule against writing in his own review, has given us in this month's *Nineteenth Century* some specimens of Tennyson's sayings, which will bear out what we have said. He has at the same time thrown some light upon the poet's religious creed—light which, perhaps, brings nothing new to those who have carefully studied his poems, but which will probably strike the multitude as altogether novel. “There's a something that watches over us; and our individuality endures: that's my faith, and that's all my faith.” This may be described as “the irreducible minimum” of his creed. But in other moods, or when his heart was lighter, he would expand his belief, and tell his friends more fully of his thoughts upon the deep things of Life, upon the Here and the Hereafter. Those who wish to understand what he felt and thought upon these subjects will do well to study his last volume—the volume which has come to us from the very portals of the grave, and over every line of which the “Shadow cloaked from head to foot that keeps the keys of all the creeds” seems to brood. But we are wandering

from our purpose, which was simply to point out the invaluable character of the material which Tennyson's biographer must possess if he has any record of the poet's talk, such as Boswell preserved when he was in attendance on Dr. Johnson. Mr. Knowles has set an excellent example in his paper on “Aspects of Tennyson,” and he has afforded us a glimpse into the treasure-house of the poet's mind, for which all must be grateful to him. Let us hope that when the biography on which Lord Tennyson is now engaged is completed, those who loved him, but never knew him in the flesh, will be permitted to share in that “heart affluence in discursive talk,” which was one of the greatest charms of the author of “In Memoriam.” And might it not be well to suggest to those who have had the privilege of hearing Tennyson's sonorous voice and of listening to his delightful talk, that they cannot do better than record their recollection of his words, and entrust the record to the hands of his son and biographer?

OCEANIC HYSTERIA.

NO reasonable person can be surprised to learn that the Cunard Company have accepted the vindication of Captain Ferguson, of the *Gallia*. That officer on arriving in port found himself accused of having deserted the *Umbria* when she was in actual peril. He was supposed to have disregarded signals of distress, and to have pursued his course indifferent to the fate of a sister ship, for the loss of which he would have been held responsible not only by public opinion, but also by his own employers. The statement that Captain Ferguson had ignored the manifest distress of the *Umbria* was absurd on the face of it, and could proceed only from a plentiful ignorance of the situation of the *Umbria* when her consort left her. We are sorry to say that the disposition to judge Captain Ferguson harshly was largely due to the readiness of our daily contemporaries to accept the rubbish telegraphed from New York when the *Umbria* arrived there. The steamer was promptly boarded by the interviewers, and everyone familiar with the American variety of that tribe knows their capacity for unscrupulous embellishment. They had copious material ready to their hands. Many of Captain McKay's passengers understood the art of navigation much better than any commander, and were ready with suggestions and surmises quite foreign to the experience of a seaman. There was a New York lawyer, for example, whose knowledge of litigation made him a supreme authority on nautical signals, and converted a simple intimation that the *Umbria's* machinery had gone wrong into a desperate appeal for help. The New York lawyer was indignant at the conduct of the *Gallia*, and his indignation was enriched by the vocabulary of the New York reporter and telegraphed to this country as a decisive dictum against Captain Ferguson. Everybody who has crossed the ocean has met lawyers and others ready at a moment's notice, like Lord John Russell, to take command of the Channel Fleet. There is an ocean anecdote of a lady who constantly pestered a somewhat taciturn captain with questions about the voyage. One day, on the banks of Newfoundland there was a fog, and the lady said, “Captain, is it always foggy in these parts?” and the captain replied, “Don't know, mum—don't live here.” The smoking-room of an Atlantic steamer has always its oracle, who, in the intervals of “nap,” will lay down the laws of navigation. If any mishap should occur he is eloquent about the mismanagement of the vessel, and to unbosom himself to a reporter at the end of the voyage is a luxury which imposes no restraint on the imagination. Captain McKay, being a sensible man, refused to be interviewed in New York. It is evidently only the hysterical egotist who throws himself into the arms of the gentry whose business it is to dress up a sensational tale for the diseased curiosity of the

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American reader. As the livers of Strasburg geese are to the epicure, so are the yarns of the New York reporter to the gaping public, who devour the fanciful trash which drops hot from the Press.

It is plain that at no time was the *Umbria* in any real danger, that the commander of the *Gallia* was not begged to lend his aid in an alarming strait, and that his judgment in proceeding on his way was amply justified by the event. The chief engineer of the *Umbria* was quite equal to the emergency, and Captain McKay never supposed that he was not. The *Umbria* rode the waves "like a duck," according to Captain Ferguson, and "like a church," according to another experienced mariner; and though the metaphors are mixed, they represent a substantial agreement as to the safety of the vessel. The real lesson of this episode is that, although Mr. Tomlinson and his assistants were able to mend the broken shaft, there ought to be something more than implicit reliance on such skill. The Cunard Company are wisely preparing to duplicate the machinery of their newest steamers. If there are two shafts, an accident to one will not impede the progress of the vessel. This practical wisdom has been already acted upon by the Inman, White Star, and Orient lines. In the *Ophir*, for instance—one of the two or three finest steamers afloat—there is a complete provision for such an ordeal as befell the *Umbria*. The duplicate machinery is an absolute guarantee against the accident which compelled the Atlantic liner to drift for so many hours. It may not be practicable to fit the *Umbria* with a double set of engines, but in the next ship built for the Cunard Company this safeguard will be adopted. Ocean steamers are becoming every year greater prodigies of comfort, convenience, and speed. Why should improvements in the element of safety be omitted from their construction? Fine seamanship is still the pride of our sea-sprung race, but it ought to be supplemented by every conceivable improvement of mechanical science. Meanwhile, the public will note with grim interest that the vindication of Captain Ferguson and the triumph of engineering on the *Umbria* are coincident with the court-martial on Vice-Admiral Fairfax. Of late there has been an unusual number of accidents to her Majesty's ships, on which the art of navigation is apparently not so well understood as it is in our mercantile marine. It may be that armed leviathans are not so easy to handle as the couriers of trade, but it ought to be possible to take our ironclads in and out of port without running them aground. The small proportion of mishaps to mercantile vessels sometimes suggests that the Admiralty might profitably seek its commanders in the commercial service.

THE MODERN PRESS.

I.—THE "NINETEENTH CENTURY."

IT is not the age now drawing quickly to a close of which we have to speak, but the green-backed Review which comes into our hands once a month, and bears upon its outer page the announcement that it is edited by Mr. James Knowles. Into the origin of the *Nineteenth Century* it is needless to enter here. There was a quarrel years ago: a quarrel of the good old sort, between editor and proprietor, and the result was the birth of the *Nineteenth Century*. A very successful child it was from the first. It came heralded by a sonnet from the pen of Tennyson, and it had not merely the blessing, but the active assistance of a host of distinguished men, of whom, here, it is only necessary to name Mr. Gladstone, Professor Huxley, and the Duke of Argyll. Common rumour, which in this matter does not lie, asserts that from the very day on which it first appeared, the *Nineteenth Century* not only paid its way, but yielded a very handsome revenue to its enterprising

founder. And it deserved to succeed. Many hard things have been said both of the magazine and its editor; many smart sayings have been uttered at their expense; but, taken as a whole, the *Nineteenth Century* has been one of the most useful and striking products of the Press during the lifetime of this generation. A singular person who was giving evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons on the question of the enlargement of the Reporters' Gallery so as to allow of the admission of the representatives of provincial newspapers, declared that the step was no longer necessary; and he explained his reason for saying so by the statement that members of Parliament now sent their best speeches to the *Nineteenth Century* instead of delivering them in the House. There was a certain measure of truth in the assertion. The *Nineteenth Century* has unquestionably become an arena in which the most distinguished men of our day gladly engage in single combat with each other, and in which the greatest questions affecting our political or social life are discussed by competent authorities. When we compare it with those solemn Quarterlies which it has replaced, it is impossible to doubt that the monthly Review conducted by Mr. Knowles is a development of the periodical Press that we could ill afford to go without.

And its editor? A success like that attained by this Review cannot be gained by accident, and the man who has secured it must have remarkable qualities of his own. The most distinguished of all his band of contributors once said of him, "Knowles is the *Nineteenth Century* from the crown of his hat to the soles of his boots." It was a well-merited tribute to the indefatigable zeal and energy with which Mr. Knowles presides over the fortunes of his magazine. He may or may not dream about it when, after the labours of the day, he lays his head upon his pillow; but it is difficult to believe that at any moment of his conscious hours he forgets the *Nineteenth Century*, or is not on the alert on its behalf. Rude persons have described him as the bagman of literature. They might as well speak of Mr. Gladstone as the bagman of politics, or of Professor Huxley as the commercial traveller of Agnosticism. To be honestly and continuously interested in that which he regards as the work of his life, and to lose no opportunity of advancing that work, is not a thing of which any man—at all events, in this climate—need be ashamed. It is true that Mr. Knowles has, or, perhaps we ought to say, had, a method of his own in editing. Years ago a youthful journalist just beginning his career on the Press in the humble capacity of reporter received a piece of advice from a sage veteran. "Names," said the old man, "are the best of all copy. Pray remember that, Mr. —." This was the truth, long recognised by practical pressmen, which for many years guided Mr. Knowles in his editorial capacity. It was not so much the thing said as the man who said it that attracted him, and many an essay found its way into the *Nineteenth Century* which would have been flung into the waste-paper basket if it had been written by plain John Smith instead of by the Duke of Omnium or the Marquis of Carabas.

People may sneer at this characteristic of Mr. Knowles's editorship if they please, but let those laugh who win. Moreover, the distinguished editor may claim to have been the first to open up a distinctly new field of literary work. It has been his happy lot to find employment for the great unemployed, and to reveal to the eyes of the wondering world the immense amount of literary and intellectual power which had lain dormant for centuries in the British peerage. "Most can raise the flower now that all have got the seed." To-day the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* has a score of more or less successful competitors. Other men besides himself now importune Prime Ministers for articles on the Pentateuch or the game of golf. Others are favoured with the views of the Duchess of A. or the Countess of B. on the immorality of

lawn-tennis or the virtues of the British ballet-girl. But it was Mr. Knowles who showed these imitators of his the way, and he should have full credit for having done so. Besides, even the most censorious must confess that with this thoroughly English love of names as "copy," Mr. Knowles has mingled a really remarkable degree of shrewdness, and of that which for want of a better term is called the journalistic faculty. The *Nineteenth Century* has come to us every month for many years now, but how few dull numbers has Mr. Knowles presented to us! Though he makes no pretensions to literary power himself, and has only, we believe, figured twice or thrice as a contributor to his own pages, he must unquestionably possess an excellent judgment, not only in literary but in political and social questions. It is very seldom that an absolutely worthless article appears in the *Nineteenth Century*, and when one is printed, the reader may usually derive a considerable amount of amusement by speculating on the reason which has induced Mr. Knowles to insert it.

It is probably in his knowledge of men that Mr. Knowles shows his superiority to most of his editorial colleagues. Now that he has ceased to exact proofs of a connection more or less close with the peerage from his contributors, he always seems able to find the best man to write upon the question of the hour. This of itself implies an immense and varied knowledge of his contemporaries on the part of the editor. No one who knows Mr. Knowles in private life need be told that in this particular kind of knowledge he has few superiors. Though singularly averse, for his own part, to that kind of publicity which is gained by appearances at first nights, private views, and the other ceremonials in which the fashionable reporter delights, Mr. Knowles is himself one of the familiar figures in society. It happened once that the late Mrs. Procter was expected at a country-house. Two visitors, staying in the house, who knew that she had been the friend of almost every celebrity, great or small, who had appeared upon the scene during half a century, made a bet. It was to the effect that one of them could not name any person of distinction in any walk of life whom Mrs. Procter had not known. The celebrity fixed upon was the late Alexis Soyer, chef and poet; and Mrs. Procter won the bet for her champion in a canter, by breaking out into details of the great cook's private life and of her friendship with him, the moment his name was mentioned. Mr. Knowles probably draws the line at cooks; but we fancy that in the higher walks of life he could offer a very fair rivalry to Mrs. Procter. At all events, he has the privilege of knowing "everybody," in the sense in which that word is used in Belgravia and Pall Mall. Sooner or later, everybody who is distinguished by birth, by abilities, by personal achievements in one form or another, comes within his ken; and no inconsiderable proportion of this multitude which no man can number find themselves in the end falling into rank among the contributors to the *Nineteenth Century*. Let it be said, in conclusion, that if Mr. Knowles, like most men, has his foibles, he is a man whose kindness of heart, open-handed hospitality, and readiness to recognise merit even when it is allied with obscurity, can be denied by none. The founder of the *Nineteenth Century* is himself a characteristic and creditable product of the age whose title he has appropriated.

MR. BURNE-JONES.

ALTHOUGH I have lost no opportunity of disparaging this very distinguished artist, I have never—and on this point I should like to be emphatic—confused him with the voracious shoal of academicians who pursue the wealthy manufacturer, the foremost snapping a juicy morsel and then flinging him over to a still more hungry brother. There are temperamental antipathies which bar the way of the

intelligence, and I confess that Mr. Burne-Jones's method of painting is nearly as antipathetic to me as Mr. Meredith's method of prose narrative. Why do poem by Browning and novel by Meredith fill up my soul with quick revolt? Everything else in literature I understand more or less well; no other authors anger me as these two writers—and Meredith only angers me in his novels; I admire his poetry as well as his heartiest admirer.

My ambition has always been to cultivate my artistic faculties to the point of being able to appreciate all that is beautiful. I should like nothing beautiful to escape me; I should like to weave the net of my sensations so close that not even the minnows could slip through. But my failure with Meredith's prose and Browning's poetry is complete. . . . Yet think not for a moment that I imagine that I am right and that the world is wrong. I pray you believe that I know that the loss is mine. I have enjoyed much and must practise resignation. I can see clearly enough that these writers are distinguished, that they stand high above the common herd, and though all perception of their genius is denied to me, I bow to the world's opinion, which, after a certain lapse of time, is never entirely wrong. My dislike for Mr. Burne-Jones is nearly as natural and as inveterate. The exhibition at the New Gallery has, however, softened my prejudice, won me a little—not much, it is true, but still a little. I should be puzzled to explain my hatred of Meredith and Browning, but I shall have no difficulty whatever in telling you why I dislike Mr. Burne-Jones.

It is almost unnecessary that I should explain; those who read my articles must long ago have noticed in what direction my art appreciations tend; and those who have divined the tendency of these appreciations know well enough that it would be impossible for me to admire Mr. Burne-Jones's work to any large extent. The first thing I ask of the oil-colour painter is that his work should look like oil painting, and not like worsted-work, or gum, or decaying cheese, or that mysterious compound to be found nowhere except on Mr. G. F. Watts's palette. To some this will seem a very unimportant matter; to me it is of all importance. The beautiful flowing brushwork of Rubens enchants me, transports me; and I look at the blonde hair of an infant by Velasquez as a lady looks at a diamond necklace or her lover's face. Quality in oil painting, although undefinable, is easily recognisable. Two hundred years ago oil painting had expressed all that it was capable of expressing; its limitations and its strength were fully known. It is an instrument that has been built up by degrees, perfected by men of genius; and this instrument, in my opinion, should be accepted as it has come down to us, or left alone. What would be thought of a musician who, instead of composing new music for the piano, were to spend his day in altering the instrument? and oil painting is as incapable of alteration or development as the piano. Now whatever may be thought of Mr. Burne-Jones's command of pictorial invention, it will not be denied that no one has ever used oil colour as falsely as he. Oil painting has a history; and though we go back to Mantegna or Botticelli, we shall find little authority for Mr. Burne-Jones's woolwork. Archaic painting—thin lights and heavy shadows, a method which obtained till the middle of the sixteenth century—compared with the ampler painting of Titian, is what the unripe language of Chaucer is to the rich maturity of Shakespeare's speech. But Mantegna and Botticelli were as unmistakably the ancestors of Titian as Chaucer was of Shakespeare; and notwithstanding the infancy of the instrument they used, they stand much nearer to Titian, to Velasquez, to Hals, to Whistler, in their use of it than Mr. Burne-Jones.

With the theory that the hand counts for nothing, and that to execute is to fill up a form with a given tone, that one brush is the

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same as another, that the mechanism goes for nothing so long as the trick is accomplished, I have no sympathy whatsoever. Nor do I believe that the thought, to which some critics attach so much importance, can be expressed by any brush and any way of using it. Nor can I believe that it is right to work up a water-colour so that it is undistinguishable from an oil; and I believe still less that it is right to work up an oil painting till it is undistinguishable, or nearly so, from a piece of tapestry. Search the archives of painting as you may you will find authority nowhere for Mr. Burne-Jones's extraordinary, and I think detestable, use of his material; nor yet in modern art, if I except Mr. G. F. Watts. Rossetti, who, it is said, saved Mr. Jones from the pulpit, made far more legitimate, and therefore far more beautiful, use of his material. Rossetti's handling of colour was often conspicuously meritorious, and therein lies his most valid claim to artistic consideration.

A portrait by Ingres is a well of soul-satisfying delight, and, exaggerated as this opinion will seem to many, I can hardly force myself to think the Elgin Marbles superior to "La Source." Of hardly less interest is Degas; every stroke of that fierce, remorseless, impeccable pencil is an ever-enduring interest, a delight that wanes not. Do not these passionate preferences, and dear and cherished convictions, show that any true insight into Mr. Burne-Jones's artistic aims and ideals is impossible to me? At most my nature allows me to recognise the fact that he is an accomplished and distinguished artist, who has seen and felt for himself, whose aspirations were noble, and who has succeeded in realising them.

Twenty years ago I thought Mr. Burne-Jones's pictures divine. Since then my nature has been subjected to other influences; it has developed in a different direction, and I had learnt to look on his art with abhorrence. A visit to the New Gallery induced a new feeling in me. I felt that, however foreign, and, in a measure, repugnant, to my sympathies was this strange, contorted art, it was very—yes, very distinguished, and something—yes, I will say it—something of which the century might very well be proud. The appreciation of so unsympathetic a critic cannot be of much interest or value, I am aware, but, if for no other reason than copy-spinning, I will say that I was struck by the extraordinary pictorial invention—invention in the direction of pattern—which Mr. Burne-Jones displays at every turn. Truly, the "Golden Stair" is admirably invented; and so, too, is "King Cophetua." This I recognise, though the picture is otherwise wholly incomprehensible to me. So, too, is "Chant d'Amour," and this seems to me to be the picture I would choose had I to choose one for the National Gallery. But for personal pleasure I would choose some three or four pictures from the first wall of the west room—"Merlin and Nimue," for example. It seems impossible to withhold admiration from so beautiful an arrangement of pink and crimson. "The Annunciation," a small water-colour, is quite beautiful. The little figure in white, kneeling by the great pink bed, and the angel looking through a window or over a hedge—I forget which—is as exquisite in colour as it is marvellous in design. I like, too, "Clara Von Bork." "A Green Summer" is a picture that Watteau would stop before and most certainly admire. But what I admired most were some of the drawings. True that they have few of the qualities which I instinctively seek in a drawing, but I could see that they are marvellously beautiful for all that. In Mr. G. F. Watts's drawing there is no beauty of line; but in Mr. Burne-Jones's drawing there is—the three drawings for "The Romance of the Rose" are quite wonderful. The winged figure bearing a basket of birds is very beautiful, and has all the style of a great master. Better still is the second drawing of the same series on the adjoining wall. The tall figure in coiling drapery that comes running, and speaking as he runs,

was imagined with strange intensity and executed with a great deal of the freedom and the swing of the masters of old time. Mantegna would hardly have improved upon this figure. The second figure is equally good, and the two figures hold their places in the paper and draw your gaze from the moment you enter the room. Another drawing, heads of three Furies, is of very high order of merit.

One word more. Notwithstanding certain apparent—more apparent than real—resemblances to the early Italian masters, Burne-Jones's art is much more Gothic than Latin. G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"HYPATIA."

MR. STUART OGILVIE'S *Hypatia*, with which Mr. Tree has reopened the Haymarket, is founded upon Kingsley's novel. But, in considering it, we may leave Kingsley and his novel on one side; just as, in considering an Italian comedy of Shakespeare, we do not concern ourselves with Bandello. The play must stand or fall by itself. Its action passes in 413 A.D., during the reign of the Emperor Honorius. What people thought, said, and did in 413 A.D. is a very difficult thing for a modern man to imagine. Mr. Ogilvie, like the rest of us, can only make a rough guess at it. The peculiar characteristic of the time was, probably, its state of intellectual and spiritual ferment; everything was at sixes and sevens; the fountains of the deep were broken up and chaos was come again. The old faith and the new, the Pagan ideal and the Christian ideal, were brought to the grapple; the issue was uncertain; it was by no means yet evident that "the Galilean had conquered." It is this spiritual contest which makes Gibbon so fascinating. It is this life-and-death struggle of ideas which gives its grandeur to Henrik Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean*. Both these men, the philosophic historian and the dramatic poet, have risen to the height of their great argument.

Mr. Ogilvie has not attempted to approach his subject on this lofty intellectual plane. In one or two brief scenes, it is true, he has tried a contrast of ideas, Christian and Pagan, or—if you prefer the Arnoldian idiom—Hebraic and Hellenic, presenting in some of the speeches of the young monk Philammon the fierce earnestness of the one, and, in a lecture given by Hypatia, the sweet reasonableness of the other. But these scenes are mere parerga; they are outside the main purpose of the drama, which is to show us not the peculiar intellectual and spiritual quality of the time, but the fundamental passions of all time—love, ambition, revenge. That is an excellent purpose, of course, and Mr. Ogilvie can plead the most imposing precedents. Not otherwise would Shakespeare himself have gone about the work. His Alexandrians of 413 A.D., we may be sure, would not have shown us a single quality peculiar to 413 A.D., but they would have been men and women of undoubted flesh and blood. Nowadays, however, when the "historical spirit" is supposed to be abroad, we do expect some attempt at "reconstituting an epoch." All that the Haymarket play does in that direction is to reconstitute the externals of the epoch, and this part of the business is done not by Mr. Ogilvie, but by Mr. Alma Tadema. Even Mr. Tadema is—to my senses, at least—a trifle disappointing. I expected him to find the Haymarket stage board and leave it marble. Whatever else one might miss in Mr. Tadema, one always felt sure of the marble. But there is nothing marmorean in Mr. Tadema's Haymarket scenery; it still remains obstinately board. When the crowd rises from the amphitheatre wherein they have been listening to Hypatia lecturing on Plato, you can hear the marble creak: footsteps fall on the marble steps of the Prefect's throne with an unmistakable "thump,

thump." Still, Mr. Tadema's scenery is very pretty, and convinces us that Alexandria in 413 A.D. was a more "eligible residential neighbourhood" than, say, the Gower Street of to-day.

That is, it would have been "eligible" had it not been for the constant street shindies of its religious factions. In this respect it was worse than Eastbourne during the Salvationist disturbances. Here is one of the details which Mr. Ogilvie has managed very well. The bustle and clamour of the crowds, the bludgeons (suspiciously like Irish blackthorns) of the belligerent monks, the yells of the proletariat as they turn out to sack the Jews' houses, make the play lively. One is reminded of the "blue" and "green" factions in Sardou's *Théodora*. And it is satisfactory to note that Mr. Ogilvie has not been mastered by any Johnsonian tendencies "to let the Whig dogs have the worst of it." Indeed, not the Pagans nor the Jews, but the Christians are the people who are painted in the blackest colours. Bishop Cyril is a crafty political schemer, with nothing spiritual about him, while his attendant monks are of quite melodramatic turpitude.

It is when I turn to Mr. Ogilvie's characters that I find bounds to my satisfaction. They are not complex enough—I don't mean for Alexandria in 413 A.D., a time when moral and intellectual complexity was, I should say, excessive, but for the men and women Mr. Ogilvie gives them out to be. Hypatia is represented as the "uncrowned Queen" (to use a Parnellism) of Alexandria. Her mere presence quells a street-riot. The whole Pagan population are "her people." She is their spokeswoman before the judgment-seat. The Prefect bows to her authority as the "first of great teachers." But we have to take the secret of her influence on trust. When we hear her, in Mr. Alma-Tadema's (wooden) marble halls, flanked by Apollo in gold and the Quoit-thrower in bronze, discoursing about Plato to the assembled citizens, she proves a very puzzle-headed and ineffectual lecturer; Bellac himself, expatiating on the *au-delà* to M. Pailleron's blue-stockings, was not more absurdly lackadaisical. Her audience chatters and yawns, criticises her gown and the contour of her nose, but is not convinced. She herself sinks dejected, confessing that hers is the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Whence, then, her influence? Mr. Ogilvie's Hypatia wants explaining. His Prefect Orestes, sceptic and debauchee, is a mere nincompoop, a marionette, of which the Jew Issachar holds the strings. Issachar tells him how to mount his own throne, what face to wear before the people, to go here, to go there. He simply exists in order that Issachar may nudge, and prompt, and chuckle sardonically, and generally show himself a very Talleyrand of Hebraic diplomacy. There is a certain naivety in this sort of character-drawing. If the Prefect had had some individuality of his own, and Issachar had not been quite so triumphantly Mephistophelean, they would both have been more plausible.

The long and the short of it is, I cannot help suspecting that the part of Issachar has been written, or "written up," with a view to the display of Mr. Tree's histrionic talents. He is made to run through the gamut of moods: Issachar wheedling, Issachar stern, Issachar crafty, Issachar fervent, Issachar rolling his eyes, Issachar crouching behind pillars, Issachar in a posture of defiance before the mob—the sort of part which always (by some odd accident) is allotted to the actor-manager. One mood of Issachar Mr. Tree certainly renders with force—Issachar in frenzied rage, Issachar gnashing his teeth and beating the floor, when he learns that his own daughter has fallen a victim to the man whom he is helping to an Empire and to whose lust he has acted as pander. This is a really dramatic situation (not unlike that of Triboulet, by the way, in *Le Roi s'amuse*), creditable alike to Mr. Ogilvie and to Mr. Tree. The next best thing, to my mind, is the death-scene of Hypatia and Philammon on the steps of the altar. Miss Julia Neilson, who plays very well throughout, and has certainly never looked

so beautiful—which is saying a good deal—here dies as gracefully as ever did the great Sarah in any of her last acts, and Mr. Fred Terry makes almost as becoming an end. One secret of the charm of this scene is to be found in Mr. Ogilvie's recognition, a too tardy recognition, of the truth that silence is golden. As a rule, there is too much of his dialogue, and its quality is not good. It is, in fact, a queer mixture of bombastic stages and current colloquialisms. One line will give a sample of the whole. The Prefect, thinking of a possible bride, says:—

"I might do worse, by all the gods I might!"

Here you have Cockney 1893 A.D. ("I might do worse") making a sudden effort to turn itself into Alexandrian 413 A.D. ("by all the gods," etc.), and coming to signal grief in the attempt. But, with all its shortcomings, *Hypatia* is, for a new theatrical hand, a by no means discreditable bit of work.

A. B. W.

THE WOMAN'S HALF-PROFITS.

O ma pauvre Muse! est-ce toi?

FAME in Athens and Florence took the form of laurel, in London it is represented by "Romeikes." Hyacinth Rondel, the very latest new poet, sat one evening not long ago in his elegant new chambers with a cloud of those pleasant witnesses about him, as charmed by "the rustle" of their "loved Apollian leaves" as though they had been veritable laurel or veritable bank-notes. His rooms were provided with all those distinguished comforts and elegancies proper to a success that may any moment be interviewed. Needless to say, the walls had been decorated by Mr. Whistler, and there was not a piece of furniture in the room that had not belonged to this or that poet deceased. Priceless autograph portraits of all the leading actors and actresses littered the mantel-shelf with a reckless prodigality; the two or three choice etchings were, of course, no less conspicuously inscribed to their illustrious confrère by the artists—naturally, the very latest hatched in Paris. There was hardly a volume in the elegant Chippendale bookcases not similarly inscribed. Mr. Rondel would as soon have thought of buying a book as of paying for a stall. To the eye of imagination, therefore, there was not an article in the room which did not carry a little trumpet to the distinguished poet's honour and glory. Hidden from view in his buhl cabinet, but none the less vivid to his sensitive egoism, were those tenderer trophies of his power (spoils of the chase) which the adoring feminine had offered up at his shrine, all his love-letters sorted in periods, neatly ribboned and snugly ensconced in various sandalwood niches—much as urns are ranged at the Crematorium, Woking—and locks of hair of many colours. He loved most to think of those letters in which the women had gladly sought a spiritual suttee, and begged him to cement the stones of his temple of fame with the blood of their devoted hearts. To have had a share in building so distinguished a life—that was enough for them! They asked no such inconvenient reward as marriage; indeed, one or two of them had already obtained that boon from others. To serve their purpose, and then, if it must be, to be forgotten, or—wild hope—to be embalmed in a sonnet sequence—that was reward enough. *Terar dum prosim.*

It was in the midst of this silent and yet so eloquent orchestra, which from morn to night was continually crying "Glory, glory, glory" in the ear of the self-enamoured poet, that Hyacinth Rondel was sitting one evening. The last post had brought him the above-mentioned bundle of the Romeike laurel, and he sat in his easiest chair by the bright fire, adjusting it upon his high brow, a decanter at his right-hand and cigarette-smoke curling up from his left. At last he had drained all the honey from the last paragraph, and, with rustling, shining head,

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he turned a sweeping, triumphant gaze around his room. But, to his surprise, he found himself no longer alone. Was it the Muse in dainty modern costume and delicately tinted cheek? Yes! it was one of those discarded Muses which sometimes remain upon the poet's hands as Fates.

When she raised her veil she certainly looked more of a Fate than a Muse. Her expression was not agreeable. The poet, afterwards describing the incident and remembering his Dante, spoke of her in an allegorical sonnet as "lady of terrible aspect," and symbolised her as Nemesis.

He now addressed her as "Annette," and in his voice were four notes of exclamation. She came closer to him, and very quietly, but with an accent that was the very quintessence of Ibsenism, made the somewhat mercantile statement: "I have come for my half-profits!"

"Half-profits! What do you mean? Are you mad?"

"Not in the least! I want my share in the profits of all this pretty poetry," and she contemptuously ran her finger over the several slim volumes on the poet's shelves which represented his own contributions to English literature.

Rondel began to comprehend, but he was as yet too surprised to answer.

"Don't you understand?" she went on. "It takes two to make poetry like yours—

'They steal their song the lips that sing
From lips that only kiss and cling.'

Do you remember? Have I quoted correctly? Yes, here it is!" taking down a volume entitled "Liber Amoris," the passionate confessional which had first brought the poet his fame. As a matter of fact, several ladies had "stood" for this series, but the poet had artfully generalised them into one supreme Madonna, whom Annette believed to be herself. Indeed, she had furnished the warmest and the most tragic colouring. Rondel, however, had for some time kept his address a secret from Annette. But the light set upon a hill cannot be hid; fame has its disadvantages. To a man with creditors or any other form of "a past," it is no little dangerous to have his portrait in the *Review of Reviews*. A well-known publisher is an ever-present danger. By some such means Annette had found her poet. The papers could not be decorated with reviews of his verse, and she not come across some of them. Indeed, she had, with burning cheek and stormy bosom, recognised herself in many an intimate confession. It was her hair, her face, all her beauty, he sang, though the poems were dedicated to another.

She turned to another passage as she stood there—"How pretty it sounds in poetry!" she said, and began to read:—

"There in the odorous meadowsweet afternoon
With the lark like the dream of a song in the dreamy blue,
All the air abeat with the wing and buzz of June,
We met—she and I, I and she, [You and I, I and you.] . ."

Here Rondel at last interrupted—

"Woman!" he said, "are your cheeks so painted that you have lost all sense of shame?" But she had her answer—

"Man! are you so great that you have lost the sense of pity? And which is the greater shame—to publish your sins in large paper and take royalties for them, or to speak of them, just you and I together—with none save God to know—you and I as 'there in the odorous meadowsweet afternoon!'"

"See, sir," she continued; "an artist pays his model at least a shilling an hour, and it is only her body he paints; but you use body and soul and offer her nothing. Your blues and reds are the colours you have stolen from her eyes and her heart—stolen, I say, for the painter pays so much a tube for his colours, so much an hour for his model, but you—"

"I give you immortality, poor fly, I give you amber," modestly suggested the poet.

But Annette repeated the word "Immortality!" with a scorn that almost shook the poet's conceit, and thereupon produced an account, which ran as follows:—

"Mr. Hyacinth Rondel,

Dr. to Miss Annette Jones,

For moiety of the following royalties:—

Moonshine and Meadowsweet	500 copies
Coral and Bells	750 "
Liber Amoris, 3 editions	3,000 "
Forbidden Fruit, 5 editions	5,000 "

9,250 copies at 1s.—£462 10s.

Moiety of same due to Miss Jones ... £231 5s."

"I don't mind receipting it for two hundred and thirty," she said, as she handed it to him.

Hyacinth was completely awakened by this: the joke was growing serious. So he at once roused up the bully in him, and ordered her out of his rooms. But she smiled at his threats, and still held out her account. At last he tried coaxing; he even had the insolence to beg her, by the memory of their past together, to spare him. He assured her that she had vastly overrated his profits, that fame meant far more cry than wool—that, in short, he was up to the neck in difficulties as it was, and really had nothing like that sum in his possession.

"Very well, then," she replied at last, "you must marry me instead. Either the money or the marriage. Personally, I prefer the money"—Rondel's egoism twinged like a corn—"and if you think you can escape me and do neither, look at this!" and she drew a revolver from her pocket.

"They are all loaded," she added. "Now, which is it to be?"

Rondel made a movement as if to snatch the weapon from her, but she sprang back and pointed it at his head.

"If you move, I fire."

Now one would not need to be a minor poet to be a coward under such circumstances. Rondel could see that Annette meant what she said. She was clearly a desperate woman, with no great passion for life. To shoot him and then herself would be a little thing in the present state of her feelings. He was a prudent man for a poet—he hesitated, leaning with closed fist upon the table. She stood firm.

"Come," she said at length, "which is it to be—the revolver, marriage, or the money?" She ominously clicked the trigger. "I give you five minutes."

It was five minutes to eleven. The clock ticked on while the two still stood in their absurdly tragic attitudes—he still hesitating, she with her pistol in line with the brain that laid the golden verse. The clock whirled before striking the hour. Annette made a determined movement. Hyacinth looked up, he saw she meant it, all the more for the mocking indifference of her expression.

"Once more—death, marriage, or the money?"

The clock struck.

"The money," gasped the poet.

* * * * *

But Annette still kept her weapon in line.

"Your cheque-book!" she said. Rondel obeyed.

"Pay Miss Annette Jones, or order, the sum of two hundred and thirty pounds. No, don't cross it!"

Rondel obeyed.

"Now, toss it over to me. You observe I still hold the pistol."

Rondel once more obeyed. Then, still keeping him under cover of the ugly-looking tube, she backed towards the door.

"Good-bye," she said. "Be sure I shall look out for your next volume."

Rondel, bewildered as one who had lived through a fairy-tale, sank into his chair. Did such ridiculous things happen? He turned to his cheque-book. Yes, there was the counterfoil, fresh as a new wound, from which indeed his bank account was profusely bleeding.

Then he turned to his laurels; but, behold, they were all withered.

So, after a while, he donned hat and coat, and went forth to seek a flatterer as a pick-me-up.

THE GREAT FIRE ON FREETHY'S QUAY.

To the Editor of "The Speaker."

TROY TOWN, New Year's Eve, 1892.

SIR,—It is long since I sent you news of Troy; but, indeed, there was little to tell. The small port has been enjoying a period of quiet which even the General Election, last summer, did not seriously disturb. As you know, the election turned on the size of mesh proper to be used in the drift-net fishery. We wore favours of red, white and blue, symbolising our hatred of the mesh favoured by Mr. Gladstone, and carried our man. Had other constituencies as sternly declined to fritter away their voting strength upon side issues, Lord Salisbury would now be in power with a solid majority at his back.

My purpose, however, is not to talk of politics, but to give you a short description of an event which has greatly excited us, and redeemed from monotony (though at the eleventh hour) the year eighteen ninety-two. I refer to the great fire on Freethy's Quay, where Mr. Wm. Freethy has of late been improving his timber-store with a number of the newest mechanical inventions; among others, with a steam engine which operates on a circular saw, and causes it to cut up oak poles (our winter fuel) with incredible rapidity. It was here that the outbreak occurred, on Christmas Eve—of all days in the year—between five and six o'clock in the afternoon.

But I should first tell you that our town has enjoyed a long immunity from fires; and although we possess a Volunteer Fire Brigade, at once efficient and obliging, and commanded by Mr. Patrick Sullivan (an Irishman), the men have had little or no opportunity of combating their sworn foe. The Brigade was founded in the early autumn of 1873, and presented by public subscription with a handsome manual engine and a wooden house to contain it, at the top of the hill above the town, as you turn off towards the Rope-walk. The firemen, of course, wear an appropriate uniform, with brazen helmets and shoulder-straps and a neat axe apiece, suspended in a leathern case from the waist-band. But the spirit of make-believe has of necessity animated all their public exercise, if I except the 13th of April, 1879, when a fire broke out in the back premises of Mr. Berwetherick, carpenter. His shop was (and is) situated in the middle of the town, and in those days a narrow gate-house gave, or rather prevented, access to the town on either side. These houses stood, one at the extremity of North Street, beside the Ferry Slip, the other at the south end of the Fore Street, where it turns the corner by the Ship Inn and mounts Lostwithiel Hill. With their low-browed arches, each surmounted by a little chamber for the toll-keeper, they recalled in an interesting manner the days when local traffic was carried on solely by means of pack-horses; but by an unfortunate oversight their straitness had been left out of account by the donors of the fire-engine, which stuck firmly in the passage below Lostwithiel Hill and could be drawn neither forwards nor back, thus robbing the Brigade of the results of six years' practice. For the engine filled up so much of the way that the men could neither climb over nor round it, but were forced to enter the town by a circuitous route and find, to their chagrin, Mr. Berwetherick's premises completely gutted. For three days all our traffic entered and left the town perforce by the north side; but two years after, on the completion of the railway line to Troy, these obstructing gate-houses were removed, to give passage to the new omnibus.

Let me proceed to the story of our more recent

conflagration. At twenty minutes to five, precisely, on Christmas Eve, Mr. Wm. Freethy left his engine-room by the door which opens on the quay; turned the key, which he immediately pocketed; and proceeded towards his mother's house, at the western end of the town, where he invariably takes tea. The wind was blowing strongly from the east, where it had been fixed for three days, and the thermometer stood at six degrees below freezing. Indeed I had remarked, early in the morning, that an icicle of quite respectable length (for a small provincial town) depended from the public water-tap under the Methodist Chapel. About twenty minutes after Mr. Freethy's departure some children, who were playing about the Quay, observed dense volumes of smoke (as they thought) issuing from under the engine-room door. They gave the alarm. I happened to be in the street at the time, purchasing muscatels for the Christmas snap-dragon, and, after rushing up to the Quay to satisfy myself, proceeded with all haste to Mr. Sullivan, Captain of the Brigade. I found him at tea, but behaving in a somewhat extraordinary manner. It is well known that Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan suffer occasionally from domestic disagreement, due, in great measure, to the lady's temper. Mr. Sullivan was sitting at the table with a saucer inverted upon his head, a quantity of tea-leaves matted in his iron-grey hair, and their juice trickling down his face. On hearing my alarming intelligence, he said, "I had meant to sit there for some time; indeed, until my little boy returns with the Vicar, whom I have sent for to witness the effects of my wife's temper. I was sitting down to tea when I heard a voice in the street calling 'Whiting!'—a fish of which I am extremely fond—and ran out to procure three-pennyworth. On my return my wife here—I suppose, because she objects to clean the fish—assaulted me in the manner you behold." With praiseworthy public spirit, however, he forwent his revenge, and, having cleansed his hair, ran with all speed to get out the fire-engine.

Returning to the Quay, at about 5 p.m., I found a large crowd assembled before the engine-room door, from which the vapour was pouring in dense clouds. The Brigade came rattling up with their manual in less than ten minutes. As luck would have it, this was just the hour when the mummers, guise-dancers and darkey-parties were dressing up for their Christmas rounds; and the appearance presented by the crowd in the deepening dusk would, in less serious circumstances, have been extremely diverting. Two of the firemen wore large mustachios of burnt cork beneath their helmets, and another (who was cast to play the Turkish Knight) had found no time to remove the bright blue dye he had been applying to his face. The pumpmaker had come as Father Christmas and the blacksmith (who was forcing the door) looked oddly in an immense white hat, a flapping collar and a suit of pink chintz with white bone buttons. He had not accomplished his purpose when I heard a shout, and, looking up the street, saw Mr. Wm. Freethy approaching at a brisk run. He is forty-five years old, and his figure inclines to rotundity. The wind, still in the east, combined with the velocity of his approach to hold his coat-tails in a line steadily horizontal. In his right hand he carried a large slice of his mother's home-made bread, spread with yellow plum jam; a semi-circular excision of the crumb made it plain that he had been disturbed in his first mouthful. The crowd parted and he advanced to the door; laid his slice of bread and jam upon the threshold; searched in his fob pocket for the key; produced it; turned it in the lock; picked up his bread and jam again; opened the door; took a bite; and courageously plunged into the choking clouds that immediately enveloped his person.

While the concourse waited, in absolute silence, the atmosphere of the engine-house cleared as if by magic, and Mr. Wm. Freethy was visible again in the converging rays of six bull's-eye lanterns held

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forward by six members of the Fire Brigade. One hand still held the bread and jam; the other grasped a stop-cock which he had that instant turned, shutting off the outpour of steam we had taken for smoke. Someone tittered; but the general laugh was prevented by a resounding splash. The recoiling crowd had backed against the fire-engine outside, and inadvertently thrust it over the quay's edge into two fathoms of water!

We left it there till the tide should turn, and forming into procession, marched back through the streets. I never witnessed greater enthusiasm. I do not believe Troy held a man, woman, or child that did not turn out of doors to cheer and laugh. Presently a verse sprang up:—

"The smoke came out at Freethy's door,
An' down came Sullivan with his corps.
'Be damnd,' says Freethy, 'don't 'ee pour!
For the smoke be steam an' nothin' more—
But what hav' 'ee done wi' the Ex-gine?'"

And the firemen, by shouting it as heartily as the rest, robbed the epigram of all its sting.

But the best of it, sir, was still to come. For at half-past eight, that being the time of low water, a salvage corps assembled and managed to drag the engine ashore by means of stout tackle hitched round the granite pedestal that stands on Freethy's Quay to commemorate the visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, who landed there on the 8th of September, 1846. The guise-dancers paraded it through the streets until midnight, when they gave it over to the carollers, who fed it with buckets; and as the poor machine was but little damaged brisk jets of water were made to salute the citizens' windows simultaneously with the season's holy songs. I, who have a habit of sleeping with my window open, received an icy shower-bath with the opening verse of "Christians Awake!" On Saturday next the Brigade assembles for a Grand Salvage Banquet at the Town Hall. There will be speeches.—Believe me, Sir, your obedient servant, Q.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S VILLAINY.

SIR.—I have always regarded Mr. Bernard Shaw as an accomplished comedian, especially in his favourite part of the personified *Zeitgeist*, and it is therefore a great joy to me to have given him the cue for a fresh phase of that entertaining character. As I expected, he disclaims the flattering unctious that he is the one honest man in our system of unconscious villainy, but his darling virtue is his sense of sin, and we all know what a colossal vanity that may become. There is not much difference between Mr. Shaw in this respect and the phenomenon familiar at street-corners who touches your elbow with a tract, and murmurs "Are you saved?" The phenomenon is often quite sincere, and the only trouble about his tract is that its sociology has no more sense of proportion than Mr. Shaw's villainy. In my article in *THE SPEAKER* I endeavoured to suggest to Mr. Shaw that to class Lord Salisbury with Mr. Sartorius is absurd; for although the landlord who leaves the management of his property to his agent may be culpably negligent, he is not a scoundrel like Sartorius, who deliberately allows his tenants to maim themselves on a rotten staircase. It is this incapacity for rational discrimination which vitiates Mr. Shaw's play. Sartorius's "explanations of his merciless conduct" are not "valid," for the social system does not sanction rotten staircases, and any landlord directly convicted of such callous inhumanity would be the object of general odium. So obvious is this that Sartorius does not discuss the damning staircase, except with his agent Lickcheese, to whom he shows all the candour of conscious brutality. To call him a favourable specimen of the landlords is as preposterous as to call his daughter a familiar type of the middle-class young woman who has been brought up "a lady." Mr. Shaw accuses us of "trying to dodge" the realism of Blanche's "I hate the poor" by attacking the realism of her assault on the parlourmaid. On the contrary, I maintain that in this creation Mr. Shaw has completely defeated his own object. Though a "conscious villain," he is sometimes an unconscious disciple of the baldest melodrama. Blanche might have stepped out of any of those wondrous plays with which Mr. Henry Pettitt delights transpontine gods, though Mr. Pettitt, being a more expert craftsman than Mr. Shaw, would not have made Blanche throttle the parlourmaid out of mere "cussedness." But if Mr. Shaw had modelled his satire strictly on the

lines of actual observation, he would have shown Sartorius's daughter as the amiable, well-meaning, rather vacuous, district-visiting girl that most of us know. That is the truly ironical product of a commercial system which, rooted in the corruption of St. Giles's, flowers in what pass for good works in Surbiton. Jay Gould brought ruin upon thousands, but his daughter is well known for her charities amongst the poor of New York.

There is a sumptuous egotism about Mr. Shaw which usurps the reasoning faculty in his mind. To the dramatic critic who questions the truth of the portraiture in *Widowers' Houses* he replies, "You, too, are grinding the faces of the poor"; to the writer who suggests that to lump society into the likeness of a brute like Sartorius is a caricature of social reform, Mr. Shaw retorts by rattling the sacred bones of his economics. The authenticity of these miracle-working relics is not directly in question, and they may transform the whole basis of society some day, though at present, and in Mr. Shaw's hands, they make nothing better than an incoherent harlequinade, in which an intellectual and vegetarian Grimaldi hits the bystander in the eye with a few carrots. One of Mr. Shaw's crude imaginings is that an economist must be an artist; and when we point out that his play fails to a great extent because, in his eagerness to push his economics, he twists and distorts the most ordinary facts in human nature—because, in short, while he can write columns about the design of his drama, he cannot carry conviction by the artistic representation of flesh and blood—he comes down upon us with the whole school of Fabian philosophy, for which, in this connection, no sensible man cares a button. We are "ignorant of society," quotha, because we know it is a great deal more complex than Mr. Shaw supposes, and that an abstraction in petticoats who shrieks "I hate the poor," and batters the parlourmaid in crazy tantrums, is not made real by Mr. Shaw's grotesque assertion that such a girl is brought up on the journals which said that Mr. Shaw ought to be hanged. Blanche Sartorius is not studied from the life, but is evolved out of the imaginary rage and dread with which the social system regards the O'Jeremiah of the Fabian Society! Not being able to hang Mr. Shaw, Blanche takes it out of the parlourmaid, who, by the way, is quite life-like, because, I presume, unconscious villainy has not yet reached the pantry.

It is diverting to an experienced playgoer to find Mr. Shaw professing to have constructed a drama which breaks the whole conventional tradition of the stage, and in which perfect strangers, meeting for the first time, engage in the joint composition of a confidential letter after five minutes' acquaintance. Despite his omniscience of economics and sociology, Mr. Shaw is still a tyro in art, and it is precisely because we know his observation in some important respects to be as false as his inexperience in play-writing is manifest, that many of his critics decline to accept his play as the Law and the Prophets, at the penalty of being told, with exquisite irrelevance, that they are wearing "sweated" shirts.—Your obedient servant,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

HOURS IN A LIBRARY.

IN the face of the proverb about the pavement of hell, I am prepared to maintain that good intentions are better than bad, and that evil is the wretch who is not full of good intentions and holy plans at the beginning of each New Year. Time, like a fruitful plain, then lies stretched before us; the eye rests on tuneful groves, cool meadow lands, and sedgy streams, whither you propose to wander, and where you promise yourself many happy, well-spent hours. We speak in metaphors, of course—pale-faced Londoners that we are—our meadows and streams are not marked upon the map: they are (coming at once to the point, for this is a generation which is only teased by allegory) the old books we mean to read over again during the good year of grace 1893. Yonder stately grove is Gibbon; that thicket, Hobbes; where the light glitters on the green surface (it is black mud below) is Sterne; healthful but penetrating winds stir Bishop Butler's pages and make your naked soul shiver, as you become more and more convinced, the longer you read, that "someone has blundered," though whether it is you or your Maker who is most to blame remains, like everything else, unsolved. Each one of us must make out his own list. It were cruelty to prolong mine, though it is but begun.

As a grace before meat, or, if the simile be preferred, as the *Zakuska* or *Vorschnack* before dinner,

let us urge upon all to read the three volumes, lately reissued and very considerably enlarged, called "Hours in a Library," by Mr. Leslie Stephen.

Mr. Stephen is a bracing writer. His criticisms are no sickly fruit of fond compliance with his authors. By no means are they this, but hence their charm. There is much pestilent trash now being talked about the "Ministry of Books," and the "Sublimity of Art," and I know not what other fine phrases. It almost amounts to a religious service conducted before an altar of first editions. Mr. Stephen takes no part in such silly rites. He remains outside with a pail of cold water.

"It sometimes strikes readers of books that literature is, on the whole, a snare and a delusion. Writers, of course, do not generally share that impression; and on the contrary have said a great many fine things about the charm of conversing with the choice minds of all ages, with the *innuendo*, to use the legal phrase, that they themselves modestly demand some place amongst the aforesaid choice minds. But at times we are disposed to retort upon our teachers. 'Are you not,' we observe, 'exceedingly given to humbug?'"

Mr. Stephen has indeed by way of preface to his own three volumes collected a goodly number of these very fine things, but then he has, with grim humour, dubbed them "Opinions of Authors," thus reducing them to the familiar level of "Nothing like leather!"

But of course, though Mr. Leslie Stephen, like the wise man he is, occasionally hits his idol over the costard with a club just to preserve his own independence, he is and frankly owns himself to be a bookish man from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He even confesses he loves the country best in books; but then it must be in real country-books and not in descriptive poetry, which, says he with Johnsonian calmness, is for the most part "intolerably dull."

There is no better living representative of the great clan of sensible men and women who delight in reading for the pleasure it gives them than Mr. Stephen. If he is only pleased, it is quite shocking what he will put up with and even loudly commend.

"We are indeed told dogmatically that a novelist should never indulge in little asides to a reader. Why not? I like to read about Tom Jones or Colonel Newcome; but I am also very glad when Fielding or Thackeray puts his puppets aside for the moment and talks to me in his own person. A child, it is true, dislikes to have the illusion broken, and is angry if you try to persuade him that Giant Despair was not a real personage like his favourite Blunderbore. But the attempt to produce such illusions is really unworthy of work intended for full-grown readers."

Puppets, indeed! It is evil and wicked treason against our Sovereign Lady, the Art we serve, to talk of puppets. The characters of our living Novelists live and move and have an independent being all their very own. They are clothed in flesh and blood. They talk and jostle one another. Where, we breathlessly inquire, do they do all or any of these fine things? Is it in the printed page? Alas! No. It is only in the minds of their Authors, whither we cannot follow them even if we would.

Mr. Stephen has great enthusiasm, which ought to reconcile us to his discriminating judgment and occasional easterly blast. Nobody loves a good book better than he. Whether his subject be Nathaniel Hawthorne or Daniel De Foe, it is handled cunningly as by a man who knows. But his highest praise is his unbought verdict. He is his own man. He is dominated by no prevailing taste or fashion. Even his affection does not bias him. He yields to none in his admiration for the "good Sir Walter," yet he writes:—

"It is a question perhaps whether the firmer parts of Scott's reputation will be sufficiently coherent to resist after the removal of the rubbish."

Rubbish. It is a harsh word, and might well make Dean Stanley and a bygone generation of worshippers and believers in the plenary inspiration of Scott stir uneasily in their graves. It grates upon

my own ear. But if it is a true word, what then? Why even then it does not matter very much, for when Time, that old ravager, has done his very worst, there will be enough left of Sir Walter to carry down his name and fame to the remotest age. He cannot be ejected from his native land. Loch Katrine and Loch Leven are not exposed to criticism, and they will pull Sir Walter through.

Mr. Stephen has another recommendation. Every now and again he goes hopelessly wrong. This is most endearing. Must I give instances? If I must I will, but without further note or comment. He is wrong in his depreciation of "Wuthering Heights," and wrong, amazingly wrong, in his unaccountable partiality for "Henrietta Temple."

The author of "Hours in a Library" belongs, it is hardly necessary to say, to the class of writers who use their steam for the purpose of going straight ahead. He is always greatly concerned with his subject. If he is out fox-hunting, he comes home with the brush, and not with a spray of blackberries; but if, on the other hand, he goes out blackberrying, he will return deeply dyed the true tint, and not dragging behind him a languishing coil of seaweed. Metaphors will, I know, ultimately be my ruin, but in the meantime I hope I make myself reasonably plain. In this honest characteristic Mr. Leslie Stephen resembles his distinguished relative, Sir James Stephen, who, in his admirable "Horæ Sabbaticæ" (Macmillan, 3 vols.), may be discovered at any time tearing authors into little bits and stripping them of their fringe, and then presenting to you, in a few masterly pages, the marrow of their arguments and the pith of their position.

Much genuine merriment is, however, almost always to be extracted from writers of this kind. Mr. Leslie Stephen's humour, none the worse for belonging to the sardonic species, is seldom absent from a page. It would be both pleasant and easy to collect a number of his epigrams, witty sayings, and humorous terms—but it is better to leave them where they are. The judicious will find them for themselves for many a long day to come. The sensible and truthful writers are the longest lived.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.

THE EVE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By E. J. Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Gay & Bird.

THIS is about the best handy-book that has come across us on the pre-revolutionary end of the eighteenth century. Those who know at least as much about the subject as Mr. Lowell must envy him his constant faculty of lucid condensation. With a considerable range and (manifestly) a quick, industrious habit of reading, a clear head for thinking, a limpid style of writing, and a deft, handy grasp of related facts and reflections, he still displays uncommon talent rather than rare ability. Of course, Mr. Lowell has worked on and profited by the best modern books, and his index is admirable.

The old order was passing away, he writes, and the Revolution was taking its place both in manners and laws for fifteen years before the assembling of the Estates-General; the doctrines of the *philosophes* had fairly entered the mind of the nobles and the middle classes; and Beaumarchais's subversory comedy and masterpiece, *Le Mariage de Figaro*, had been accepted by the Comédie Française in 1781. He might have added that in 1782 Mercier printed that there "had (before then) been a question of overthrowing (*renverser*) the infernal Bastille," and that Danton used to say that a Republic was in the public mind twenty years before it was proclaimed.

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more), Mr. Lowell has considerably outgone Rocquain; but if the book have a leading fault it is its too continuous occupation with the logicians and the "physiocrats" and the said philosophers, leaving out in the cold (where indeed society had also forgotten them) the *brut* upsurging of the People for liberty and equality under their old institutions. "Much blood and confusion might have been spared," he says academically, "and many useful reforms accomplished, had Frenchmen clutched less wildly at the phantom of equality, and sought the safer goal of political liberty"; which is like saying that if the wind had not been so high the fire would not have been so disastrous. Furthermore, the French people, of course, never foresaw the *new*, they did not start with wanting any *égalité* except redemption from the terrible inequality of the *old*; nor any *liberté* except freedom from the intolerable.

Mr. Lowell puts it in every possible light that the philosophers—whom he scruples not to call great liars over and over again—wanted "to bring men to a life founded rationally on a few simple laws derived from the nature of things; of which laws they themselves had not always a true perception." And (namely) he says that Rousseau's theories tended "not to manly effort for the improvement of individual circumstances, or of mankind, but to vain dreaming of impossible ideas." This, and all that is like it here, invites but little cavil (although one of Rousseau's "best bowers" in the *Contrat Social*—the immemorial and inalienable freedom of the people—was taken straight from the 1387 charter of Geneva). Mr. Lowell's strictures fully account for the stillborn paper-constitutions of Sieyès; but where the skewed view comes in is when the same thing is thought to account also for the monstrous upheaval of the Revolution, for the tossing nightmares and tumultuous awakenings of Giant Demos, the fiend with the *vox dei*.

Another of Mr. Lowell's views is taken from his favourite *doctrinaire* Montesquieu, whom he pits against the philosophers, and who "thought that monarchy was best suited to his time and country." "Many people who have watched the history of France since his day," says Mr. Lowell, "will be found to agree with him;" thus displaying to us that curious American product: a monarchist, but in theory only, and for other peoples.

The central financial situation is not strongly grappled with: there is here visible a lack of technical knowledge. The treatment of tithes and tenths and taxes is also weak from a similar cause. "La Dîme Royale" (1880), would have helped him here. He is insufficient, too, about the men of the law, considering the lion's share they took in the actual Revolution; and as to the nobles, Mr. Lowell's treatment of them is best characterised as utterly and incurably American; indeed, on the "*noblesse de robe*" he writes in a permanent fog; but the sketch of eighteenth-century Paris is excellent reading, though Mercier, a loose and slap-dash *chroniqueur*, is perhaps too much relied on.

The reader is, of course, especially desirous to mark how the American influence in revolutionising France is treated in this book. It is not sufficiently dwelt upon, though Rosenthal's book (New York, 1882) is recommended, and the pregnant fact is brought out that the absolute monarch of France absolutely went to war with England to back up a revolt against monarchy a good decade before Nemesis gave him her backhander. But Mr. Lowell forgets that it was to Washington "the key of the Bastille" was sent by Lafayette (favoured by Tom Paine) in 1789, as an acknowledgment that it was American principles that pulled that concrete symbol down. The old chorus was not far off the fidelity of history:—

"Viva-la the new Convention,
Viva-la the 'Rights of Man,'
Viva-la America,
For it was there it first began."

Of course, any general objection to Americanisms in this American book would have no *raison d'être*, and, indeed, Mr. Lowell's English is, as a rule, evenly classical; but we cannot put up with calling that dapper young nuisance of eighteenth-century salons, the *abbé*, an "abbot," or a "priest out of place" either; nor can we picture Diderot and Montesquieu writing their economics in "dollars." Let us balance this by saying that the volume is excellently "electrotyped and printed," and if we knew the binder's name we would mention it. Mr. Gladstone said, not long ago, with the regret of a book-lover, that binding was the one craft that seemed to go ever downwards in England. Here is an American pattern of a well-sewn and well-bound "back" for our publishers, which they would find it hard to match.

NELL GWYN.

THE STORY OF NELL GWYN. By Peter Cunningham.
London: W. W. Gibbings.

THE popularity of Charles the Second and his Nell is as easy to explain as it would be hard to defend, were anyone foolish enough to attempt the task. The second Charles was the basest of our monarchs. It is not necessary to advocate the acquisition of Uganda to be a patriot willing to die to maintain Britain inviolate; and all such patriots must loathe the memory of the shameless creature who was called from a listless exile to sit upon the throne of Oliver. But for all that it is idle to deny that Charles was a pleasant rascal. That he did not take himself seriously is his redeeming virtue. What makes his humour the more piquant is that he was a man of the most saturnine visage and the soundest sense. He does not appear to have been in the least degree a buffoon, but he was wholly without faith, without illusions, without egotism. He was selfish, careless, kind-hearted. When he met an honest man, he recognised him; when he met a knave, he humoured him. He had no great admiration for his father, and once when some cleric remonstrated with him for his profanity, answered unexpectedly, "Your martyr used much worse language!" What has made Charles popular is his humour and his absence of "humbug."

As for Nell Gwyn, her popularity, though no less real than her lover's, rests on slenderer grounds. She is a great Tradition, a familiar name; nobody is angry with poor Nelly—but beyond a few, very few, reported witticisms, nothing certain is known of her character, except that it was bad. She had no morals; how could she have? Was she not, according to her own account, brought up in a brothel? Her language was coarse, and shocked the fine ears of the French mistress, Louise Renée de Penencourt de Querouaille. She was painted without a rag to cover her, and made, we may be sure, no bones about it. But she is so popular that two cathedral cities dispute with the Coal Yard in Drury Lane the honour of her birth. She is the patron saint of the Chelsea Pensioners, who hail her as their pious foundress—their Lady Margaret. She had, in actual fact, no more to do with Chelsea Hospital than with the new Houses of Parliament, but truth and tradition can very well live separate and apart.

Nell's real popularity is based upon three considerations. First, she was a native product, no foreign importation; she was racy of the soil, and yet held her own in Whitehall. The Protectionist heresy has its roots deep in human nature. The sourest Puritan could not but feel that were there to be such things as Nell, it was well they should be English, and what the Puritan felt deep down in his heart the merry mob expressed in ribald cries. Secondly, Nell, like her lawless lord, was frank of speech, even though in her own despite. "Pray, good people," said she to a No-Popery crowd which was obstructing her carriage, thinking it contained the Papistical Duchess of Portsmouth, "be civil and

let me pass; I am the Protestant ——." Thirdly, she was a good-natured, pretty little creature who knew no better.

Dr. Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached Nell's funeral sermon, but, like a wise divine in search of promotion, destroyed his manuscript or preached without one. There is therefore no record of what he said. The saintly Ken is also associated with Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn. He actually owed his preferment to her, not because he paid her court after the fashion of a Georgian parson, but because he refused to allow his prebendal house at Winchester to be handed over to Nelly when she accompanied the King to that city. Charles admired his spirit, and being Head of the Church, it was soon within his power to make the spirited prebend Bishop of Bath and Wells. Ken was not ungrateful, and refused to acknowledge Dutch William. The connection between God and the King in some people's minds is so close that not even a free-spoken Nelly can disturb it.

The late Peter Cunningham, a son of "honest Allan," did much good literary work, notably his edition of "Horace Walpole's Letters," in nine volumes, and of "Johnson's Poets," in four. His *Life of Nell Gwyn*, which has just been reprinted, with an introduction and notes by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, is a somewhat slight and loosely constructed sketch, but one which has the merit of readableness and good feeling. Mr. Wheatley corrects some of Mr. Cunningham's pleasant inaccuracies, and collects fresh facts. The result is a very charming book with pictures. In a work which might well be exhaustive we were surprised not to find recorded one of the best known stories about Mrs. Gwyn—namely, the dispute between her coachman and somebody else's.

FICTION.

A TANGLED WEB. By Lady Lindsay, author of "The Philosopher's Window," etc. Two vols. London: A. & C. Black.

FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER. By H. S. Merriman. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "MARY ROSE": A TALE OF TOMORROW. By W. Laird Clowes. Illustrated. London: Tower Publishing Company.

LADY LINDSAY is distinctly advancing in facility and range as a novelist, and, despite some inconsistencies, "A Tangled Web" is an enjoyable story. It is all about a young lady who in an evil moment is induced to "practise to deceive," and who reaps the consequences by being caught in the "tangled web" of her own weaving. She is rich, and beautiful, and the daughter of a Scotch earl, who has left her the mistress of a romantic castle and rich estate somewhere among the Grampians. She has suitors, too, and a semi-mythical engagement to a penniless cousin in London, whose objectionable father had quarrelled with her own parents years before. She is, in short, a young lady who ought to have thought herself particularly fortunate; but the demon of unrest takes possession of her soul. She tires of her castle, her faithful dependents, her sighing lovers in the north: and, dropping her title and personal identity, she goes to London to pass a few months under the chaperonage of an accommodating knight's widow in the plain name of Marjorie Smith. Of course, almost the first person she meets is her cousin, Wilfred Aveling, the man whom she has never seen before, but to whom she was half-engaged when in the cradle. Equally as a matter of course, Wilfred, who is sensitive and musical, falls in love with pretty Miss Smith, and confides to her his determination to put an end to any entanglement that may possibly arise from his infantile betrothal to the objectionable earl's daughter in Scotland. This complicates matters, and they are complicated yet further by certain proceedings on the part of Wilfred's objectionable father, who is even so lost to all sense of propriety

as himself to make love to his unknown niece. The girl has some curious scruple of conscience about telling the truth to Wilfred, fearing that in his pride he will thrust her from him when he learns the deception she has practised. And this is precisely what happens when he finally discovers the truth, though really no mortal can understand why he should have taken the discovery so much to heart. Nothing less than India will now suit his perturbed soul, and he flies thither by P. and O. steamer, having definitely renounced the young lady who had dared to make his acquaintance and win his heart under a false name. But Lady Grizel is a Scotchwoman, and at this period in her career shows an amount of decision with which the reader would hardly have credited her from his knowledge of her earlier proceedings. The P. and O. steamer on its way to India has to call at Venice, and to Venice Lady Grizel goes by *train de luxe*, boards the steamer, reclaims her lover, and has her reward in a marriage before the first English Consul who comes in their way. It is difficult to believe that a lady of such strength of character would have allowed herself to be overwhelmed, as she was in the first instance, by fear of the feeble young man whom she ultimately captures.

Mr. Merriman can write an entertaining story, and "From One Generation to Another" is quite as well worth reading as either of his earlier works. But, despite the merits of the novel, there is something irritating in the plot. A young Jew, who is an officer in the Indian Army at the time of the Mutiny, is falsely reported killed in the *Gazette*. He happens at the time to have got into an entanglement. Engaged to one rich young lady in England, he has been making love to a still richer lady in India. This being the case, he determines to profit by the error in the *Gazette*, and to leave his English fiancée under the impression that he is dead. The deception does not seem to have done the young lady any harm, for in a month or two she consoles herself with a rich though elderly widower. All the same, she is furiously angry when she learns how she has been duped by Captain Michael, who, by the way, in grasping at the shadow of the Begum, has met with the proverbial fate. Mrs. Agar, as the English young lady is now called, vows vengeance upon her Jewish lover, and the story of how her vengeance is fulfilled is sufficiently thrilling. But surely it is stretching "the long arm of coincidence" rather too far when we are asked to believe that just thirty years after the false report of Captain Michael's death appeared in the *Gazette*, a precisely similar announcement is made of the death of Mrs. Agar's step-son. He is the hero of the story, and a fine, manly fellow, who deserved better than to be made the sport of fate in this fashion. Yet, despite improbabilities, we can recommend "From One Generation to Another" as thoroughly readable. The description of Jem Agar's camp life on the North-Western Frontier is really admirable.

There is some danger, arising in part from its profuse illustrations and brilliant cover, that Mr. Laird Clowes's story, "The Captain of the *Mary Rose*," may have been mistaken by many for a Christmas book for boys. It is that; but it is something much more. Any boy will be able to enjoy the rush and excitement of the adventures of the privateer—*fin de siècle*—on board which Mr. Thomas Bowling sails in search of glory and fortune. But beneath the well-told surface tale there is a moral meant for old as well as young. No civilian has given closer study to the question of our fleet, and the conditions which it must meet in the next great naval war, than Mr. Clowes, and he gives us here the result of his observations. The story of the siege of Gibraltar is full of interest for politicians as well as schoolboys, and the narrative of the running fight of the *Mary Rose* from the Strait of Malta is a brilliant piece of work. The light which Mr. Clowes has thrown upon the state of the fleet and the future of naval warfare is valuable in the extreme.

SOME FRENCH NEW YEAR BOOKS.

BONS CŒURS ET BRAVES GENS. By Maxime du Camp. Illustrated by F. de Myrbach and O. Tofani. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie.

SAUVONS MADELON! By Mlle. Jeanne Schultz. Illustrated by Tofani. Same publishers.

MA GRANDE. By Paul Margueritte. Illustrated by Marold and L. Rousseau. Same publishers.

JOEL KERBABU. By Eugène Mouton. Illustrated by Alfred Paris. Same publishers.

THE publications of the Librairie Hachette are well known for excellence of print, paper, and illustrations, and these four volumes are no exception to the rule. They are all resplendent in the regulation scarlet and gold binding of the *livre d'étrennes*—recalling the old-fashioned Christmas Annual of twenty or thirty years ago, and are somewhat large of format, and heavy to handle if light to read. M. Maxime du Camp is less known in this than in more solid kinds of literature, but the stories in his collection are well if somewhat diffusely told, and have all the charm of the veteran *littérateur's* kindly and genial spirit. They are no imaginary narratives—with the exception of the beautiful and poetic "*rêve fait en un jour de neige*," entitled "*Le Manteau Déchiré*," "*Le Commandant Pamplémousse*" is the record of a simple, noble life, worthily told. "*Un Brave Homme*" is another story of real life, as eventful and full of interest as anything in fiction, and related with an art sufficient to save it from the crudity apt to invest narratives of actual fact, which often read less probable than invented ones. "*Dette de Jeu*," a pathetic history, would have gained by compression.

Mlle. Jeanne Schultz's story is a bright and pleasant one, of a kind probably inspired by the type of English children's book of which "*Castle Blair*" and other old favourites are examples. Literature at all "possible" for boys and girls has been a long-felt want in France, partly supplied by translations from the English. Stories of native growth, if unobjectionable, were, as a rule, written down to the comprehension of infants of three—or, at any rate, of the *fade* and unreal paper-flower-and-sugar-water kind. The introduction of a breezier, healthier tone is a distinct gain. The book is one to be recommended to the numerous persons who are always inquiring after safe and interesting French story-books for young people's reading. The boy or girl who can be induced to read a French book in play-hours will not fail sooner or later to mitigate the despair which is the invariable portion of instructors in that tongue, and "*Sauvons Madelon!*" forms a very agreeable inducement. Perhaps MM. Hachette will some day see their way to publishing a cheap edition.

M. Paul Margueritte's "*Ma Grande*" is not exactly a juvenile book, but a quiet study of everyday life—the first half, a charming summer idyll, with the forest of Fontainebleau for a background; the second, a more sombre but subdued drama of family affection and jealousy. The theme is one we do not remember to have seen treated by a French writer, often as it has been handled in English novels—the introduction of a young wife into a household composed of a brother and sister who have previously been all in all to one another. M. Margueritte's delicate handling and humorous perceptions impart to it all the freshness of a new situation.

"Joel Kerbabu" is a sixteenth-century story of adventures in Abyssinia, Japan, and elsewhere, by the popular author of "*Marius Cougourdan*," sumptuously illustrated with drawings by Alfred Paris.

ECONOMICS IN THE CONCRETE.

TAXATION AND WORK. By Edward Atkinson, LL.D., Ph.D. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE FARMER'S TARIFF MANUAL. By a Farmer (Daniel Sturge, M.Sc.). London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WHO PAYS YOUR TAXES? By David A. Wells, and other writers. Edited by Bolton Hall. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON is an inductive economist with ample business experience, who came to his conclusions (as he tells us

in this book) by his own observation, and then found that they agreed with the orthodox text books of deductive economics. The work before us is an effective attack on McKinleyism, and may probably take, as it certainly deserves, some of the credit of the defeat of that system at the late Presidential election. It deals with the Republican argument that American labour must be protected against the "pauper labour of Europe" by showing that in all the staple industries of the United States the cost of labour is lower than it is in the corresponding industries in Europe. Mr. Atkinson is, in fact, concerned with the old confusion between wages paid and labour-cost, and meets it by insisting on the truth that high wages commonly mean low labour-cost, of which effective illustrations have been given in his own previous works, in Lord Brassey's "*Work and Wages*," and elsewhere. He gives some striking expressions of taxation in terms of national work, and estimates that about five per cent. of the labour product of the United States is consumed solely in the support of the Government. The book contains a mass of very interesting economic fact most effectively presented, though not, perhaps, so well systematised. English teachers of economics will find it most valuable as a storehouse of illustrations, and politicians may well bear it in mind in view of the struggle for Free Trade that may yet be forced on us by the demagoguery of Lord Salisbury and the sophistic instincts of his nephew.

"The Farmer's Tariff Manual" is another store of sound economic learning, vigorously stated, and directed against the absurdities of McKinleyism and the currency and banking heresies which are always reviving in the United States. Much of it is solely of American application, but it contains some curious information as to the sufferings of American and foreign workmen (pauper labour of Europe indeed!) in the most protected of American industries, which may give our Fair Traders food for reflection if they ever deign to read it.

"Who Pays Your Taxes?" is a manifesto of the New York Tax Reform Association, and chiefly devoted to the consideration of taxation in the State of New York. It maintains that taxation should be levied chiefly on real estate, and strongly attacks the taxation of bonds and other personal property, while, for practical reasons, income-tax and death duties are condemned. In view of proposals, actual and possible, for a reform of local taxation among ourselves, the book may be commended to the notice of English readers, though we cannot ourselves agree with all its conclusions. The name of Mr. David A. Wells is sufficient guarantee of the economic soundness of its principles.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"DOROTHY Q." has countless lovers on both sides of the Atlantic, thanks to the old-fashioned gallantry of her great grandson's imaginative and playful verse. Long ago, Oliver Wendell Holmes determined to "gild with a rhyme" that household name, and now it does not seem in the least degree unlikely that "Damsel Dorothy's" charms may last "through a second youth of a hundred years." Dorothy Quinsey flourished in the prim old colonial days, and in due course became the wife of bluff Governor Hancock, of Massachusetts. Her portrait hung in the home of the poet's grandfather, Oliver Wendell, and when that house was occupied by British officers in the revolutionary days, one of those vulgar, reckless cavaliers amused himself by stabbing with his rapier the pictured beauty on the wall. Her great grandson avenged the insult by restoring the canvas and writing this dainty poem in praise of his fair ancestress. It now appears, together with the well-known ballad of the "Boston Tea Party" and "Grandmother's Story of Bunker's Hill Battle," in a charming and artistic little volume, to which Mr. Howard Pyle's quaint and choice designs lend an added charm. These vignettes and full-page illustrations pourtray with exquisite grace and unerring fidelity the lights and shadows of the revolutionary epoch, and neither the tender sentiment nor the playful humour of the author is lost upon the artist.

The landing of the French on the coast of Pembrokeshire in

*DOROTHY Q: A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA PARTY, AND GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER'S HILL BATTLE. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Illustrations by Howard Pyle. London: Gay & Bird. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

THE FISHERMAN'S INVASION BY THE FRENCH IN 1797. Being some passages taken from the Diary of the late Reverend Daniel Rowlands. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo.

COAL PITS AND PITMEN: A SHORT HISTORY OF THE COAL TRADE AND THE LEGISLATION AFFECTING IT. By R. Nelson Boyd, M.Inst.C.E. Illustrated. London: Whittaker & Co. Crown 8vo.

THE CHEMISTRY OF LIFE AND HEALTH. By C. W. Kimmins, M.A., D.Sc. Illustrated. University Extension Series. London: Methuen & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

THE GENTLEWOMAN'S BOOK OF ART-NEEDLEWORK. By Ellen T. Masters. Illustrated. London: The Victoria Library for Gentlewomen, Henry & Co. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

ESSAYS AND APHORISMS. By Sir Arthur Helps. With an introduction by E. A. Helps. London: The Scott Library, Walter Scott, Limited. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

the year 1797 is now almost a forgotten incident, and we are half inclined to think that "The Fishguard Invasion" might have been allowed to drop into oblivion. The troops which invaded the Welsh coast sought to create a diversion in favour of Hoche's attempt on Ireland, but they were quickly outwitted by Lord Cawdor, who made a number of Welshwomen in red cloaks parade on the distant hills, in order to convey the impression that an army was advancing to repel the attack. In three days the French capitulated to the local yeomanry and militia, and the whole affair ended in smoke—but not that of battle. The narrative before us is racy and diverting, and it consists of the personal recollection of an eye-witness, who recalled in old age—possibly with a little colour—the most exciting episode of his youth. This lad of fifteen—who, by the way, was playing truant—appears to have kept both his eyes and his ears open, and he makes us realise vividly enough the spirited reception which awaited the "blacks and parley-vous" at the hands of the patriotic Welsh.

A brief history of the coal trade and of the legislation affecting it has just reached us, bearing the title of "Coal-pits and Pitmen." Mr. Nelson Boyd has long been recognised as an authority on the subject, and his present book is an expansion of a volume published twelve years ago. He reminds us that coal-mining is an industry which has assumed not merely vast proportions, but upon which, to a greater or less extent, the whole of the manufacturing trade of the country depends. At first sight it seems difficult to credit the statement that the output of coal in 1891 reached the enormous total of one hundred and eighty-five millions of tons, valued at the mines at upwards of seventy-four millions sterling, whilst the collieries in the same year gave employment to about six hundred thousand persons in or about them, and, of course, a very much larger number indirectly. Until the close of last century the working classes were almost entirely at the mercy of their employers, and perhaps nowhere was this more the case than among the colliers. This volume, though not free from slight blunders, is the outcome of wide practical experience, and it cannot fail to prove interesting, not only to those directly connected with the coal industry, but also to all who are engaged in studying the social and labour problems of the day. Out of the one hundred and eighty-five millions of tons of coal now raised to the surface every year, Mr. Nelson Boyd believes that twenty-five per cent. of this total amount of fuel is at present wasted in dark clouds of smoke, to the detriment of human life and vegetation. He shows by detailed statements that there is an urgent need for improvement in the mode of using coal for industrial purposes, but at the same time there is not the reckless waste which prevailed half a century ago. One proof of the truth of this assertion must suffice. Fifty years ago it required three and a half tons of coal to produce a ton of iron; but now the improvement in the process is so marked that the amount of fuel has been reduced to scarcely more than two tons.

"The Chemistry of Life and Health" is the subject of the latest manual which Messrs. Methuen have added to their admirable University Extension Series. Dr. Kimmins, lecturer on chemistry under the Cambridge University Extension scheme, is responsible for a book which explains lucidly, not only the principles of chemistry, but also the fundamental laws of hygiene. Due stress is rightly laid in these pages on the chemical changes which play such an important part in everyday questions of life and health, as well as on the methods which ought to be adopted for the detection of impurities in air, water, and articles of diet. Although the book is written on strictly scientific lines, Dr. Kimmins contrives to make his meaning clear to everyone, and the practical suggestions which are scattered through these pages are as valuable as they are opportune.

When the worthy wife of the "Vicar of Wakefield" was recounting the accomplishments of her daughters, she did not forget to declare, "They understand their needle, broad-stitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill, and know something of music." Olivia and Amelia Primrose in these, and probably in other womanly accomplishments, were better equipped for domestic life than many of the advanced sisterhood of to-day. We are glad to think, however, that the revived interest which has been awakened within the last few years in "Art Needlework," has justified the early appearance in the Victoria Library for Gentlewomen of a manual—half practical and half sentimental—on that attractive subject. Miss Masters writes with enthusiasm and yet with the ease of an expert. Most modern workers, declares Miss Masters, concur in the opinion that linen for all ordinary purposes takes first rank as a foundation for embroidery, whether executed with silk, wool, or floss, and she adds that no embroidery linens equal those manufactured in Westmoreland under the auspices of Mr. Ruskin. Much interest has been taken in the revival of artistic needlework by our princesses. Princess Christian takes an active share in the management of the Royal School of Art needlework, and the Marchioness of Lorne prepares many of the designs executed by the members of the Ladies' Work Society in Sloane Street. Chapters are devoted in this book to modern Church needlework, lace, tapestry, and embroidery in the olden time as well as in the Victorian age.

The literary quality of the manual is considerable, and the passages which deal with embroidery in art and in literature show critical discernment as well as wide reading.

The world has travelled far since Sir Arthur Helps wrote "Friends in Council," for the book appeared—the first series, at all events—before the revolutionary epoch of 1848. It was the outcome of a period of leisure, when Sir Arthur was leading the life of a country gentleman amongst his books at his pleasant retreat at Botley. It was at Botley, it seems, that many of the walks recorded in that book took place, in company with guests like Emerson, Kingsley, George Henry Lewes, Phelps, Doyle, John Hullah, Charles Buller, and other well-known men. Afterwards Sir Arthur Helps became Clerk of the Privy Council, and was drawn into peculiarly close and honourable relations with the Court; but through a long term of years, filled in the main with official duties, he found time to write a group of delightful books. It was a happy thought to add a volume of selections from his "Essays and Aphorisms" to the cheap and popular Scott Library, for the generation who knew the writer intimately is already beginning to dwindle, and it is only in selections like the present that Sir Arthur Helps is at all likely to be known by the rank and file of the coming race. This little volume is fairly representative of the scope and quality of writings which once had a very considerable vogue, and which hardly merit the comparative neglect which has since overtaken them. Sir Theodore Martin once said that no man was more eager than Helps to do what lay in his power towards "obviating or curing the folly to which so much of the misery, ill-health, suffering, and sin of the world is due." These literary and social judgments may be trusted to make their own welcome, for they are acute, genial, and rich in that quality of moral thoughtfulness on which Dr. Arnold of Rugby was accustomed to lay so much stress.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- HODDER & STOUGHTON.—Songs of Rest. Ed. W. Robertson Nicoll. (New Edition, Revised and Enlarged.)
- W. HEINEMANN.—Queen Joanna I. An Essay on Her Time. By St. Clair Baddeley.
- ELKIN MATHEWS & JOHN LANE.—In the Key of Blue, and other Prose Essays. By John Addington Symonds. (Partly Reprinted.)
- THE RECORD PRESS.—On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers. By Kate Marsden. (With Facsimile Letters and Illustrations.)
- LAWRENCE & BULLEN.—The History of a Church Mouse. By Mrs. Edmonds.
- MACMILLAN & Co.—David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens. (A reprint of the First Edition, with the Illustrations, and an Introduction, biographical and bibliographical, by Charles Dickens the Younger.)
- MACMILLAN & Co.—Dictionary of Political Economy. Ed. R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S. (Fourth Part. Concourse—Debts, Public.)
- SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co.—Sunrise. By William Black. (Vol. xiii. of New and Revised Edition.)
- EDEN, REMINGTON & Co.—Studies in a Mosque. By Stanley Lane Poole. (Second Edition. Enlarged.)
- EASON & SON (Dublin).—The Irish Naturalist. Ed. George H. Carpenter, B.Sc. Lond., and R. Lloyd Praeger, B.A., B.E., M.R.I.A. (Vol. i.)
- GEORGE BELL & SONS.—The Dance of Death. By Hans Holbein. Ed. Austin Dobson.
- OFFICES OF "BLACK & WHITE."—Souvenir of "King Lear" at the Lyceum Theatre. Illustrated by J. B. Partridge and Hawes Craven.
- A. & H. BRADLAUGH BONNER.—Poems, Essays, and Fragments. By James Thomson ("B.V."). Ed. J. M. Robertson.
- CASSILL & Co.—Elementary Physiology for Students. By Alfred D. Schofield, M.D.
- E. ARNOLD.—The Political Value of History. By W. E. H. Lecky, D.C.L.

NOTICE.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-Page and Index of Volume VI. may now be obtained, gratis, on application to the publishers. Cases for binding the Volume are also ready, and may be had by order from all Book-sellers, price 1s. 6d. each.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME. WE refer elsewhere to the copious criticisms that have been poured upon our article last week regarding the difficult points in the Home Rule Bill. We at least have no reason to be dissatisfied with those comments. They show that, even among the most vigorous opponents of Home Rule, surprise is felt at the moderation of the Irish demands. For it is no longer necessary to conceal the fact that in dealing with certain problems of Home Rule in our article we set forth the manner in which Mr. Parnell was anxious to see those problems solved. The burden of complaint against us is that we have proposed a scheme which would be Home Rule only in name. The present Government, our readers may rest assured, will certainly not attempt to delude the Irish by giving them the form rather than the substance; but if they can satisfy Irish opinion without doing violence to the Imperial interests of Great Britain, they will do well, and this, we believe, they can safely accomplish by some scheme which, though it may not run precisely on the lines we have ventured to indicate, will probably not deviate very far from them.

SOME of our critics have apparently misunderstood the scheme we proposed, whilst others have judged it from a wholly false standpoint. In the former class we may mention the *Daily Chronicle*, which in a fair and reasonable article last Saturday objected to the reservation of the land question for the Imperial Parliament, as being equivalent to its permanent retention as a subject of dispute in the House of Commons. We thought we had expressly stated that the view which found favour with Mr. Parnell was that the land question might be reserved to the Imperial Parliament for a fixed term of years, and that if, at the end of that term, nothing had been done at Westminster, the question should, *ipso facto*, be remitted to Dublin for settlement. Mr. Parnell, we believe, thought three years a sufficient term for the settlement of the land problem. English statesmen who have considered the question believe that a longer term would be necessary, but this is clearly a matter for negotiation, if the Cabinet should decide to proceed on these lines.

AMONG the critics who have viewed the question from what we must regard as a false standpoint is Mr. Labouchere. The member for Northampton considers that to except the land from the questions to be immediately remitted to the Dublin Parliament,

and to retain the Irish members in their full strength until the land question has been settled, is a *reductio ad absurdum*. He surely forgets the provisions of the Bill of 1886, which he supported so strenuously both by his voice and his vote. We are not afraid, however, of Mr. Labouchere's action when the Bill is actually before the House of Commons. He has so frequently declared that he regarded himself as merely a private soldier acting under the orders of a general whose commands he was prepared at all times to obey, that he must not be surprised if his solemn protests on the subject have been taken seriously, not only by the general public, but by his supporters at Northampton, who certainly did not vote for him last July in order that he might do his best to wreck the Home Rule Bill and Mr. Gladstone's Government whenever he had the opportunity of doing so.

AND, as a matter of fact, we believe that when the solution of the problem which Ministers have in view is presented to Parliament, Mr. Labouchere will find that he can vote for it with a perfectly clear conscience. It is tolerably certain that whatever other concessions may be made to the demand that the Irish members shall continue to sit in Parliament, they will not be allowed in future to meddle with the internal affairs of England and Scotland. Mr. Parnell himself, when he asked that they should be allowed to remain to discuss the Land Bill, never thought of asking that they should be permitted to vote upon matters affecting Great Britain only. No doubt it will not be an easy matter to determine the manner in which their functions shall be limited; but we have every confidence that it will be done.

MR. GLADSTONE'S stay at Biarritz has been eminently successful. It is true that on Wednesday afternoon, when he met his colleagues in the Cabinet, he showed some signs of the fatigue of the long journey from the Bay of Biscay to the banks of the Thames. It would have been strange if he had not done so. The journey from Biarritz to Boulogne was not made in a single carriage, but had to be broken at Paris, where the travellers had to drive on a cold morning from the Orleans to the Northern station. But on Wednesday evening, after a Cabinet sitting of two hours and a half, he was as bright and vigorous as ever. During the stay at Biarritz Mr. Gladstone and his party had only two wet days and no fog; and though there was severe cold for a few days, it did not prevent their taking, on the coldest day of all, a drive of thirty miles in an open carriage.

ALL manner of rumours have been current in Dublin during the last few days, and some have even crept into the Press, about the alleged determination of Dublin society to "boycott" the Castle in the coming season. We do not care to anticipate any action on the part of the Unionists of Dublin so foolish as this. After all, they profess to be the Loyalists of Ireland, and they must know that it is as the representative, not of any particular Government, but of the Sovereign, that the Lord-Lieutenant holds his Levées at Dublin Castle. In some quarters it has been asserted that the Viceroy is so disgusted at the treatment he has received from a section of Dublin society as to contemplate retirement from his office. The statement is a ridiculous invention, which can only obtain credence among those who know nothing of Lord Houghton. This is a free country, and if some of the members of Dublin society have not thought fit to write their names in the book at the Vice-regal Lodge, nobody can say that they are not within their rights; but the notion that a man who has accepted a great public office under a strong sense of duty is likely to be driven from his position because of such trifles as these hardly deserves mention, much less serious discussion.

SIR REGINALD WELBY has been in Dublin recently, and his presence there, it need hardly be said, is not unconnected with the discussion of the financial aspects of Home Rule. There is no more important question than this. Indeed, failure to arrive at a settlement on this point would mean failure all round. We hope next week to publish a communication on the subject setting forth the Irish view of the question.

MR. ACLAND has taken a wise step in appointing a Departmental Committee to consider the question of the organisation of secondary education in England and Wales. Such a step has long been called for, and great good may be expected to follow from it. But we trust that Mr. Acland will lose no time in strengthening the Committee in one department at least. At present it has not upon it a single name that will carry any real weight with the scientific world. The two excellent engineer officers who administer the South Kensington Museum are admirable officials; but, in point of position as men of science, they are not to be compared with many of the eminent men who are, or who have been, on the staff at South Kensington. We need not mention any names; for Mr. Acland must be well acquainted with all those that we could suggest. If, however, he wishes this new Committee to secure the confidence of the country, he ought to lose no time in adding to it a really authoritative representative of science.

THE Scotch members, the *Daily Chronicle* announces, have put forward a modest petition to Mr. Gladstone with respect to Scotch business. They ask that purely Scotch business should be referred, in the Committee stage, not to the whole House but to Scotch members only. There is a great deal to be said in favour of this proposal. Certainly no one can say that Scotch business has had fair play in the House of Commons in recent years. But we should not be surprised if, when the Home Rule Bill is introduced, it is found that some of the difficulties of which the Scotch members now complain are in a fair way to disappearing.

MR. MORLEY this week delivered an encouraging answer to a deputation which waited on him concerning the congested districts of the West of Ireland. He agreed with the deputation—which was introduced by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., and other Irish members—that the chief defect in the organisation of that otherwise very promising body, the Con-

gested Districts Board, was the absence of any compulsory powers for the acquirement of land for migration purposes. The Scotch Crofters' Commission possesses such powers, and Mr. Morley promised that he would do his best, if the exigencies of the coming session permitted, to promote a Bill conferring such powers on the Congested Districts Board. We are disposed to agree with a suggestion of Mr. O'Brien's—though Mr. Morley did not commit himself to it—that the Congested Districts Board ought to be a paid body. Though there are one or two excellent men on the Board as it is, an administrative machine of the kind cannot be properly worked except by officials whose time is regularly given up to it; and such officials you cannot get unless you pay them salaries.

WE are sorry to see that some Liberal newspapers are inclined to blame the Government for not giving sufficient time and attention to the demands of the London County Council. Nothing can be more unfair than to single out Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Fowler for special reprobation in this matter. It is no secret that the President of the Local Government Board—who, in the matter of local taxation, must act in conjunction with the Chancellor of the Exchequer—has been most anxious to further the wishes of the London County Council, so far as it was practicable to do so. If the Council has changed its mind as to the particular questions which it wishes to be considered next session, it can hardly expect that the Government can on that account alter its programme. Besides, the legislation which Ministers may undertake on behalf of the County Council must be of such a character as to secure the support of the majority of the House of Commons. It would be worse than useless to bring in Bills merely to suit extreme sections of opinion, and thus to court certain defeat.

IT is always well to be suspicious of the praises of one's political opponents. Mr. Asquith, who at the outset of his Ministerial career was regarded with distrust, if not positive hostility, by the Tory press, is now, we are sorry to perceive, being praised by certain newspapers on the ground that he is following out the policy of Mr. Matthews. Such praise must, we are sure, be eminently distasteful to Mr. Asquith himself. Mr. Matthews was what is known commonly as a hanging Home Secretary. Appeals for mercy seldom touched him, and the hangman had a busy time during the whole term of his official life. To some it may seem that this is a proof of strength of character on the part of the Home Secretary; but those who are behind the scenes know that it is precisely the contrary. It is an easy matter for the Secretary of State to leave the question of the infliction of capital punishment to the judges and to the permanent officials. It requires real strength of mind and character to make the prerogative of mercy a reality instead of a sham. We cannot believe that Mr. Asquith has deserved the ill-omened praises of the Tory press. He is too strong and capable a man not to exercise his own faculties and his own discretion in the performance of that which is almost the most important of the duties entrusted to him.

THE West Derby (Lancashire) election has resulted in the return of Mr. Walter Long by an increased majority on a diminished poll as compared with the General Election. The event is of importance chiefly as showing the value of such support of the Temperance cause as exists outside the Liberal party. Before the Liberal and Temperance candidate, Mr. Shilton Collin, appeared, some of the Conservative and Church of England teetotalers of the district threatened either opposition to Mr. Long or abstention. Directly Mr. Collin came forward they

discovered that Mr. Long's views were satisfactory on the Temperance question, and voted accordingly; and so lost an excellent chance of enforcing their views on the Conservative party. Teetotalers are usually supposed to be fanatics. Those of them who supported Mr. Goschen's ridiculous scheme of compensation to publicans, and have since worked at bye-elections—at Eccles, for instance—against the Liberal candidate, in spite of his support of Temperance Reform, seem to run into the opposite extreme.

WE publish elsewhere an interesting letter from Lord Pembroke on the agricultural question. Lord Pembroke complains of our having misrepresented one of his arguments. If we did so it was quite unintentional. It is impossible in a brief space to deal with more than the main features of an extensive argument, and the main features for practical purposes of Lord Pembroke's argument, both in his present letter and in his previous one, are, on the one hand, a defence of landlordism, and, on the other, an undeclared and possibly unconscious, but, nevertheless, effective, advocacy of Protection as the chief means of bolstering landlordism up. When Lord Pembroke cites the French farmer, who has withstood the crisis much better than his British brother, it is really to point out that the former is protected, whereas the British farmer is subjected to "free competition." A far more important difference in the two cases to our mind is the fact that French agriculturists are generally proprietors, and when they do pay rent it is mostly on the *métayer* system, which is at the least more "elastic" in adjusting itself to the markets than the landlord system. As for the American farmer, his mortgages are in the main obligations incurred by a man who attempts to become a proprietor, and to start farming without capital; and, as a matter of fact, in the agricultural States the mortgage system has worked very well. Two good seasons recently have enabled the farmers to clear off hosts of mortgages. The truth as to England is, that economic facts are getting too strong for the present land system. It is breaking down, and in the result there is bound to be an inevitable divergence between the tenant and the landlord interests.

THE week has been fruitful of exciting FOREIGN events in France. The Ribot Ministry resigned, and has been reconstructed with two of its most important members—M. de Freycinet and M. Loubet—left out. The Chamber reassembled and, in effect, deposed M. Floquet from its presidency. And in the High Court the trial of the Panama directors has begun. The fall of MM. Floquet, de Freycinet, and Loubet is due to their indirect connection with the Panama scandals. M. Casimir-Périer, a man of mediocre talents but of unsullied reputation, has been elected President of the Chamber in place of M. Floquet. General Loizillon is Minister of War, and Admiral Rieunier Minister of Marine, in the reconstructed Cabinet. The latter post was first offered to Admiral Gervais, but he declined it. M. Ribot has ceded the portfolio of Foreign Affairs to M. Develle, but it is understood that the latter will be strictly guided in his policy by the directions of his chief. On Thursday the new Ministry had its first victory in the Chamber, when it received a majority of 120, and when both M. Ribot and M. Casimir-Périer spoke with confidence of the Republic being able to cope with the difficulties of the crisis. All this purging process is a very healthy symptom, and in the High Court—where the admissions already made, both as to the *mala fides* of the Panama directors and the corruption of Ministers, amply justify the prosecution—the unshrinking vigour with which the law is being put in force is of the best omen.

THE alarmist speech of the German Chancellor in the Army Bill Committee of the Reichstag on Wednesday will probably influence considerably that mass of fluctuating opinion outside the regular political parties, which is so much more important in Germany than in England. How far it will modify the regular party opposition cannot be predicted till the suppressed details are known. Part of the speech, of course, is the ordinary stock-in-trade of the alarmist. The French Republic, for instance, is showing its reserve of stability, and a military Dictatorship is less likely now than it seemed a fortnight or a month ago. Denmark, again—which the *Times* recently stated had no history—has been making military preparations, it is true, but partly by popular subscription, and against the determined opposition of the Lower House—renewed only this week in the Budget Committee. The Chancellor's references to the possible co-operation of an English fleet to protect the coasts of Italy seem to have been made in very hesitating fashion. The hesitation will be entirely justified, whatever party is in power in England.

THE appointment of Sir West Ridgeway on a special mission to Tangier has been the occasion of a fine outbreak of Jingoism during the week, which is somewhat astonishing, because the appointment, if it can be said to have any bearing of the kind at all, must be taken rather as a distinct rebuke to the Jingo mode. Had Lord Rosebery wished to follow up Lord Salisbury's manner he would have sent back Sir Charles Euan Smith. Instead of that he has left Sir Charles Euan Smith at home for an interval, while Sir West Ridgeway goes out to smooth matters and restore British prestige and good relations generally, after a manner which shall be gentle as well as firm. When that task is completed, Sir West Ridgeway may come back and Sir Charles Euan Smith return to Tangier to take up the mended threads of his occupation; for, as we understand it, contrary to the generally circulated statement in the Press, Sir Charles Euan Smith still remains Minister to Morocco. He has got five months' leave. Sir West Ridgeway's mission is a special one.

A FURTHER reassurance to anti-Jingo sentiment is the fact that Lord Dufferin has informed M. Ribot that Sir West Ridgeway has received definite instructions to confer with the French Minister to the Shereefian Court on everything which may concern the interests of Europe in Morocco. Doubtless, similar assurances have been addressed to the other Foreign Offices, and it is probable that the representatives of the Powers generally will act in concert in insisting on due reparation being made for the murders of British and other European subjects in Muley Hassan's dominions. Already it is significant of the good effect likely to be produced by the mission that the Bashaw of Tangier has ordered the arrest of the three guards charged with the murder of Juan Trinidad, the British subject concerning whose case Mr. Eliot, the *Chargé d'Affaires*, has already addressed a demand to the Sultan.

EVEN in Eastern Europe at the present day the interest of a royal marriage is mainly sentimental and domestic. The young couple whose triple nuptials were so picturesquely celebrated at Sigmaringen on Tuesday necessarily stand outside the internal politics of their adopted country, and even its foreign relations are not likely to be permanently influenced in any marked degree by the fact that the bridegroom is a German and the bride linked with each of the two competing Powers in the East. Still—so far as such a marriage means anything—it

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

means stability in the foreign policy of the kingdom. The bridal pair represent about equally the Triple Alliance, England, and Russia. Roumania is probably the pivotal State of Eastern Europe; and the possible occasions for an explosion in Eastern Europe are so numerous that it is satisfactory to recollect that in any event the domestic interests of the royal household will necessarily incline it to a policy of peace.

FOR more than a fortnight the Austrian Premier has been endeavouring to constitute a stable Ministerial party in the Reichsrath out of the Poles, the German Liberals (who number about one-third of the whole), and the German Ultramontane group led by Count Hohenwart. Long conferences have been held between the party leaders and three representatives of the Ministry, and it is believed that a basis of agreement has at last been reached by the omission of all contentious questions. The new party will support the existing régime, and content itself with accepting from the Government such minor measures of fiscal and administrative reform as excite no national or religious susceptibilities, and produce no discussion among its own most heterogeneous elements. Should such a party be formed, of course, it would be an important element in the peace of Europe, and a security for the permanence of the Austrian Empire even after the death of the present Emperor. But it seems hardly credible that any self-respecting German Liberal will be satisfied with a wholly barren legislative programme. "even though," to quote a semi-official organ, "the Empire represents the purest form of the German Liberal idea."

UNIVERSAL suffrage—which, in a certain sense, is on its trial in France—is the immediate aim of reformers just now in three other countries of Europe. And in all three cases its attainment is likely to be interfered with by the fact that its Socialist supporters are doing their best to frighten the Liberal *bourgeoisie* into active opposition. In North Holland the causes of the disturbances we referred to last week seem to be chiefly economic. There is little work to be had, and the introduction of threshing machines has interfered with the usual resource in winter of the Frisian agricultural labourer. Still, the recent riots near Gröningen in the name of Socialism are hardly likely to conciliate a wealthy and timid middle class.

IN Sweden the *Folksrigsdaeg*, or Popular Parliament—a Convention organised by the advocates of universal suffrage to discuss the means of introducing that reform, and elected in the same way as they propose that the Chamber should be in the future—has come into being, but the amateur general election which created it bids fair to defeat its own object. The Conservatives ridiculed the movement and abstained from participating. The contest was between Liberals and Socialists, and the latter were victorious in several of the large towns, including Stockholm and Gothenburg. In Stockholm they carried all their candidates, including one woman, by majorities of about 6,000. Now the minimum qualification for the franchise in Sweden at present is the possession of a secured income of about £45 sterling per annum—a qualification, too, so arranged as to exclude labourers and artisans. How many of the present electorate will care to vote for a reform which will secure a strong Socialist element in the Legislature, bent on taxing them for the benefit of the new electors?

IN Belgium, again, the discussion of the Ministerial proposals for the extension of the franchise, while it has not been favourable to them directly, has brought out very clearly the extreme reluctance to advance much beyond them which is felt by a

large part of the Liberal party. M. Frère Orban, the leader of the Moderate Liberals, protests strongly against the Ministerial scheme, and not only because it favours the country districts at the expense of the towns. He also protests that the proposed educational qualification is far too low—"an unenlightened democracy, as they know in Switzerland, is a scourge"—and he would apparently be content with an electorate numbering half a million or so—that is, about one-twelfth of the population. The Ministerial scheme, no doubt, primarily favours the Clericals. In its present form it will practically leave the Government free to do a great deal of gerrymandering—by fixing the limits of the classes of "small," "moderate," and "large" communes, for instance, in each of which there is to be a different qualification, and by arranging the educational standard to suit its own adherents. But it can hardly be supposed that Socialists will not be largely returned under it, or under any scheme of extended suffrage.

MR. BARRIE and Mr. Conan Doyle are now busily engaged with Mr.

LITERATURE. D'Oyly Carte in completing the *libretto* of the new Savoy comic opera which they have written for him. Of course, the title of the opera has not yet been decided upon. Mr. Carte is a gentleman who likes to keep his secret to the last, and the best way of keeping a secret is not to have one. But the opera ought certainly to be strong from the literary as well as the musical point of view, seeing in what capable hands its writing has been placed.

MR. HENRY LUCY's contribution to the *Strand Magazine* for this month will have a special interest for the older generation of journalists. Mr. Lucy tells the story of his first appearance in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons, and touches upon some of the peculiarities of the place. Certainly the Press Gallery, when Mr. Lucy first saw it, was a disgrace to the House of Commons. The reporters were treated as though they were pariah dogs, and not the slightest attempt was made to study their comfort, or even their health. All that has been changed now, but the older generation of "Gallerymen" will have many experiences of their early days recalled by Mr. Lucy's graphic description. But it must be said that the portraits accompanying Mr. Lucy's article are miracles of *unlikeness*.

MR. STEVENSON has just sent home from Samoa a new story. It is comparatively short, and will eventually be published in one volume, together with his remarkable little tale, "The Beach of Falesá" (which has hitherto appeared only in a mutilated edition), and "The Bottle Imp." Attention to the local politics of Samoa is clearly not diminishing Mr. Stevenson's zeal in his own special calling.

MR. ARTHUR SEVERN is preparing a volume on Ruskin which will include many anecdotes, both pathetic and humorous, hitherto unpublished. Among the illustrations will be various characteristic sketches made by Mr. Severn when accompanying Mr. Ruskin on his driving tours. The book will be published by Mr. George Allen, who has also in hand a "Life of the late Lady Waterford," by Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare.

THE new volume of "The Calendar of State Papers" (Eyre and Spottiswoode) is of unusual interest. It contains letters and State papers relating to English affairs 1558-67, preserved principally in the Archives of Limancas, and is edited by Mr. Martin A. S. Hume. The full materials used by Mr. Froude and other historians

are now placed within the reach of all students for the first time. Fresh light is thrown on the characters and policy of Elizabeth and Philip; the tortuous Spanish policy of the period is for the first time laid bare; and new and most important evidence in connection with the "casket letters" appears in the correspondence of Don Guzman de Silva.

A NEW translation of the "Vita Nuova" is probably a symptom that this first flower of Dante's genius is becoming more popular here than it used to be. Why it has not been more popular, especially since Rossetti's translation, is not very easy to understand. For surely nothing, not even the pictures of the early Florentine masters, has so much of that auroral charm, that naïve and mystic freshness which belongs to that second springtime of the human intellect when Dante was moved to sing, and when Florence began to bud and bloom in the first transports of the new awakening. As Dante follows his most gentle lady, watching for her salutation in the street, reading his sonnets to the fair companies of ladies whose mockery he overcomes by his fervour, we seem to feel the very heart of that young and ecstatic Florence described by the chronicler. The city "being in a happy and good state of repose," says he—"a tranquil and peaceable state, excellent for merchants and artificers—there was formed a company of a thousand men or more, all clothed in white dresses, with a leader called the Lord of Love, who devoted themselves to games and sports and dancing, going through the city with trumpets and other instruments of joy and gladness, and feasting often together."

MR. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON is the author of this new translation, which is published by Macmillan. We cannot say the work is an improvement upon Rossetti's or Theodore Martin's; nor indeed is it a good approach to these admirable translations. But it is a praiseworthy effort, made by a man imbued with a true sympathy with the spirit of the "New Life," and its appearance may do something to stimulate interest in the poem anew. Mr. Norton sometimes mistranslates; a bad instance is his rendering of the line,

Altro folle ragione il suo valore,

in the sonnet of "The battle of the diverse thoughts," which he translates "Another madly parleys of his force," instead of "Another urges that his rule is vain" (or hurtful). This slip is the more singular as each of the "Thoughts" is explained in the poem of the sonnet, and the above line is but the metrical version of the second "Thought," which in the poem said, "Non buona è la signoria d'Amore," or, as Mr. Norton translates, "The lordship of love is not good, because the more fidelity his liegeman bears to him, so much the heavier and more grievous trials he must needs endure."

ACCORDING to one of our Eastern correspondents, Tolstoi is engaged upon a—for him—strange new literary enterprise—a book upon Japan, its people and religions.

De Gids, the leading review of Holland, recruits its restricted regular staff, from the New Year, by the addition of the genuine personality of Dr. W. G. C. Bijvanek, an able and polyglot writer, especially in French and Dutch, on the literature of many countries. His edition of Villon's *Petit Testament* and his *Un Hollandais à Paris* have placed him in a leading position among the most searching and suggestive critics of old and newest, and even "future," French writing, his strong point being a sympathetic but discriminating power of catching the living authors as they rise. Others of the six or seven

members of the staff of *De Gids* (The Guide) are its secretary Van Hall, Professor Buys, leader of the Old Liberal party, Mr. Sillem, and Mr. Quack.

MR. MORSE STEPHENS has brought out a very bright number for the first issue of *India*, of which he is editor. *India* ought now to become appreciated, for it is—and it will be more emphatically than ever, under Mr. Stephens' management—the best source of current information on the controversies of our great dependency published in England. Amongst the articles in the number is one by Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., on "Bhang," a new and most exciting Indian intoxicant whose name is at least impressive. Mr. Stephens intends to compile a monthly bibliography of Indian publications, and he means before long to take a trip to India—which he has not yet visited—in order "to make the personal acquaintance of the most distinguished leaders of Indian public opinion."

GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, U.S.A., OBITUARY. might have stood for a type of the Greek demagogue. He failed, however, alike as a soldier and a politician, and the drastic measures by which he secured respect for the Federal flag during his occupation of New Orleans had a large share in discrediting the cause of the North in Europe. But we believe he kept New Orleans—comparatively speaking—decent and clean; and in politics he seems at least to have followed his convictions. Sir J. P. Grant, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., was a prominent Indian civilian some thirty years ago, and was Governor of Jamaica during the trying time which followed the negro outbreak of 1865 and the recall of Governor Eyre. The Marquis Léon de Barthélemy was a leading member of the Liberal Opposition under the Second Empire in France. M. Chevandier was a Republican Senator for the Department of the Drôme. General Thoumas, a high authority as a military critic, had taken a leading part in organising the French artillery during the war of 1870. M. Jovan Boshkovicks was Minister of Education and Public Worship in Servia and "one of the greatest of Servian savants." The Rev. Thomas W. Ridley was an ex-President of the Methodist New Connexion. Mr. Hawley Smart had long been known as a writer of sporting novels which were amusing and spirited, though the personages were apt to be rather conventional.

HOME RULE AND ITS CRITICS.

EXCEPT upon one point, we have no reason to be dissatisfied with the criticism of the article in which we last week discussed some of the difficult points in the Home Rule Bill. The criticisms themselves have been of every character—wise and foolish, grave and flippant—but they have all made some attempt to grapple with the real question at issue. Where most of our critics have gone wrong has been in their assumption that we were pretending to reveal the character of the Bill which is now under discussion in the Cabinet. Seeing that we expressly stated that this was not the case, and correctly described our article as being simply a representation of "views which have been pressed upon Ministers from very important quarters," we can take no blame to ourselves for the blunder into which so many of our critics have fallen. The secret of the Home Rule Bill will be made known when Mr. Gladstone explains its provisions in the House of Commons, and not a day sooner. Pretended revelations of its contents are at present just as valuable, or as valueless, as pretended contradictions of those revelations. At this

moment, indeed, there is nobody who can reveal and nobody who can contradict. Not until the Bill has assumed its final shape under the manipulation of the Cabinet will the Prime Minister himself be in a position to say what it does and what it does not contain. All this is so obvious that only the craze of the modern "newspaper man" for suspecting something underhand beneath even the simplest statements of fact can have led so many of our contemporaries astray this week. Nevertheless, by their criticisms, based on an ignorant assumption though they were, they have rendered a really important service to the Home Rule cause.

For what has been the burden of the criticisms launched against our article? Whether we turn to the columns of the *Times* or the pages of *Truth* we meet with the same complaint. It is that we have proposed something so ridiculously inadequate that the Irish people would never, no never, accept it. On Monday the *Times* expressed an ardent desire to know what the "rival Irish factions" had to say with regard to proposals which, in its eyes, appeared to be so halting, evasive, and unsatisfactory. And the Tory papers throughout the country followed suit. Ireland was invited to regard herself as being on the point of being betrayed; and our contemporaries waited anxiously for that explosion of indignant wrath which was not merely to shiver THE SPEAKER suggestions into fragments, but to convince the British public that the Irish people will be satisfied with nothing less than the absolute surrender to them of the Imperial Parliament. Has the explosion so confidently expected by the *Times* and its allies in the Press taken place? Have the Irish leaders risen as one man to protest against proposals which even good Tory newspapers have declared to be weak and inadequate, and which they are content to brand as shuffling, evasive, unsatisfactory, and so forth? Nothing of the sort has happened. The Irish people know the realities of the question too well, and have approached the problem in a spirit of too practical statesmanship, to follow the hasty action of the English Press. Their action now, their reserve, and their moderation, are indeed a warrant of their fitness for self-government. Those organs of popular opinion in Ireland which have had the courage to discuss the question at all have received our suggestions favourably. They are not at all disposed to reject them for the reasons set forth by the *Times*. The *Independent*, for example, though it has objections to take on matters of detail, in the main supports the suggestions "pressed upon the Government from an important quarter." And now we may as well speak freely. The important and authoritative quarter from which, in the main, these suggestions emanated—not all of them, but those which were most important—was a very authoritative quarter indeed. Who, whilst he lived, could speak so authoritatively about Home Rule as Mr. Parnell? Who had a better claim to be heard by the people of Great Britain, as well as by the people of Ireland, when he was discussing this grave problem? The principal suggestions which we gave last week as having been laid before Ministers were, in point of fact, Mr. Parnell's suggestions. It was Mr. Parnell who, on the Land Question, urged that it might be included in the list of subjects reserved to the Imperial Parliament, provided that the reservation was only to last for a certain term, and that at the end of that term—if Parliament had not dealt with it—the question should revert to the Irish Assembly. It was Mr. Parnell who proposed that during this fixed term the Irish members should continue to sit at Westminster, either regularly or whenever a Land Bill was being discussed. It was Mr. Parnell, again,

who, in the matter of the Royal Irish Constabulary, was willing to accept such a proposal as that which we suggested last week. All these matters and many others have been laid before the Government; and, whatever the self-satisfied and supremely ignorant writers in the Tory press may choose to think or say, they are all suggestions which, coming from such a quarter, demand, and must receive, the careful consideration of Ministers.

The special advantage to the Home Rule cause of the discussion we have inaugurated is that it goes far to enlighten public opinion in this country as to the real character of the Irish demands, and to remove the foolish and ridiculous apprehensions on the subject which have so long prevailed. For years past the howling dervishes of the Coercionist press have deafened us with their predictions of the terrible things involved in the concession of Home Rule to Ireland:—

"All monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgons and Hydras and Chimeras dire."

We have been fed upon these fantastic horrors until the unthinking part of the population has been led to believe that to give to Ireland the rights we so freely concede to every other portion of the British Empire will be to provoke "red ruin and the breaking up of laws." Now, when we are approaching the realities of the question, our opponents tell us that any practical suggestions for the settlement of the long-standing dispute between the two countries must of necessity be rejected by the Irish people. Let the Irish people speak for themselves. They have never been so foolish as to dream of compelling a nation of thirty millions to submit itself to a nation of five—never, except when the greater Power has deliberately placed its destinies in the hands of the smaller, by giving it a casting vote in the ruling Council of the Empire. The reception given to our proposals last week—proposals which, we repeat, are made quite independently of the decision that may ultimately be arrived at by the Cabinet—has sufficiently proved that, when they are brought face to face with the realities of the question, even the most violent opponents of Home Rule find the ground cut from under their feet. No one can pretend for a moment that such a scheme as that which we sketched would have affected the integrity or supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, or the other things which Englishmen justly hold sacred. Yet this, we repeat, is practically the scheme which found favour with Mr. Parnell to the latest hour of his life. Ministers may or may not concede it. There will be many clauses in the Home Rule Bill, the nature of which is as yet but faintly to be guessed at; and it is possible that some of them may be designed to safeguard yet further the interests of the Crown and of the Empire as a whole, and to lead up to the federal rather than the colonial solution of the question. But, even as it is, we think that we have shown that Ireland could be satisfied without that breaking-up of the United Kingdom which the enemies of Home Rule profess to regard as inseparable from Home Rule. All that we ask of the supporters of the Government, and of those who are still able to take a dispassionate view of the whole question, is that, pending the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's measure, they should carefully consider for themselves the difficult points in the Home Rule Bill, and see whether a solution of these points may not be possible, which is consistent, not only with the just demands of Ireland, but with the highest interests of Great Britain.

DISESTABLISHMENT IN WALES.

THE Bishop of St. Asaph and other restless Anglican critics in Wales have been profoundly exercised of late, it would seem, on account of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. This unfortunate sect—unfortunate in not having the support, encouragement, and good counsel of the State; doubly unfortunate in having to suffer the perpetual criticism of those who are by law so established—is in the way to Latitudinarianism, and worse dangers still, if we may trust its critics. For proof, we are told, at the Bishop of St. Asaph's instance, that Principal Edwards of Bala, exercising his hospitality as a gentleman and a scholar, and not as a sectarian, invited Principal Evans of Carmarthen, who is a Nonconformist, to the recent opening ceremony of his Methodist College. There are other charges made by the intrepid bishop against the Principal of Bala in particular, which, the rather since they have already been met with admirable temper and convincing effect in Dr. Edwards's own reply in *y Genedl Gymreig*, need not concern us directly here. Nor, indeed, would the matter in itself tend to the broader question before us, if it were not so significant of the whole superior attitude of the leaders and laymen of the Episcopal Church in Wales towards those fellow-Christians who dissent from them in the letter of religion.

The whole moral of the Bishop of St. Asaph's arraignment of the Principal of Bala is, as being good churchmen we should easily understand, that the Welsh Methodists are drifting from orthodoxy. And why? Because they do not belong to the Established Church. This may be called the new paradox. Since when were the bishops so nice in their stipulation of a peculiar unity of doctrine in their own Church? But then, other things beside the Anglican dialectic change on being translated, so to speak, into Welsh. Those who know Wales best, at any rate, know that the doctrinal conscience of the Episcopalians, compared with that of the Calvinistic Methodists, is as water unto wine. This is a matter of history, and history so easy to be read, that anyone who has cared to study the Welsh people and their various and distinctive religious developments, as they may be seen in Wales at this moment, will wonder that even a bishop could fail in apprehension of what is so clear.

The argument for Disestablishment in Wales is, indeed, one of immediate political urgency, on the mere showing of the polls at the late General Election. According to the ingenious statisticians of the Established Church, the increase of its members in the Principality during the past ten years is extraordinary, and points to a vigorous revival of its fortunes. But what of these admired statistics at the General Election, when Wales voted Liberal fairly *en masse*? And Liberalism in Wales, as we said in these columns before the election, means first, and for all practical and immediate purposes, Disestablishment. So unanimously, and so constitutionally, has the voice of the Commons in Wales spoken now—reasserting this old claim of religious equality—that to neglect it would be to stultify the very principles of Liberalism. The demand is one shaped out of the deepest popular sentiment in Wales, the national ideal for the time being. It is the next direct move towards that full constitutional freedom which Wales has it so much at heart to achieve. This demand, it is the plain duty of the English Liberal party to see satisfied at the very earliest moment commensurate with the satisfaction of certain other urgent claims upon the Government, whether advanced by our other Celtic cousins beyond Holyhead, or

by London itself, or by any other peoples of our commonalty.

One thing we should like to say further has to do with the future of the Church of England in Wales, which its alarmist critics take for granted will be disastrous. But will it? The analogy with the Church of England in Ireland, and its disestablishment, is a favourite one with such critics. Let us recommend these to turn to some recent estimates of the present position of the Irish Church by various of its bishops and curates, and notably, to one by the Bishop of Cork, which appeared in the December number of the *Review of the Churches*. From these accounts, it would seem that Disestablishment is likely to be an admirable tonic to any church whose endowments and privileges, whose social ambition and superior comfort and respectability have tended to something less than the virile good health that lies behind all great moral and spiritual influence, whether in Wales or elsewhere. It will be better for the Welsh Episcopal Church to be both disestablished and disendowed, because then it will have to make those independent efforts which teach both men and churchmen where their strength really lies, and because in the struggle the best men will come to the front, instead of being subordinated, as now, to the younger sons whose social influence and prestige count for more than the energy and the eloquence of a St. Kadock himself. Moreover, so freed, the Church will lose the political odium now attaching to it in every Welsh Liberal's eyes, and stultifying what good effect it might have under equal laws. As for the Welsh Nonconformists, it does not come into our argument here to detail the material and spiritual advantages which they would certainly realise from it. But, if there were nothing more to be gained by it than the removal of a vexatious and continual cause of irritation, acting unfavourably at all times upon the better temper of the Welsh people, and diverting their better energies from their natural ends, this reason would be enough in itself. It is good, then, that Wales has risen at last to the political occasion.

THE BETTER SIDE OF THE PANAMA CRISIS.

WE venture to draw hopeful auguries from what has taken place in France during the week, disturbing though it looks at first sight. Were it not that these are the moments of crisis, when events proceed with such momentum that the slightest hitch might deflect them violently from their natural course, we should speak still more confidently, and say that these excursions and alarms in the Ministry, the Parliament, and the law courts were simply a guarantee that all is going well with the Republic. The Ministry has been reconstructed, with M. de Freycinet, the best War Minister of the Third Republic, left out. M. Floquet, one of the most trusted of Parliamentary servants, has been excluded from the Presidency of the Chamber. At the trial of M. de Lesseps and his co-defendants in the High Court, the Nemesis of Panama threatens to deal even deadlier strokes than before amongst the highest quarters. All this may not sound very reassuring—but what does it portend? Nothing more and nothing less than that there is now awake in France an effective and stern public opinion, of which M. Carnot and his Ministers, the Chamber itself, and the machinery of the law, are making themselves the instruments. It is absurd to pretend that M. de Freycinet has been squeezed out of the Government by his colleagues on

the principle on which prominent Athenian citizens were handed the oyster. M. de Freycinet's influence with the army is no doubt considerable, but he is a steady-going Republican, and while he might make a middling sort of dictator, on the lines of the shrewd Vespasian, if the post were thrust upon him, he is not the man to make himself dictator on his own initiative by a *coup d'état*. Moreover, there is too great a dearth of capable men around M. Carnot for such a statesman as the late War Minister to be lightly spared. No; M. de Freycinet has had to quit the War Office for the same reason that M. Floquet has had to descend from the President's chair in the Chamber—simply because the suspicion of a taint of Panama in some manner or other hangs around him. There could be no healthier symptom of the state of French opinion than this fact, except it be the consequential symptom—the character of the men who are set up to replace the fallen. Who are the men whom the storm of national feeling leaves standing in France to-day, and not merely leaves standing, but puts in the high places and fills their hands with power? No longer the astute intriguers, the cynical manoeuvrers of the passions of men, who laughed at virtue, public and private, and taught the political gospel of the *fin de siècle*—that great nations were for the sole use and benefit of those who had most force and least scruple. These mighty ones are all low to-day—in the dock, in exile, in suicides' graves. And the men to whom France comes with her honours and her petitions to be saved are simply the honest men and the pure, the men whose hands are clean, and whose lives have followed the narrow path of integrity. It is one of the most impressive and dramatic instances of the triumph of virtue over vice which history affords; and it is all a remarkable testimony to the reserve of moral soundness and strength which lies at the bottom of the French character, and is ever ready to be called on by the nation.

The Republic, if it survive the ordeal, is bound, we repeat again, to emerge from it stronger than before. It will have passed through cleansing fires; it will have expiated the period during which it was the handmaiden of the base; and it will, at last, be fully worthy to carry the destiny of the whole nation. It has but to prove itself willing and able to execute the justice for which the country clamours, and to purge its own ranks of the last corrupt man. If it does, these unhappy scandals may prove, both for the Republic and for France, a blessing in disguise. What has already happened is that the standard of French public life has grown so exacting, and public opinion has grown so potent as well as relentless, that there is now no chance for any politician on whom the slightest stigma rests. M. Floquet and M. de Freycinet, even accepting the comparatively venial sins of which they have been accused, would be very worthy and respectable men as the French political standard stood yesterday. To-day they have to withdraw into the shadow whither the Rouviers and the Roches have gone before them; and whither M. Loubet, damned by being the friend of Rouvier, and M. Burdeau, the little men and the big, follow in their wake. It is as if a great day of judgment had befallen the politicians of the Republic. It is devastating, but it is wholesome. Just men like M. Carnot and M. Ribot must begin to feel rather lonely in their isolation, with so many colleagues swept from their side by the avenging Fate. But if they continue being the unflinching instruments of the avenging Fate they will not long be left lonely. Just men like themselves will rally to their side once it is made clear that the Republic offers scope and power to men who are honest as well

as able. This is the idea which ultimately must be depended on to save the Republic in the eyes of the country. If by the time of the elections this idea is well impressed upon the popular mind, no matter what party comes back in the majority—Conservatives, Moderates, or Radicals—they will all come back with a mandate to make the best of the existing constitution.

We are assuming, of course, that the Republic weathers the interval. We do not think the assumption is too sanguine. It will be, of course, a ticklish and dangerous time. Enemies of the Republic from both extremes, besmirched Panamists, eager to escape from pursuing Justice in a general confusion, Royalists, Boulangists, and the discontented of every kind, will naturally do their utmost to exploit the opportunity. If the Republic had any serious rival in the shape of an attractive and respectable Pretender, or a possible military Dictator occupying such a position as Boulanger did before his fall, there might be ground for apprehension. But the Pretenders are played out, and there is no Boulanger. Moreover, the best opportunity for such adventurers has really gone by. The first painful shock—when the people, seeing the leaders of the Republic defiled amid this welter of corruption, might have been inclined to cry, A plague upon the whole concern!—is over, and public sentiment is being appeased and reassured by the spectacle of the law beginning to do its work. The Republic is, in truth, without a rival; and M. Carnot and M. Ribot, their authority supported energetically, as it will be, by the generals and the army—the very best guarantee of order and stability—will only have themselves to blame if they do not come through the crisis triumphantly.

THE QUESTION OF MOROCCO.

OUR excellent Jingoës have been giving themselves an innings. Two such events as a bad defeat of troops under British command on the Soudan frontier, and the despatch of an envoy to take the place of a British diplomat who has come to grief, do not (happily) occur every day to bring comfort to their souls. Nothing was more natural than that the former event should give rise to stern demands for "reconquest and annexation" (these brave 'orts have been duly spoken), and that the latter should become the signal for a chorus, worthy of the great McDermott, which ought to have made the Sultan of Morocco shiver in his slippers and Johnny Crapaud look pale. The innings, however, has not been a success. Sir West Ridgeway's appointment does not turn out to mean quite what it was so joyously given the credit for. Lord Rosebery still persists in disappointing his Tory admirers, who have assigned to him the flattering part of Jingo "end-man" in the Liberal Cabinet. He has no intention of translating into action the reckless threats which Lord Salisbury never hesitates to mutter but always hesitates to carry out. His it is rather to mend his predecessor's blunders; and Sir West Ridgeway's instructions, both as to reparation for the murder of British subjects and security for commercial interests, are as pacific and commonplace as Sir Charles Euan Smith's were apparently bellicose and sensational.

This much is reassuring. But it would be idle to pretend that in this quarter of the world, having regard to the present state of Europe, and in particular of France, there is not cause just now for watchful anxiety. To dismiss Sir West Ridgeway's appointment as merely a device for finding a place for an

official who had become *de trop* in Dublin Castle is only childish. There is nothing to be gained, but quite the contrary, by this way of looking at the difficulties of our foreign policy. Not in this way are the storms which are ever gathering ahead of us, and which may any moment break, to be intelligently and boldly weathered. We have now again to reckon with that old and discreditable fact that, a Liberal Government being in office, the Tory party will set itself to exploit to the utmost every difficulty and danger with which the Foreign Minister may have to deal. This is the worst blot upon English public life. French Chauvinists belong to all parties, and apply the goad to all their Cabinets alike; but with English Jingoism, who are Tories *et præterea nihil*, the exploitation of bellicosity is a purely party affair. It begins systematically when the other side get into office, and it subsides with the discipline of a claque when they are out again. One of the most serious features of this phenomenon is the fact that most of the officials who are entrusted with the business of the Empire abroad belong to the Tory caste, and, consciously or unconsciously, they are inclined to develop into *agents provocateurs* rather than *agents pacificateurs*, so soon as their instructions from home begin to be signed by a Liberal Minister. This is one of the mischiefs which the Liberal party must one day set itself strenuously to remedy. In the meantime it must be taken into account as an extremely dangerous element in aggravating every sore place in the national relations abroad, and as a reason for redoubling the vigilance with which Liberal public opinion ought to watch foreign developments. To this agency more than to any other is it due that Liberal Governments have at various times found themselves pushed into "little wars" almost without knowing it; and if we look around the horizon to-day, to Morocco, to the Soudan, to the North-West Frontier, only the ignorant or purblind can fail to see that there is good cause to be on the alert lest we find ourselves involved again in similar imbroglios.

Sir West Ridgeway's Mission will have to walk amid dangers. The special dangers are a *damnosa hereditas* from Lord Salisbury. Sir Charles Euan Smith was sent to Fez to bully the Sultan into signing a treaty, and to outwit the French in intrigue. He did not succeed in either object, and he came away having delivered a threat which, if it meant anything but empty bluster, meant that Lord Salisbury would send him back with an army corps. We do not blame Sir Charles Euan Smith: we rather pity him. He carried out his instructions, and he has been made the scapegoat of a Government which set him making trouble for its successor, and which never meant to back him up. That he has managed to leave some trouble for Lord Salisbury's successors there is no use in denying. England is placed in the position of having either to follow up his method, which would be absurd, or of losing prestige and losing trade unless she can accomplish a successful middle course, in face of European jealousies, by a difficult achievement of diplomacy. It is to attempt this middle course that Sir West Ridgeway goes out, and as he is an adroit and tactful man, and will no doubt be instructed from the large, and not the narrow standpoint from which the Morocco question ought rightly to be viewed, there is good ground for hoping that he will pull the thing through. The truth is, the question of Morocco is not merely one of commercial interests—though we have a solid if not formidable stake in the country in the shape of a million and a quarter of an annual trade, out of a total trade of three millions. It is really the European question on the African shore of the Mediterranean, and here,

as elsewhere, England's policy, both for her own and Europe's sake, is to keep the peace as long as possible. Morocco in recent years, since the developments in long-range artillery have made the impregnability of Gibraltar an open question, has become the cynosure of the eager eyes of every maritime Power in Europe. On the coast is Tangier, the key of the Mediterranean, too great a prize not to be fiercely struggled for on the first outbreak of hostilities. On the Eastern frontier and in the Hinterland are the French; the Spaniards are at Ceuta; the Italians covet Tripoli; the Germans have already manifested their interest in the country by sending a dazzling mission to Fez. It is plain that any present *modus vivendi* in Morocco must be in one sense of a temporary nature, contrived by the Powers with a view to each being in the most advantageous position it can manage on the day when Morocco may become the battle-ground of first-class European interests. To England it is vital that no other Power gets possession of Tangier. She must be prepared either to hold it herself, if that become necessary, or to see that it remains in the harmless hands of Muley Hassan. All the world knows this, and it is better to state it. To our view it seems that England's best way of effecting this and her other objects in Morocco is by coming to a candid understanding with France. It is our hope that Lord Rosebery has already effected such an understanding with M. Ribot. The return of the d'Aubigny mission would seem to indicate that France may be as much helped at Fez by our co-operation as we should be by hers. France and England, after all, are the two Powers which have most at stake in Morocco, and if they come to an understanding which involves no injustice to other Powers, there can be no substantial objection from any quarter. On the other hand, a course of intrigue pursued at cross-purposes with France can only lead to friction, bickerings, and possible consequences of the gravest kind.

AN EIGHT HOURS BILL FOR MINERS.

THE Trade Union Congress in the autumn of last year declared by a large majority in favour of an Eight Hours Bill for miners. But in the press of other matters the subject did not on that occasion receive adequate treatment. Some more definite statement was needed both as to the special grounds on which legislation was demanded and as to the preponderance of opinion among the miners themselves in favour of legislation. This we have now obtained from the Conference of Miners which has been held at Birmingham. More than a third of all the miners of the kingdom were represented, and after a long debate, in which the speeches were nearly all on one side, the Conference decided, the representatives of Durham alone dissenting, that legislation is necessary.

It is a significant decision. We have no wish to minimise its importance. But when we remember that the minority represented 50,000 of the most highly organised miners in the country, and that the Northumberland miners, who were unrepresented, are equally against legislation, it cannot be said that the question is closed. The president of the Conference, anticipating the decision, declared that an Eight Hours Act for miners is near at hand. It may be so, and we have no great dread of it. If we are to have legislative reduction of the hours of labour at all, the mine is probably the safest and clearest place in which to begin the experiment; for not only have a great majority of the miners set their heart upon it,

but in few industries would the imposition of a statutory limit cause less disturbance of the existing conditions. But we frankly say that the arguments of the majority of the Conference have not convinced us either that the result cannot be attained by the miners' own organisations, or that the case of the miners is so grave as to demand the ready, though rude, remedy of an Act of Parliament. In moving his amendment, that the speediest, most practicable, and most permanent way to obtain shorter hours was by organised effort and negotiations between employer and workman, Mr. Wilson, M.P. spoke in the name of men who have successfully followed that way themselves. The miners of Durham have already passed the limit which the Conference would fix. To them an eight hours day would be a longer and not a shorter day. It has been urged by Fabians and others that the short hours of the north-eastern mines were not won by trade union organisation, but were due to the introduction of the double shift and to the statutory limitation of the hours of labour of boys. But this is merely an explanation of the manner in which the short hour system is worked, and not a statement of its cause. No one can seriously doubt that the Durham miners work shorter hours than the miners of South Wales simply because they have been better organised and have used their power in order to obtain greater leisure. But the argument for organisation does not rest on their case alone. The reduction of hours has been general. The authors of a recent book on "A Shorter Working Day" point out, from the report of the Royal Commission of 1842, that miners then worked fifteen hours a day in Scotland and Cumberland, and fourteen hours in Derbyshire and some parts of Yorkshire, and an average of twelve hours in other parts of England. Legislation has certainly assisted in bringing about the better state of things which now prevails. It is obvious that the restrictions on the labour of young persons has favourably affected the position of adults. But it is idle to deny that the main force has come from the labourers' own organisations. We see no reason for supposing, as the majority of the Conference appear to suppose, that that force has spent itself. The case of the organised miners, moreover, as we have already indicated, is not of the gravest. Using the Home Office return of 1890, Professor Munro made out an interesting table to show the effects of an eight hours day on the labour of miners at the face. No change at all would occur in Northumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, the North Riding of Yorkshire, South Staffordshire, or Worcestershire. In these districts 40·8 hours per week are not exceeded; in Northumberland the weekly total is only thirty-seven hours. If we take account of the change which would take place in the hours for meals, then in no district, with the exception of Leicester and Nottingham, would the reduction amount to three hours per week. We do not use these figures to show that miners should be satisfied. There is not the most dangerous of occupations, but it is amongst the most gloomy and the most trying. Eight hours a day, in all conscience, should be their limit. But when we hear of bakers working thirteen hours a day, and sweated tailors in the East End working sixteen hours a day and more, in places gloomier and more unwholesome than any mine, we cannot admit that the miners' case is among the greatest scandals of our civilisation.

We have no pedantic objection to legislation; we readily admit that there may be cases where no other remedy is possible; and we join, heart and soul, in every movement which opens out a way to lessen the oppression and degradation of continuous toil. But speaking coldly as politicians, we are

bound to satisfy ourselves as to three conditions before we have recourse to legislation. First, that the case is grave enough for such an extreme and clumsy remedy, else the evil which is never absent from restrictive legislation will outweigh the good; secondly, that legislation will be supported by the general opinion either of the whole people or of the industry affected, else legislation will fail; and thirdly, that the workmen themselves cannot by their own efforts achieve the result, else legislation will be useless and embarrassing. The Conference has not shown us that any of these three conditions is satisfied in the miners' case. Before the majority convince the House of Commons we venture to think that they must win over the miners of Northumberland and Durham.

THE NEW RAILWAY RATES.

THE trading community has been very disagreeably surprised to find that the new railway rates so often mean an addition to the cost of carriage. The Act which has brought about the change in rates was the result of a long and weary agitation. Session after session it was introduced, but failed to become law, and even at last, when it was carried, a considerable time had to be given to the railway companies to arrange their new rates and classification. In a disagreeably large number of cases it is found that the new rates are actually higher than the old, and in very many instances they remain the same, whereas the general expectation was that there would be a reduction all round. So fierce has been the outcry that, although the new rates came into force only on New Year's Day, and became publicly known only on the 16th of last month, by the second day of January the Board of Trade was induced to address a remonstrance to the railway companies. The new Ministers, of course, are more solicitous for the interests of the people than their predecessors; but then the most zealous Minister would not stir in such a matter if complaints had not poured in upon him in very great numbers. The promptitude with which the Board of Trade has acted is not more noteworthy than the spirit of the note and the courtesy of the tone in which the warning is conveyed to the railway companies. On their side it must be added that the railway companies have replied in a most excellent spirit. Sir Henry Oakley, the hon. secretary of the Railway Association, points out that, considerable as the time given to the companies to prepare undoubtedly was, it was yet too short for the task thrown upon them. They had to revise tens of millions of different rates, and it was impossible carefully to consider all the *pros* and *cons* for reductions. In very many instances, therefore, provisional rates had to be adopted. The public ought in justice to bear this in mind, especially as Sir Henry Oakley adds that by the end of February he expects to have completed the work, so that the business community will be satisfied. And the companies, in the last place, have appointed a committee to meet traders and consider fully all their grievances. Nothing could be better than all this, and we hope that a troublesome and difficult question will be settled without much more delay. It is obvious, indeed, that the true interest of the railway companies is to consider what is for the benefit of trade, for the companies exist for the mere purpose of carrying people and goods, and they cannot make a profit unless the public is doing well. But railway companies, like the rest of the world, do not always recognise their true interests, and it is well that a timely warning has been given

to them by the Board of Trade that they should not do anything to excite what might prove a very disagreeable fresh agitation. On the other hand, it is to be hoped traders will not be too exacting. Railway shareholders have a right to be paid for their services, like other people, and traders should not grudge them a fair remuneration. Just now, when both trade and agriculture are sorely depressed, the business community is tempted, no doubt, to press unduly upon the companies; but neither traders nor agriculturists can expect a good service if they are not prepared adequately to pay for it. And, after all, neither trade nor agriculture can get on without a good railway service. The interests of all parties, then, whether traders, agriculturists, or railway shareholders, are identical. The one serves the other, and all help to promote the general welfare. If they meet one another in a fair spirit, there will be no difficulty in arriving at an equitable arrangement. But the railway companies should bear in mind that it will be worth while even to submit to some little loss at present in the hope of stimulating trade and agriculture. The more is produced, the more the companies will have to carry, and the larger therefore will be their earnings.

FINANCE.

BY far the most important event of the week—indeed, of many weeks—is the decision of the Bank of France not to buy foreign gold coin. The Bank is authorised by law to issue 140 millions sterling of notes, and it has outstanding within a few millions of the limit. It is unwilling to go on paying more notes for gold, and consequently has stopped doing so. Probably the decision is taken in the hope of compelling the Chambers to extend its right of issue; but in the present crisis is there any chance that a Bill to that effect can be carried? If not, what will happen? Suppose there were to be a run upon any of the great joint stock banks, or that an important financial establishment were to fail: the Bank of France could not come to the assistance of the market as it formerly did by lending tens of millions of notes. It would hardly care to lend gold, which it has been accumulating at great cost for years past. True, it has 50 millions sterling of silver; but the question is, Would the silver be generally accepted? As yet the importance of the decision has not been generally recognised; indeed, there was some recovery on the Paris Bourse at the beginning of the week, when the Cabinet broke down. But the recovery was very short. Here in London the Ministerial crisis was regarded with great anxiety, especially the exclusion of M. de Freycinet. The position of the Bank of Spain is worse even than that of the Bank of France, for the credit of the latter is as high as that of any institution in the world, while the credit of the Bank of Spain is utterly gone, its notes being at a discount of 20 per cent., and the public refusing to take any more of them. It is quite possible that specie payments may, therefore, have to be suspended, and it seems inevitable that the Government will be unable to go on paying the interest on the debt. The note-issuing banks in Italy are also discredited. Much of their capital is said to have been wasted, they are accused of having issued notes far in excess of what the law allows, and they are believed to hold large amounts of worthless securities. All over the Continent, in short, there are causes of the gravest anxiety and danger. On the other hand, there is a decided improvement in the trade of the United States, and were it not for the silver difficulty the outlook would be very favourable. In South America, too, there is marked commercial recovery. Even in India the export trade is very active, and promises to continue so for months to come, while the Money Market is steadily rising. If the Indian Government remains calm, and

does not tamper with the currency, the prospect is thus good in spite of the silver crisis. At home, trade, no doubt, is very bad. For the whole of last year there is a falling-off of over 8 per cent. in the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures, chiefly due, however, to lower prices, and there is a falling-off in the value of the imports of about 2½ per cent. But there are signs that, in the exports at all events, the decline is coming rapidly to an end.

Owing to the trade improvement in India, and to the general belief that the Sherman Act will not be repealed for some time yet, there is a slow advance in the price of silver to about 38½d. per oz. The cotton and rice crops in India are very large, and the demand for money in the interior is so good that the Bank of Bengal within a fortnight has had to raise its rate of discount from 4 per cent. to 6 per cent.; while the Bank of Bombay raised its rate from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent., and doubtless further advances will have to be made. Imports into India are increasing. Nobody, however, will buy silver except for immediate delivery, for nobody knows whether the United States Congress may not repeal the Silver Purchase Act at any moment. That is the one danger for the moment affecting business in the Far East, and in North and South America. In the London Money Market bills are scarce, and there is little demand for loans, yet the rate of discount in the open market has risen to 1½ per cent., as there are fears that the critical state of Paris may lead to a run upon some of the banks, and possibly may cause serious failures. The French banks, indeed, have been taking gold from London for some time past. There is a hope now that the decision of the Bank of France referred to above may stop the withdrawals, but of course gold will have to go, if there is a financial crisis.

RUSTICUS EXPECTANS.

RUSTICUS is a large word, but if the tenant farmer desires sympathy, he will do well for the present to sit by himself on Horace's river bank, unencumbered by landowner or by labourer. He will, at starting, get no help from Hodge, who rejoices over his master's troubles as "serving him jolly well right," while the Chaplins and Winchileas represent a class so unpopular in England that most Radicals would refuse to help the farmer thus associated, lest in so doing they should bolster up the landlord. Let him appeal to the community on his own account, and justify his claim for help by convincing us that the threatened extirpation of his industry is due, not to irresistible economic laws, but to unjust and removable disabilities.

His position is clearly desperate. It has been stated without contradiction that eighty-five per cent. of English farmers are farming on borrowed money or on unexhausted capital. Alone, of all professions, agriculture has refused to bow to half a century of change; with aggravating, yet pathetic insistency, it has sat waiting for the deflux of the great Free Trade river. Like the prisoner in Pickwick who declined the loan of a razor day by day as feeling certain that he would be liberated in an hour's time, the farmer has followed silently the maxims of his fathers, clinging to a dead past, ignoring scientific discoveries, violating commercial rules, taking land in excess of his capital, submitting to obsolete conditions of rent and cultivation, because he has believed that the golden age of Protection will return, that the urban artisan and rural labourer, who between them rule the State, will impoverish and tax themselves for the sake of a dwindling, discredited, politically unimportant class. Not for one moment will statesman or elector even pause to listen to his bitter cry until he clears his mind and divests his speech of Fair Trade and Protection cant.

In his manifesto to the labourers—a document whose full absurdity can be understood only by those who know them well—Lord Winchilsea heads his programme with a resolve to reduce the unfair burdens on the land. First and unfaiest amongst these is the landlord; three-fourths of agrarian calamities are due to the iniquitous contracts under which the farmer is compelled to work. His rents are higher than the land will bear, determined, not by the application of Ricardo's law, but by the tradition of more prosperous times, and by competition among foolish tenants. Cultivation is restricted and controlled through inelastic and unbusinesslike agreements, administered by ignorant agents. The Agricultural Holdings Act and the Ground Game Act are nullities. Tithes and rates are laid upon the tenant. Outrages on his limited ownership are common, rights of way through the landlord's "property" being continually withdrawn by interferences absolutely illegal, which the tenant dares not oppose. Yearly tenure secures, as J. S. Mill long ago pointed out, the worst possible agricultural results. If the land is well farmed the rent is raised, and the profits are extinguished, for a good farm vacated finds a fresh occupier readily; countless tenants are compelled to slovenly cultivation, to the starving both of land and labour, because in no other way can they escape the loss and annoyance of eviction. As if all this were not enough, the leavings of the landlord are swallowed by the middleman. Mr. Bear calculates that out of £320,000,000 sterling due to the sale of farm produce the middleman pockets £113,000,000. One-third of the farmer's beasts go to the butcher, of his fowls to the poulterer, of his milk and butter to the milkman and greengrocer; his slender gains being further mulcted by the railway monopoly, which overcharges English producers in order to tempt the better custom of the foreigner, conveying meat, cheese, vegetables, eggs, and poultry from the Continent to our markets at half the charge laid on English foodstuffs covering the same distance.

If farmers expect help from the country they must show that they can help themselves. They must form a Farmers' League, from which, as the first condition of its vitality, landlords and their agents shall be excluded. It is not too much to say that the whole future of their proposed movement hangs upon their capacity and courage for this initial act. It will then be their business to discern the points on which legislative interference is essential, and the results which can be attained by their own unassisted combination. Some of their necessities fall easily under the one or the other of these heads. Only from Parliament can they obtain the labelling of foreign and colonial foodstuffs, or the division of rates between occupier and owner. Only by co-operation can they baffle the middleman, opening in every market farmers' stores of meat, poultry, butter, eggs, cheese, bacon, which will undersell the shopman, yet yield them far larger returns than they can make from the present wasteful distribution. But the key of their position is Land Tenure. If they are strong enough to extort the three F's from landlordism, they may fairly come to Parliament for the establishment of Land Courts to determine rents; while fixity of tenure will supersede the Agricultural Holdings Act and settle the question of ground game. If they frankly avow their ignorance of modern agricultural technique, and are prepared to go to school themselves—or, at any rate, to send their sons to school—for lore as to crops and stock, chemical manures, garden produce, scientific poultrying, dairying, and bee-keeping, competition with Frenchmen, Germans, Belgians, in the large class of "Fancy Crops," now imported at a profit because English farmers know not how to grow them, once more they may ask Parliament to provide them teachers, to utilise technical education money on their behalf, to emulate the agricultural colleges, which in France turn out annually seven hundred well-trained farmers.

This scheme is hopeful in theory; will the farmer carry it out? Has he the insight, the humility, the *μετάνοια*, to break with the stagnant helotism of his past, cleanse his stuffed bosom of the perilous follies which have weighed upon it for fifty years, adopt new maxims, new ideals, new methods? The chief obstacle to his regeneration is shrinking under the stress of panic. Hitherto he has been isolated, meeting only his immediate neighbours, and those the feeblest of their class, amid the tippling gossip of auction sales and markets. Now he is expanding into unions, where educated and experienced agriculturists, known to have achieved success wherever success was possible, and to have laid a finger on the causes of inevitable failure, who are now crying in the wilderness of the daily papers which no farmer ever reads, will send counsels weighted with their own shrewd wisdom and with the professional eminence of the speakers into audiences sufficiently keen to distinguish the practical from the blatant, sufficiently alarmed to generate a current of prompt and united action. This will be at any rate a beginning, and a sifting process will ensue. Success or failure under new departures will shape the policies of the future, the methods of arbitration, profitable size of holdings, relative value of crops. Some farmers will be crushed out and disappear; but the mass will move forward, will move in line, will reveal what is at present absolutely unknown—the conditions under which tenant-farming can be pursued in England advantageously to the profession and to the community.

In proportion as the farmer detaches himself from the Mezentian embrace of the landlords, he will perforce draw nearer to the labourers. They have gained the start of him in the political field, have formulated practicable demands while he has been crying, "Great are Bimetallism and Protection." But his soul is bound up in the bundle of life with them; the reforms which emancipate them will rescue him; as small holdings increase, the ablest amongst them will recruit his ranks. His treatment of them in the past has been ungenerous and impolitic, but the chuckling malice which they bear is grin-deep only. Let him defer to sentiment by recognising them as brethren, not as serfs; let him translate friendliness into act by giving frank support to the extension of their allotments and their demand for local independence; and his own struggle for recovery will be facilitated and impelled by the dynamic force of their cordial co-operation and goodwill.

THE MODERN PRESS.

II.—THE "STANDARD."

FRIENDS and foes alike concede to the *Standard* a unique place in the daily press of London. Yet it is a place somewhat difficult to describe. The *Standard* is not more brilliantly written than its contemporaries; it is not more enterprising; it is certainly not more keen in the pursuit of novelities in journalism. On the contrary, there is a certain conservatism about its editorial methods which it is pleasant to meet with in these days of new ideas in press-work, but which is certainly not calculated to strike the multitude, ever eager to welcome some new thing. In spite of its somewhat old-fashioned methods, the fact remains that the *Standard*, as a daily paper, occupies a unique position in the esteem of men of all parties. It is known that Mr. Gladstone reads it; it is read also by Lord Salisbury; and it would not be surprising if the verdict of the former upon its opinions were more favourable than that of the latter. Not that the *Standard* cannot be at times as wrong-headed as the *Times* itself. One occasionally reads in its leading articles as narrow and malevolent as those which are usually associated with "the diurnal literary miracle"—to quote the eminent Mr. R. B.

Brett—of Printing House Square. A great Liberal statesman remarked to the present writer that when he came upon such an article in the *Standard* he always concluded that the editor was taking a holiday. And herein lies the secret of the remarkable success of the *Standard*, and of its elevation to the high place which it now holds in the esteem and confidence of all parties. Whatever may appear in the paper that is wrong, or foolish, or bitterly partisan, men have learned to believe that its editor is an independent English gentleman, who can be fair to a foe and frank to a friend, and who will never willingly allow the great journal he controls to be used for any base party or personal purpose. Of course, there are other men equally honest on the London daily press, but all of these have not the courage which enables the editor of the *Standard* to say exactly what he thinks upon the questions of the hour, without waiting to ask himself how this or the other individual will like what he is saying; nor has any one of them that position of peculiar personal independence which is enjoyed by Mr. Mudford. It is as the result of his independence and outspokenness that the *Standard* has gained the great position it now holds, and has secured the regard and confidence of its opponents as well as of its friends.

It was not always so. There was a time when the *Morning Herald* and *Standard* were the merest hacks of the party to which they belonged. Day by day the reader of their columns learned that a Tory could do no wrong, nor a Whig any good. Never was there such servility, such meek submission to the party whip, as distinguished the *Standard* in those days. And, of course, the conductors of the paper had their reward. Their journal was held in contempt not only by those whom they maligned, but more especially by those whom they served by day and night. Those were the days when Mr. Disraeli remarked to a couple of journalists with whom he was travelling from Aylesbury to town, that he never read a Tory newspaper without coming to the conclusion that the editors only paid half-price for their leading articles. And it may be added that even half-price would have been an excessive sum to pay for the kind of article which at that time appeared in the *Standard*. But a change, almost sudden and certainly very wonderful, came over the paper, and it was transformed from the mere tool of the party whip into the most outspoken and independent of all the morning newspapers of London. Somewhere about 1866 or 1867 a young man named Mudford became a member of the reporting corps of the *Standard* in the House of Commons. He was the younger son of a distinguished London journalist of a bygone generation, and he had first become associated with the *Standard* at the time of the Jamaica Commission, when he had acted as special correspondent of the paper, and had secured the approval of the proprietor (Mr. Johnstone). Mr. Mudford did his duty faithfully in the Gallery, though he did not associate with many of his colleagues. Somewhat reserved in manner, he was ready enough to open his mind to one or two friends. Those who knew him then felt that he was destined to go far. But even then it was noticeable that his strongest aspirations were directed to a position of independence in journalism. To be placed at the head of a great newspaper hardly seemed sufficient for his ambition. He wished to have absolute control of such an organ, so that when it spoke it should speak with his voice alone.

Of course, it was only a day-dream, and it certainly seemed far enough from the chance of realisation in those days—happy days they were, both to him and to others—when young Mr. Mudford divided his time between the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons and his modest chambers in Church Place, Piccadilly, and when he dreamed with a friend of the golden possibilities which for ever lie hidden in the future of youth. But somewhere about twenty years ago a sudden change in his fortunes

took place. The then manager of the *Standard* quitted his position unexpectedly. It was necessary to replace him at once, and Mr. Mudford, to his own surprise, was offered the vacant post. Of course, he accepted it; and very soon he had more than justified his promotion in the eyes of Mr. Johnstone. That department of the paper which falls under the control of the manager showed marked signs of improvement; but perhaps that which made the strongest impression upon the mind of the proprietor was the energy and indomitable courage which this young manager showed in carrying out various changes needed to bring the paper into harmony with the new conditions of the press. No old traditions were allowed for a moment to stand in the way of those changes; nor was any individual, however strong might be his position in the office, permitted to interfere with the due execution of the manager's will. It was as though a young Napoleon had suddenly been launched upon the establishment at Shoe Lane, before whose uncompromising energy the unchangeable itself was bound to change. And then, after a very brief period, there came another and yet more striking piece of promotion. The editor of the paper, who was Mr. Johnstone's eldest son, retired from the position, which was not altogether congenial to him. Mr. Mudford was offered, and accepted, the succession.

Forthwith began those marked changes in the policy of the paper which have done so much to win for it the great position it now occupies. One day someone read with amazement in the *Standard* a leading article in which there was positively a civil and even respectful reference to Mr. Gladstone. The next day a thousand readers were amazed to find that Mr. Disraeli or Lord Salisbury was not regarded as absolutely infallible by the editor. In short, an amazing change had set in, and very quickly men of all parties made the discovery that the *Standard* was worth reading. People might differ from its views by the whole width of the heavens, but at all events they could not deny that those views were independent, original, and honest. Of course, the great revolution was not effected in a day. Mr. Mudford was still merely the editor of a daily newspaper under an active proprietor, and he had always to reckon with Mr. Johnstone's opinions and possible opposition when he ventured upon any new departure. Nor was he without enemies outside. A man who had almost reconstructed the staff of a great daily newspaper, and who had swept aside the effete and useless with an unrelenting hand, was certain to be unpopular with some persons. Nor did the party hacks, who had so long regarded the *Standard* as their mere slave, relish the sudden turn in the tide. Strong efforts were made to induce Mr. Johnstone to remove the new Phaeton to whom the driving of the chariot had been committed. Mr. Johnstone had the good sense to discern where his interests lay, and though there were periods of tension, when Mr. Mudford's resignation seemed imminent, proprietor and editor stood together until the former died.

It was only then that the revolution was fully accomplished. For Mr. Johnstone had made a remarkable will, one of the chief features of which was the appointment of Mr. Mudford as editor for life of the *Standard*. Great must have been the confidence of the proprietor in his editor before he could have made such a will; but however great that confidence may have been, it has been splendidly justified. Now, indeed, the early dreams had come true, and the young reporter of the Parliamentary gallery had become the absolute master of one of the greatest of English journals. For more than a dozen years Mr. Mudford has held this unique position; and during that time, with rare lapses—to be explained, let us hope, on the holiday theory to which we have already referred—the *Standard* has maintained its character for independence, and has again and again displayed a fairness, we might almost say a generosity, towards its political opponents, too rare

in journalism. It has always, of course, been Conservative, and its views have often been narrow. But once and again in critical moments, when party passion has been mounting high, and when the enemies of liberty, always more numerous in the press than its friends, have seemed likely to succeed in obscuring the real issue before the country, the *Standard* has intervened, and in a voice which all could recognise as that of the editor, has told the truth.

One of the secrets of Mr. Mudford's fearless courage is his absolute indifference to those social blandishments which are so freely lavished upon editors of a certain class, and to which so many of them succumb. The "gilded saloons" of the great have no charms for him. He cares nothing for the dinner-parties of Belgravia or the "At Homes" of Mayfair. Indeed, he is seldom seen in a drawing-room, and more than one Mrs. Leo Hunter, anxious to capture that rare bird an invisible editor, has met with a rebuff which must have made her nerves tingle whenever she thought of it. Carrying his independence into small things as well as great, he is known to have declined to receive a duke who came to him to sue for a favour which involved a breach of ordinary press usage, and to have addressed a great political lady of his own party in very plain language indeed when she had ventured upon what he regarded as an impertinence. Living his own life, devoted to his paper and to a few friends, insensible to the attractions of fame, society, fashion, flattery, but keenly alive to the claims of honour and to that delightful sense of power which a man in his position may possess if he will but keep himself free from the entanglements of the world, he is a journalist of a rare but very high type, of whose life's work his fellow-journalists have every reason to be proud.

TRUTH UNDER THE GALLOWS.

IT is a curious point in criminal psychology that murderers have developed a strong distaste for confession. They go to the gallows now with gloomy taciturnity or full of the nauseous unctious of cant. Perhaps the influence of remorse has been a good deal exaggerated by imaginative writers who have figured every Cain as a haunted being with a brand on his brow and the tortures of hell in his heart. Such a mental condition might drive a man to confession or to suicide; but the shedding of blood does not create this hysteria of conscience in murderers who are not dominated by imagination. Macbeth might have walked in his sleep after the murder of Duncan, but it is open to question whether a woman of Lady Macbeth's temperament, with no spiritual vision, but a very clear perception of the practical relation of means and ends, would have ever fallen into the trance induced by the action of remorse on the nervous system. Of actual murderers the types most familiar to us are represented by Neill, the Lambeth poisoner, and Macrae, who has this week expiated a crime which was never in any manner of doubt. Neill observed a savage reticence to the end, but Macrae was profuse with protestations of innocence, and assured his relatives with a sickening profanation of sacred names that he would wait for them in heaven. The poisoner's mood is the more intelligible of the two. He had no visitations of contrition, or any emotion beyond a natural depression, when the last attempt to save him on the plea of insanity had failed. Such a man was likely to die game. There was no one to regret him. The woman he had nearly inveigled into a marriage turned from him in horror. He could easily picture to himself the sensation-loving public eagerly craving for news of a confession; and it must have been a grim pleasure to cheat them. They had watched him hunted from one miserable shift to another till every avenue of escape was barred; but he could at least deny them the crowning satisfaction of see-

ing him grovel in submission to the law and acknowledge the justice of his sentence. So Neill went out of the world with a dogged sense of having baffled it after all, and robbed it of the keen gratification of wringing into print the very soul of an assassin. In a word, a confession is really more interesting than all the incriminating evidence that was ever laid before a jury.

Very different is the case of Macrae. His guilt was established by perfectly irrefutable evidence. He grew weary of a woman he had seduced into profligacy, and brutally murdered her. But, unlike Neill, he had not abandoned himself to indiscriminate debauchery. He had a reputable name, and many friends. He led a double life like Deacon Brodie in Mr. Stevenson's play, but lacked the courageous devilry with which Deacon Brodie faced his Nemesis. Either with a calculating hypocrisy or with a genuine desire to assuage the grief of those who had loved and respected him, he maintained his innocence. His last letter to his wife has every appearance of sincerity, and in his interviews with various members of his family he displayed an earnestness which completely deceived them. What was the dominant motive of this fraud? It is clear that Macrae had none of the dread of the unseen world which formerly disposed a criminal to accept the solemn warning that by confession alone could he make his peace with God. There is a danger in assuming that in the last emergency a man is bound to reflect on all the possibilities that beset him, especially those which belong to a future state. Many people are incapable of this survey. They have no spiritual horizon, and even the consequences of entering the other world with a lie on their lips have no definite shape for them. On that side they see nothing, but to the world they are leaving they cling with all the energies of consciousness. Macrae could realise easily enough that a confession would intensify the calamity to his kindred. In the eyes of the community he was a murderer suffering the just penalty of an abominable crime; but in the eyes of those near and dear to him, he might appear the victim of a terrible mistake, an illustration of the fallibility of circumstantial evidence, one of the long roll of martyrs to human error. Nothing is so easy as to implant this conviction in minds ready to receive it. Every tender tie and every kindly association must strengthen such a belief. Of his fate in eternity Macrae knew nothing; perhaps the thought never troubled him, and yet he could employ the most solemn invocations of religion to impress upon the hearts of his friends the image of a just man sacrificed, which is one of the most familiar illusions in human experience. There are countless cases in which conviction by process of law or of cumulative evidence, irresistible to the discriminating historian, is stoutly denied by generation after generation of partisans, until the object of the controversy becomes canonised by lapse of time. We have no doubt that Macrae's kinsfolk will cherish the memory of his supposed innocence, and continue to believe that his victim, as he predicted, will reappear one day alive and well, or that she will remain in vindictive seclusion to delude the world into the belief that the gallows has devoured its lawful prey.

"THE JOURNALIST ELECT."

"There is no other hope for journalism, and if it does not follow this high road, the only alternative is its ruin; and this ruin will be mingled with the universal ruin which it will have caused."—BLOWITZ.

GROUNDLINGS, envious of the great, may find in the curious article from which the above apocalyptic, not to say Micawberesque, passage is taken, occasion for the old reflection, so consoling to their kind—*quantulâ sapientiâ regitur mundus!* For it is M. Blowitz, we know, by whom the world

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is really ruled, and his, and not Mr. Walter's or Mr. Buckle's, the Olympian head whose nod causes the universe to shake and Printing House Square to emit its thunderbolts. But this consideration may be left to the groundlings. We find M. Blowitz's article interesting for quite another reason. M. Blowitz, in fact, has tackled a great question, a question of growing importance to society, and one which has already seriously occupied the minds of a Chartered Institute—the question, namely, What must Journalism do to be saved? It may be remembered that some months ago the Institute of Journalists held debates and passed resolutions upon this subject, and that we ourselves took the liberty of making a few remarks upon the result. Most impressive is it now to find that M. Blowitz, working on quite independent lines—and under the impulse of a gracious anxiety as to what may become of the world, and of journalism which makes the world go round, when he has left the scene—has arrived at the same remarkable conclusion as the Institute in question. He thinks there is nothing for it but for journalism to be organised into a profession. Otherwise, the universal ruin to which he so eloquently refers above stares mankind in the face. Journalism must be taught, like law or divinity, and society, for its own protection, must “create the type of the journalist elect.” It seems a simple method to avert so great a calamity. Yet it has baffled minor minds till now, and even the Journalists' Institute had to separate without explaining very clearly how the thing might be done. This is not the way with M. Blowitz. Olympian minds are not to be defeated when they confront great problems which clamour for a solution. He has asked himself the momentous ruin- or salvation-bearing question, “Can a young man be taught to become a journalist?” And he has not only answered in the affirmative, but he has explained with a directness and a precision all his own the method by which society may proceed to create for itself this sublimated and elect protector of its future. Here is his scheme:—

“One day I called together six of my friends belonging to different nationalities. I submitted to them my idea, and we elaborated together a scheme. We insisted, first, that the young aspirant to journalism should have finished his eighteenth year, and should possess the first regular degree according to the collegiate education of his country. We demanded that he should be seriously grounded in the elements of two languages other than his own. We insisted, furthermore, on having five years of his time, so that his career should not begin before he was twenty-three, or even later. We would then place this young man in the hands of professors who for two years would teach him the history and literature of each of the great historic and literary divisions of Europe, running over remote periods very rapidly, and becoming more careful and detailed as one drew nearer to the present moment. He would be initiated into the origin and tendencies of spirit of his most remarkable contemporaries in every country. He would be given a general idea of the political constitutions, the ethnologic and climatic conditions, the products, the geographical situation, the means of communication, the armed forces, the budgets, and the public debts of every nation. He would be given the documents necessary for consultation. He would be taught to draw both landscapes and the human face. He would learn to box, to ride on horseback, and to use a revolver.”

But the education of the Journalist Elect does not stop here. Having mastered landscapes and the human face and the use of the revolver, the catechumen must spend three years more in foreign travel and at foreign schools of journalism—a series of which schools are to be established over the earth and formed into a federation for his benefit, appeal being made “to the resources even of the world” to found them for him “in the name of social safety and the general good.” As a further precaution there is to be established in every capital “a paper called the *Judge*,” whose function it is to be to “take up every morning the errors of allusion—historical, political, geographical, or what not—and put them in the pillory.” This organ is to be the judge—“yes, the merciless judge of all that is false, lying, calumnious, or of evil report presented to the

impressible and credulous public.” We might remark that there already exists—it is in New York—“a paper called *The Judge*.” But it is a comic paper (full of unregenerate jokes and irresponsible frivolities in the shape of coloured cartoons), and it is clear that there is to be nothing comic in the journalism of the future. We notice that all reformers of the Press, whether here or abroad, give to this element a marked avoidance. Possibly the gaiety of nations is doomed to be eclipsed by the contemplation of the calamities from which the Journalist Elect is about to save us.

What gives special point and value to M. Blowitz's scheme is that he has discovered a pupil for his training. By a coincidence which seems almost providential, this ingenuous youth turned up from Utrecht, sent to M. Blowitz by his father to be experimented upon, just as the great journalist and his friends were about to separate after their conference. They had the young man in. “He pleased us,” says M. Blowitz; “we drew up for him a programme, which he followed, and which he will continue to follow to the end; and with common consent we adjourned until the completion of the experiment thus begun.” It is thrilling to learn that so far the result is “completely satisfactory.” “The young man has begun his travels. He knows almost the whole of Europe. He has written to now one or another of us from almost every point, letters which are very curious and interesting, and he promises certainly to become a journalist.” We have only now to wait until this prodigy, pronounced by the hierophant fully initiate, shall burst upon the Press of Europe to save it from its impending doom.

All this is illustrious sanction for the theories of the Institute of Journalists, and almost we are persuaded to waver in our heretical belief. But when we assay M. Blowitz's ideas more minutely, we come upon a little element of alloy which throws us back again. It is precisely the same idea which convinced us that the Institute of Journalists, in wanting to “erect journalism into a profession,” was not as broad or as disinterested as it might be in its conception of the calling which it has undertaken to protect. M. Blowitz has the following passage:—

“What can be affirmed is that these schools would create in each country a class of select journalists, against whose varied and complete acquirements any new-comer for this career would meet with an inevitable check owing to his poverty of experience and attainments. Journalists not graduated from these schools would soon form an inferior class, and before long journalism, established as a definite career, would be quite purified, as it were, and include only authoritative workers.”

In other words, journalism would be organised into a professional mandarinat and a particularly close corporation. And does any man of common sense—M. Blowitz's sense is uncommon—imagine that journalism would be the better for such a mandarinat, or indeed that the public would submit to its lectures and decrees? M. Blowitz is great and glorious in his place, but we fear the newspaper-reading public would be inclined somewhat irreverently to rebel against a Press managed altogether by Blowitzs and young men from Utrecht. Our conception of the sources of the power and the dangers of the Press is, we humbly confess, very different from that of reformers of this type. Its true correctives, we imagine, are public opinion, public taste, and the law of the land; and within these restrictions its true power consists in its being as free and unchartered as possible.

THE DRAMA.

“ROBIN GOODFELLOW”—“A WHITE LIE.”

AFTER his *Liberty Hall*, Mr. Carton's *Robin Goodfellow* is a disappointment. In the St. James's piece the action grew out of the characters, and that is the method of real life. It was not a good action. But, such as it was, it came in its right place; the characters were thought of first, and

existed for themselves. At the Garrick this order is reversed. The action, it is pretty safe to say, was first invented, and then the characters were made to fit it. Nature, unfortunately, never proceeds in this way, and so from first to last *Robin Goodfellow* never gives one the illusion of life. Some trait of character is presented, and you immediately speculate as to the reason of its introduction. You follow the action and, in due time, you perceive that this particular trait was necessary to make the action plausible. As an inevitable consequence, you feel that you are not studying human nature, but the ingenuity with which the playwright can piece together a story. Suppose Shakespeare had written *Macbeth*, not to depict (among other things) the characters of the Thane of Cawdor and his wife, but to interest us in the question whether Macbeth would ultimately be slain by Macduff or not. We should remember that no man born of woman could slay him, and should be curious as to what was going to happen. Then the dramatist would suddenly spring upon us the fact that Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripped, and we should feel (like Macbeth) that we had been sold. We should feel that the action had been thought of first, and that the personages had been invented to fit it. But Shakespeare did not go about play-writing in this fashion. No great dramatist ever does. The lesser dramatists often do, to be sure, and sometimes successfully enough. The whole theatre of Scribe and Sardou is constructed on this plan. But then the action must be good in itself, and the action of *Robin Goodfellow* is not good. It turns upon a marriage, a marriage which at least four people, including the contracting parties, do not want, and yet very nearly comes off—not quite, of course, because *Robin Goodfellow* is a comedy, not a tragedy—owing to a train of elaborate, artificial, and extremely improbable circumstances. The four people are two pairs of lovers. I cannot remember their names, and I have lost my programme, so let me call the lads John Doe and Richard Roe, and the girls Olivia and Sophia. John Doe loves and is beloved by Olivia; they are as good as engaged. Richard Roe and Sophia are actually, but clandestinely, engaged. The problem Mr. Carton has set himself is to break up these relationships, and to make all concerned acquiesce in a marriage between John and Sophia. The first obstacle to this arrangement is, obviously, Richard Roe. Mr. Carton disposes of Richard by the simple process of ejection: he sends him on a visit to the South of France. Now Sophia's objections have to be removed. This is done by a trick-letter, a letter which can be read in two ways, and which stage heroines invariably read in the wrong way. The letter announces the marriage of Richard Roe. This, we of the audience know, is not our Richard Roe, but Richard's uncle, who has the same Christian name. But Sophia does not know it, and, upon sight of the announcement, is, in the nervous crisis consequent upon being jilted, ready to marry anybody. Hereupon Mr. Carton has to invent reasons why she should marry John Doe. To this end he provides John with a wealthy and omnipotent (but happily invisible) grandfather, whose heart is set upon a marriage between his grandson and Sophia. This is a mere caprice on the old gentleman's part—but one mustn't be too captious. John has laughingly mentioned this caprice to Sophia, but has so mentioned it that the girl can be persuaded to take it as a serious proposal. She does so take it—and lo! John finds himself engaged to the wrong lady! But why does he acquiesce? He loves Olivia, not Sophia; why does he not say so? Here Mr. Carton finds himself driven to the invention of a bit of character that will fit his action. He presents John as a lazy, good-natured lad, with no will; his character is like Squire Brooke's mind, a jelly which runs easily into any mould. Hence his nickname of "Robin Goodfellow." Partly from a mistaken notion of chivalry, partly from sheer inertia, he accepts the engagement. But there

remains the fourth obstacle to the match—Olivia. Surely she will speak out? She would—but she has a father. Her father is strongly interested in the conclusion of a marriage between John and Sophia. For he has been squandering money which ought to have been paid to John's grandfather, and, if the match does not come off, his peculations will be exposed. Here you have another character invented to suit the action—the spendthrift father, who bullies his virtuous daughter in private, an airy humbug in public—an old, a very old, theatrical friend. Nevertheless, Olivia would tell the truth and shame her father—but she has a grandmother. It is the grandmother's money which Olivia's father has been squandering. Also, the grandmother has a weak heart, to which the slightest shock would be fatal. And now you see how Olivia's lips are closed. All this, of course, is not life, but laborious stage-artifice. You know what will happen. In due time—towards eleven o'clock, when the audience have to catch their suburban trains—Richard Roe will come back from the South of France, will explain that it was not his but his uncle's wedding to which the trick-letter referred, and with a return of the couples to their old positions the play will end. Some first-class acting is wasted upon *Robin Goodfellow*. As the prodigal father Mr. Hare is delightful, working up a part which, as I have said, is not new, into a semblance of novelty by thoughtful care for infinitely minute details, and a keen eye for humorous possibilities. Mr. Forbes-Robertson is excellent, too, as John Doe, and his task is more difficult, for he has to complete what the playwright—apparently supposing that a sketch of weak character is the same thing as a weak sketch of character—has only vaguely conceived. Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Norreys are charming as Olivia and Sophia, and minor parts are well filled by Mrs. Edmund Phelps and Mr. Hare the younger. If the play has a run, it will be another case of "it's the riding that did it."

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have returned to London, after an absence of nearly four years, have taken the Avenue Theatre, and have produced a new version of Mr. Sydney Grundy's comedy, *A White Lie*. Four years, reckoning by the play-house calendar, is a long time—quite long enough for me at least to have forgotten a good deal of Mr. Grundy's original piece, as well as some of the histrionic peculiarities of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. The play, which shows how a sensible woman takes, not very sensibly, a silly woman's escapade upon her shoulders, and the awkward consequences that ensue, is now a curious mixture of comedy and farce. The consequences were, in the first version, if I remember rightly, tragic—there was a justly incensed husband, a wife driven from her home, and even, I believe, a duel (at any rate, I am sure there was an arm in a sling); now, they are merely comic—ladies lurk in bedrooms and behind doors, playing a game of hide-and-seek with their husbands according to the rules devised by the late M. Edmond Gondinet. But here, as at the Garrick, the play is not the thing: the interest centres in that admirable comedy-actress, Mrs. Kendal, and in the question of the effect which her sojourn in America has had upon her talent. For my part, I am not surprised to find that talent—shall I say a little travel-stained? Has it not lost something of its freshness and delicacy? I put this interrogatively, because, as I have said, four years is a long time, and we all have a tendency to spiritualise our friends in their absence, to make our mental image of them a little more ethereal than the reality. But even with this reservation, I do not think that four years ago Mrs. Kendal pitched her voice quite so high, laughed quite so boisterously, "underlined" her part quite so heavily as she does now. Her talent for embodying what I will call the "conjugal" idea is now, as ever, indisputable. In this piece of Mr. Grundy's she has to play the wife with a turn for "management," the wife who overwhelms her husband with cares about his portmanteau, his

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comforter, his sandwiches, who is, in fact, as much a mother to him as a wife—so that I feel inclined to substitute “maternal” for “conjugal” idea. Moreover, she represents the instinctive woman as opposed to the intellectual woman, the prosaic as opposed to the romantic, the equanimous as opposed to the deliriously passionate—no, I really could not imagine Mrs. Kendal as a dishevelled or morbid heroine. There are signs of revolt on the stage as off it against this “grateful and comforting” type of the Eternal Feminine; but so long as Mrs. Kendal is there to play it, I fancy few of us will complain. As for Mr. Kendal, he is as choice a stage-exponent of the “manly man” as is Mrs. Kendal of the “womanly woman”: between them they represent the types, physical and mental, who (in company with a gigantic Newfoundland dog) always get the best of it in Mr. Du Maurier's sketches. A. B. W.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

LORD PEMBROKE, “THE SPEAKER,” AND THE AGRICULTURAL QUESTION.

SIR,—The writer of the article under the above title in the last number of THE SPEAKER is kind enough to say that my “arguments are typical, and will repay examination.” At the risk of seeming ungracious, I cannot help saying that I wish he had examined them a little more closely, for, to judge by his reply, he does not seem to have apprehended them at all. He simply restates the proposition that I attacked, and takes no notice of the arguments that I brought against it, except to misrepresent them. These be tart words, but I use them in no ill-humour, and will briefly show that they are true.

His proposition was in effect that the chief burden upon the land was the rent, and that the remedy for agricultural distress was to sweep it away. I answered that (apart from the fact that this would obviously bring no benefit to those who were farming their own land and losing money in the process) there was a limit to the relief that could be obtained in this way, a limit that had already been reached in many cases. Rents, of course, must and would come down if they could not be paid; but if they were reduced below a certain point, it would become impossible for the landlord to construct and maintain all the permanent improvements, and to make all the miscellaneous outlays that are necessary for the welfare of an estate and those who live on it, and by which the cultivators benefit.

And it is on this point—which your contributor oddly classes amongst the “minor points” of my article—that I have to complain of misrepresentation. “My argument,” he says, “in respect of farm buildings (he should have included labourers' cottages and all other landlords' outlay) sounds hardly serious. Why should landlords' investments in farm buildings be specially protected any more than town holders' investments?” Why, indeed? I never said or implied anything of the sort. What I said was, “Rents must, of course, come down if they cannot be paid. But there is a limit to the relief that can be obtained in this way. In many cases the farmer is already getting the land for nothing, the rent amounting to no more than a fair interest on the house, buildings, cottages, and other permanent improvements, worth in the aggregate many thousands of pounds. Is the landlord to get nothing for these either? And, if rent is to be abolished, how in the future are they to be built and maintained, and the many other wants of a landed estate provided for?” My argument was that when rents fell below a certain level the landlord was no longer able to provide and maintain such improvements, and that this marked the limit to which relief could be given to the cultivator by reduction of rent. When it has been reached, reductions of rent cease to be beneficial to the farmer, because they place upon him, *pari passu*, either the burden of making outlays that have hitherto been made by the landlord, but which he can make no longer, or the disadvantage of doing without necessary improvements.

Your contributor takes no notice of this argument, of which I give here the brief outline, and which I pointed out could be seen illustrated by painful facts on many estates already. Nor does he heed my reminder that a large proportion of the £70,000,000 of rent (assuming the figures to be correct) goes

back upon the land, and never reaches the landlords' private bankers at all, but continues to write, quite undisturbed, of “rent” being “a penalty upon industry, which goes straight into the pockets of a single and unproductive class,” and of “the biggest and plainest fact of the situation” being “this £70,000,000 burdening and crippling British agriculture.”

With regard to the relief of the land from fiscal burdens, which I advocate, the writer of the article in THE SPEAKER seems to incline to the doctrine of *beati possidentes*, and to take it as a matter of course that every landlord should be in favour of it, and everyone not a landlord against it. He fears that it is a question upon which interested parties will take their sides according to their interests. But is not this rather too narrow a way of looking at a big question of statesmanship?—a little wanting in sweetness and light; a little unnecessarily cynical and brutal, even for the political days we live in? Surely such a question might be considered, to some extent at least, upon its own merits? It seems to me that there are two points for consideration, and I positively declare that I feel open to conviction upon either of them, though your contributor opines that my conversion would be too much to expect of human nature, and expects me to turn away from the truth sorrowfully on account of my great possessions.

The first is, whether land is or is not fairly taxed in proportion to its real value as compared with other forms of property; and the second—if any further consideration should be thought necessary—is, whether it is worth while, from a national point of view, to do anything to keep British land in cultivation.

As regards this second question, those who are connected with British land have no right to ask more than that it shall receive a thorough and fair consideration; but they have a right to demand that everyone who aims at guiding public opinion shall give it an honest answer, and that those who are not ready to make the smallest sacrifice to keep British land in cultivation shall have the courage of their convictions, and say so frankly, instead of opposing in detail every proposal that is brought forward for bettering its conditions; and trying to distract attention from the true causes and the real issues by insinuating, without an atom of evidence, that the blame lies with the British land system, which, they declare, is doomed; and assuming, without one particle of proof, that it can and will be superseded by some other system that will be more successful. It is altogether premature to make such an assumption until they can point to some other European country, approximately like our own, successfully facing the open competition in all kinds of produce that the British land system has had to endure. The French peasant, in parts where the crops are at all similar to our own, with all his industry and thrift, scouts the possibility, and the experiment would be looked upon by nine Frenchmen out of ten as insane. There are many who believe—and I am certainly one of them—that there is no known land system in Europe that would have stood the strain so well. In its best developments—that is, on large estates, to which it is best suited—there is no system so elastic, for the large landlord can put up with a very small return from each farm, while the tenant is equipped with first-rate accommodation at a moderate cost, and has all his capital available to farm with, instead of having it locked up in land and buildings. This it is that has enabled him to endure a long succession of losses and low profits that would have ruined a small proprietor in a couple of seasons. “What! in spite of having two profits to make?” people like your contributor will probably cry. Yes; but with two capitals at his back, it must be remembered. And the British tenant-farmer is not the only cultivator who has to make a profit for someone besides himself. The *erreur mère*, if I may say so, of people like your contributor on this subject, is that they will insist on regarding rent solely as a useless and iniquitous impost, and do not see that it is in the main interest on necessary capital, which has to be found somehow, and which has always to be paid for, sooner or later, in one form or another. And the British landowner probably provides it on as reasonable terms as anyone. If they would read such books as “Main-travelled Roads,” which tell of the unremitting toil and grinding poverty of the American farmer, they would realise that a man may be crushed by rent though he has no landlord, and calls it by another name. It is interest on mortgages over there, and is certainly not less oppressive and inexorable than rent. Land, buildings, and all other improvements have got to be provided

and paid for somehow. If there is no landlord the farmer must find the capital, and the interest on it will probably exceed the rent he would have to pay if the farm was let to him. Our farmers thoroughly understand this in their practical way. "Dirt cheap" as land often is now, they seldom buy, and often repent if they do. It does not pay them, they simply say. Either it locks up the capital they want to farm with, or, if they borrow the purchase-money, it spells ruin. The bank or the money-lender will not give remissions or lay out money to make the farm more profitable. For the same reason large landowners used to be constantly besought by small freeholders to buy their land in order that they might realise their capital and use it in farming; and this has been one of the chief causes of the regrettable extinction of the yeoman class. Many years ago the late Judge Longfield ingeniously demonstrated that the least profitable thing that any man could do who possessed thirty acres of land was to farm it himself, and he showed, amongst other things, that it would usually pay him far better to sell it and subject himself to the iniquitous impost of rent.

But I must not take up more of your space with the propagation of such hoary but unfashionable truths.—Yours faithfully,

January 9th, 1893.

PEMBROKE.

*** We are compelled to hold over several letters until next week.

A NEW-YEAR LETTER:

TO TWO FRIENDS MARRIED IN THE NEW YEAR.

(To Mr. and Mrs. James Welch.)

ANOTHER year to its last day,
Like a lost sovereign, runaway,
Tips down the gloomy grid of Time.
In vain to holloa, "Stop it! hey!"—
A cab-horse that has taken fright,
Be you a policeman, stop you may;
But not a sovereign mad with glee
That scampers to the grid, perdie,
And not a year that's taken flight:
To both 'tis just a grim good-night.

But no! the imagery, say you,
Is wondrous witty—but not true;
For the old year that last night went
Has not been so much lost as spent:
You gave it in exchange to Death
For just twelve months of happy breath.

It was a ticket to admit
Two happy people close to sit—
A "season" ticket, one might say,
At Time's eternal passion play.

O magic overture of Spring,
O Summer like an Eastern king,
O Autumn, splendid widowed queen,
O Winter, alabaster tomb
Where lie the regal twain serene,
Gone to their yearly doom.

But all you bought with that spent year,
Ah, friends, it was as nothing, was it?
Nothing at all to hold compare
With what you buy with this New Year.

A home! ah me, you could not buy
Another half so precious toy
With all the other years to come
As that grown-up doll's-house—a home.

O wine upon its threshold stone,
And horse-shoes on the lintel of it,
And happy hearts to keep it warm,
And God Himself to love it!

Dear little nest built snug on bough
Within the World-Tree's mighty arms,
I would I knew a spell that charms
Eternal safety from the storm;

To give you always stars above,
And always roses on the bough—
But then the Tree's own root is Love,
Love, love, all love, I vow.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS.

MESSRS. HARPER BROTHERS, of New York, have lately printed and published, and Mr. Brander Matthews has written, the prettiest possible little book, called "Americanisms and Britishisms, with other Essays on other Isms." To slip it into your pocket when first you see it is an almost irresistible impulse, and yet—would you believe it?—this pretty little book is in reality a bomb, intended to go off and damage British authors by preventing them from being so much as quoted in the States. Mr. Brander Matthews, however, is so obviously a good-natured man, and his little fit of the spleen is so evidently of a passing character, that it is really not otherwise than agreeable to handle his bomb-shell gently and to inquire how it could possibly come about that the children of one family should ever be invited to fall out and strive and fight over their little books and papers.

It is easy to accede to something to Mr. Matthews. Englishmen, and *Saturday Reviewers* in particular, are often provoking, and not infrequently insolent. The airs they give themselves are ridiculous, but nobody really minds them in these moods; and, *per contra*, Americans are not easily laughed out of a good conceit of themselves, and have been known to be as disagreeable as they could.

To try to make "an international affair" over the "u" in honour and the second "l" in traveller is surely a task beneath the dignity of anyone who does not live by penning paragraphs for the evening papers, yet this is very much what Mr. Matthews attempts to do in this pleasingly bound little volume. It is rank McKinleyism from one end to the other. "Every nation," says he, "ought to be able to supply its own second-rate books, and to borrow from abroad only the best the foreigner has to offer it." What invidious distinctions! Who is to prepare the classification? I don't understand this Tariff at all. If anything of the kind were true, which it is not, I should have said it was just the other way, and that a nation, if it really were one, would best foster its traditions and maintain its vitality by consuming its own first-rate books—its Shakespeares and Bacons, its Taylors and Miltons, its Drydens and Gibbons, its Wordsworths and Tennysons—whilst it might very well be glad to vary the scene a little by borrowing from abroad less vitalising but none the less agreeable wares.

But the whole notion is preposterous. In Fish and Potatoes a ring is possible, but hardly in Ideas. What is the good of being educated and laboriously acquiring foreign tongues and lingoes—getting to know, for instance, what a "freight" train is and what a bobolink—if I am to be prevented by a diseased patriotism from reading whatever I choose in any language I can? Mr. Matthews' wrath, or his seeming wrath—for it is impossible to suppose that he is really angry—grows redder as he proceeds. "It cannot," he exclaims, "be said too often or too emphatically that the British are foreigners, and their ideals in life, in literature, in politics, in taste, in art" (why not add "in victuals and drink?") "are not our ideals."

What rant this is! Mr. Matthews, however frequently and loudly he repeats himself, cannot unchain the canons of taste and compel them to be domiciled exclusively in America; nor can he hope to persuade the more intelligent of his countrymen to sail to the devil in an ark of their own sole

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construction. Artists all the world over are subject to the same laws. Nations, however big, are not the arbiters of good taste, though they may be excellent exemplars of bad. As for Mr. Matthews' determination to call Britons foreigners, that is his matter, but feelings of this kind, to do any harm, must be both reciprocal and general. The majority of reasonable Englishmen and Americans will, except when angry, feel it as hard to call one another foreigners as John Bright once declared he would find it hard to shout "bastard" after the issue of a marriage between a man and his deceased wife's sister.

There is a portrait of Mr. Matthews at the beginning of this book or bomb of his, and he does not look in the least like a foreigner. I am sorry to disappoint him, but truth will out even in a "Causerie." The fact is that Mr. Matthews has no mind for reciprocity; he advises Cousin Sam to have nothing to do with John Bull's second-rate performances, but he feels a very pardonable pride in the fact that John Bull more and more reads his cousin's short stories and other things of the kind.

He gives a countrywoman of his, Miss Agnes Repplier, quite a scolding for quoting in a little book of hers no less than fifteen British authors of very varying degrees of merit. Why, in the name of common-sense, should she not if they serve her turn? Was a more ludicrous passage than the following ever penned? It follows immediately after the enumeration of the fifteen authors just referred to:—

"But there is nothing from Lowell, than whom a more quotable writer never lived. In like manner we find Miss Repplier discussing the novels and characters of Miss Austen and of Scott, of Dickens, of Thackeray, and of George Eliot, but never once referring to the novels or characters of Hawthorne. Just how it was possible for any clever American woman to write nine essays in criticism, rich in references and quotations, without once happening on Lowell or on Hawthorne, is to me inexplicable."

O Patriotism, what follies are committed in thy name!

The fact is it is a weak point in certain American writers of "the patriotic school" to be for ever dragging in and puffing the native article, just because it is native and for no other reason whatever; as if it mattered an atom whether an author whom, whilst you are discussing literature, you find it convenient to quote was born in Boston, Lincoln, or Boston, Massachusetts. One wearies of it indescribably. It is always Professor This or Colonel That. If you want to quote, quote and let your reader judge your samples; but do not worry him into rudeness by clawing and scraping.

Here we all are, Heaven knows how many million of us, speaking, writing, and spelling the English language more or less ungrammatically and etymologically in a world as full as it can hold of sorrows and cares, and fustian and folly. Literature is a solace and a charm. I will not stop for a moment in my headlong course to compare it with tobacco; though if it ever came to the vote, mine would be cast for letters. Men and women have been born in America as in Great Britain and Ireland, who have written books, poems, and songs which have lightened sorrow, eased pain, made childhood fascinating, middle-age endurable, and old age comfortable. They will go on being born and doing this in both places. What reader cares a snap of his finger where the man was cradled who makes him for a while forget himself. Nationality indeed! It is not a question of Puffendorf or Grotius or Wheaton, even in the American edition with Mr. Dana's notes, but of enjoyment, of happiness, out of which we do not intend to be fleeced. Let us throw all our books into hotch-pot. Who cares about spelling? Milton spelt dog with two g's. The American Milton, when he comes, may spell it with three, while all the world wonders, if he is so minded.

But we are already in hotch-pot. Cooper and Irving, Longfellow, Bryant and Poe, Hawthorne,

Lowell and Whitman, and living writers by the score from the other side of the sea, are indistinguishably mixed with our own books and authors. The boundaries are hopelessly confused, and it is far too late for Mr. Brander Matthews to come upon the scene with chalk and tape, and try to mark us off into rival camps.

There is some girding and gibing, of course. Authors and critics cannot help wagging at one another. Some affect the grand air, "assume the god," and attempt to distinguish, as Mr. Matthews himself does in this little book of his, "between the authors who are to be taken seriously and the writers who are not to be taken seriously, between the man of letters who is somebody and the scribbler who is merely, in the French phrase, *quelconque*, nobody in particular." Others, again, though leading quiet, decent lives, pass themselves off in literature as swaggering Bohemians, cut-and-thrust men. When these meet there must be blows—pen-and-ink blows, as bloodless as a French duel. All the time the stream of events flows giganatically along. But to the end of all things Man will require to be interested, to be taken out of himself, to be amused; and that interest, that zest, that amusement, he will find where he can—at home or abroad, with alien friends or alien enemies: what cares he?

My only regret is that American books are not more easily obtainable in London. Mr. David Douglas has done a good work, but it is still very difficult to get hold of American books. I should like to read Miss Repplier's essays very much.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

A LIBERAL GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK. By Demetrius C. Boulger. ("Rulers of India" Series). Oxford and London: The Clarendon Press.

IN the somewhat miscellaneous list of personages to whom Sir William Hunter has allotted the sonorous title of "Rulers of India" Lord William Bentinck's name may reasonably find a place. It is a disadvantage inseparable from the system of fitting Indian history into a series of brief biographies, often recording only a few years of official life, that the continuity of the general narrative is broken, the connection of events is lost, and the transactions of a very limited period have to be set in a special frame, arranged and coloured to produce the effect of a picture. Nevertheless this Governor-Generalship (from 1828 to 1835) undoubtedly represents a well-marked episode of Anglo-Indian history; it was an era of liberal and civilising administration, of quiet material progress, and of some important moral and educational reforms. Lord Amherst, whom Lord W. Bentinck succeeded, had just closed a costly and troublesome Burmese war; and with Lord Auckland, who followed him, began our disastrous campaigns in Afghanistan. Between Amherst and Auckland came an interval of calm rulership that was well employed in the work of domestic improvements and internal organisation, favoured by the current of public opinion and political discussion in England. The liberal spirit which had accomplished at home the enfranchisement of Roman Catholics, and which was insisting on Parliamentary Reform, had to some extent influenced the views of Englishmen towards India. The expiration of the term of the East India Company's Charter, and the debate over its renewal, had drawn attention to Indian affairs; the Act which was passed in 1833 to prolong the Charter removed the last vestige of the company's commercial monopoly, and finally completed the transformation of the old trading corporation into a special agency for the government of a vast Asiatic dependency.

Mr. Boulger has good grounds therefore for declaring that "Lord W. Bentinck's tenure of authority represents a turning-point in British rule in India." His high encomium on the Governor-General's administration is justified by a testimonial from Sir Charles Trevelyan, who stated publicly in 1853 that "to Lord W. Bentinck belongs the great praise of having placed our dominion in India on its proper foundation in the recognition of the great principle that India is to be governed for the benefit of the Indians"—a statement that Mr. Boulger has thought worthy of being twice quoted in his book. Macaulay's finely-composed inscription on the Calcutta statue of Bentinck also records the "veneration and gratitude with which different races cherish the memory of his wise, reforming, and paternal administration." Much of this credit is due to the clear-headed activity with which Macaulay and Sir Charles Metcalfe, two excellent representatives of enlightened statesmanship in England and in India, were at this time pressing forward public instruction and wider openings for associating natives in their country's government; yet much praise is also due to Lord W. Bentinck for his consistent and resolute exertions on the side of enlightened progress. At Madras, where he was Governor from 1805 to 1809, he had made mistakes and had been virtually recalled; his campaigns in Sicily and Italy during our war against Napoleon had by no means won him a military reputation. James Mill, whom he met in 1827, thought him "a well-intentioned but not a very well-instructed man;" and Charles Greville notes in his diary that "Bentinck is a man whose success in life has been greater than his talents warrant." Nevertheless he was evidently endowed with rectitude of purpose, earnestness in doing what he thought right, simplicity of character, and a certain largeness of heart—qualities which, as was shown by the later career of Lord Mayo, will go quite as far as brilliant talents in the composition of an effective and popular Governor-General.

It was Lord W. Bentinck who issued, a few months before his term of office expired, the Resolution which finally decreed that English should be the official language of India. This important State paper is based on Macaulay's famous Minute, in which he utterly routed the party that still held to the system of conveying public instruction to Indians through Oriental languages. To that party belonged no less an authority than James Mill, who had great influence with the governing body at home, and who drafted a formidable official censure upon Bentinck's proceedings, which seems never to have left the archives of the India House. But the chief title of this Governor-General to posthumous fame rests on the Act which he had the courage to pass for putting an end to the burning of Indian widows. In these days such a measure may appear obviously just and necessary; but in 1829 it was not adopted without much hesitation and many misgivings; for the real nature of public opinion on such subjects among the natives of India was then very imperfectly understood. The point at which natural morality becomes too strong for superstitious beliefs is always difficult to discover, though since inhuman or scandalous rites are never really popular, and as morals depend mainly upon laws, an ordinance that takes its stand indisputably upon a strong ethical basis is very hard to resist. Lord W. Bentinck's Act was at once and completely successful; and the Minute in which he recorded the objects and reasons for legislation is still worth reading at pages 96—107 of this volume. "Of the 463 *satis* occurring in the whole of the Presidency of Fort William, 420 took place in Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa; and of these, 287 in the Calcutta division alone." In the Upper or North-Western Provinces there were only forty-three cases among a population of twenty millions. As these statistics indicated that the crime was chiefly prevalent among the docile and habitually submissive races of Lower Bengal, the Governor-General rightly

inferred that its peremptory suppression, far from involving political danger, would be accepted as liberation from a yoke which the people themselves lacked energy to throw off.

Of Lord William Bentinck's foreign policy, there is not much to be said. He was the first—indeed, he has been the last—Governor-General in whose time unbroken peace has been given to British India, if we exclude the despatch of troops to put down local insurrections in Mysore and in Coorg. In the management of some troublesome business with Hyderabad and the Rajput States he could rely on the skill and experience of Sir Charles Metcalfe; and he adjusted with success the much more important question of our diplomatic relations with Ranjit Singh, the ruler of the Punjab. But his commercial treaty with Ranjit Singh, and his convention with the Amirs of Sind for opening the Indus river to British commerce, were in point of fact the preliminary steps that led us, a few years later, out upon the wide and perilous field of Afghan politics. This was a time at which the rumours of Russia's advance across Central Asia were reviving in India the ever-sensitive apprehensions of the English Government. A successful war had given the Russians predominant influence in Persia; Afghanistan was distracted by a dynastic contest; and the Shah of Persia was preparing to attack Herat. The possibility of the overland invasion of India, and the question of the measures necessary for the security of our north-western frontier, were now occupying the minds of India's rulers; and the discussion was beginning that has never since ended. Sir Charles Metcalfe was in favour of masterly inactivity, of husbanding our resources and waiting on events. Lord William Bentinck's opinion is recorded at length in a Minute which Mr. Boulger has inserted in this volume, and which has still some retrospective interest as describing our military position in India about sixty years ago, when our land frontiers were insecure, our native army indispensable but untrustworthy, and England four months distant. "I fearlessly pronounce," said Lord W. Bentinck, "the Indian army to be the least efficient and most expensive in the world." It is now the least expensive and most efficient army within the British Empire; the Red Sea route, which in those days was just being explored, has reduced to sixteen days the voyage from England; but we are still in search of the scientific frontier that is to be our barrier against the invasion of India.

In his final review of Lord William Bentinck's Indian career, Mr. Boulger is at some superfluous pains to justify a policy which held out to the natives the prospect of equal rights and an honourable share in the government. No one now contests the soundness of such principles; nor does anyone now deny that in the intellectual emancipation of our Indian fellow-subjects we may look for the surest available guarantee of the permanency of our empire. If these views did not originate with Lord William Bentinck, they were for the first time definitely announced and acted upon under his Governor-Generalship; and since their wisdom has by this time been amply proved, we agree that the part which he took in the consolidation of our Indian dominion was, as Mr. Boulger says, a great and honourable one.

PICTURES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES. By Austin Dobson. London: Chatto & Windus.

It will be a thousand pities if, in the bustle and profusion of modern book-making, the rare merit of this volume of miniature essays should pass unheeded. It presents, in all probability, the most exact series of pictures of a certain past society which has ever been given to us. If this seems strong praise, we are yet entitled to ask anyone who

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objects to the terms of it, where have hitherto been combined so great a power of imaginative revival and so extraordinarily minute a knowledge of detail as Mr. Dobson brings to his reconstruction of the eighteenth century? It is true that he is not a broad painter of life. His pictures are like peeps through the wrong end of a telescope, and his effects are at once heightened in their exactitude and lessened in their power to move us by his extreme scrupulousness. This scrupulousness, if we may hint almost the only fault which may be suggested, sometimes degenerates into timidity. When he has charmed us by a brilliant little composition, he worries us by explaining in an aside that all the details are correct. We are sure they are, and we resent being told so. Mr. Austin Dobson never takes fire as Thackeray does, and never rises on the wing of an eloquent peroration. He speaks in a low and uniform tone of voice, and we must put our ear near his lips to hear him. But in knowledge, in precision of fancy, in equipment for this work of reconstruction, he has not had his equal.

These "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" are twenty in number, and nineteen of them are of a tantalising brevity. The twentieth, which is the last in the book, is of a different character. It is a minute and even exhaustive account of Old Vauxhall Gardens, put together, like a mosaic pavement, with little bits extracted from Walpole and Colman, from Moritz and Smollett and Miss Burney, and most of all from the newspapers and prints of the age. At first sight this long study, in which the individuality of the author is almost completely relegated to the background, seems out of place, but it may really be taken, not merely as a very useful piece of antiquarianism—useful for lazier people to steal from—but also as supplying a sort of landscape setting for the heroes and heroines of the earlier essays, almost everyone of whom may be conceived as supping in one of the boxes in the Prince of Wales's pavilion, or hurrying down the Gardens at nine o'clock in the evening to be in time for the famous display of waterworks. A capital reproduction of Wale's prospect of Vauxhall Gardens forms, it may be added, an appropriate frontispiece to the volume.

The nineteen vignettes are of a totally distinct character. They deal exclusively with literary or artistic personages. They are occupied with figures incidentally famous through their association with men of letters, such as Prior's "Kitty;" or with obscurer individuals who were independent candidates for fame, such as the author of "The Female Quixote;" or with the incidents which gathered round the publication of one famous book, such as Fielding's "Voyage to Lisbon;" or with pure social oddities, such as Captain Coram, or Hanway the traveller. Still more delightful than any of these are, we think, the little chapters which reconstruct a day in the life of some famous man of letters. Thus we are introduced to Horace Walpole at the height of his vogue, and enjoy a day and a night of his elegant hospitality at Strawberry Hill; we ride with Steele and his exacting second wife through the too-exciting streets of London town; we sit with Cowper among the grass, pink, and myrtles of that sequestered arbour, out of earshot of the barking dogs and squalling babies of Olney, in which "John Gilpin" was written; we climb the old oak-balustraded staircase to the garret in Gough Square, where we find "the shrivelled wig, the seared, blinking face, and the heavy shoulders of Doctor Johnson rising slowly, with a huge volume under his arm."

When a writer is so full of his subject as Mr. Dobson is, and brings to his aid the store of a memory crowded with impressions so multiform and so varied, it is a little difficult to point out positive additions to knowledge in his variegated pages. Nor has he, as so many small discoverers do, emphasised his small discoveries in notes or in a preface. Mr. Austin Dobson is not one of those hens

that wake the echoes with cackling whenever they have laid an egg. Criticism, for that very reason, should be careful to do justice to his modest novelties. The reviewer who should pretend that these "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" contain nothing new for the student of the period would do so at the risk of publishing his own ignorance of what is old. On all sides the careful reader is struck with little indications of first-hand investigations which have escaped Mr. Dobson's predecessors. Johnson's review of Hanway's "Travels" has been known since the days of Boswell, but has anyone until now drawn attention to Goldsmith's notice of the same book in the *Monthly Review*? Fielding's article on Miss Charlotte Lennox, in the *Covent Garden Journal*, in which the heroic author of "Amelia" declared that in several respects "The Female Quixote" surpassed the romance of Cervantes in interest, has certainly never been identified before, and is of considerable biographical importance. Again, all the world is familiar with Pope's expression about himself—that he was dying of a hundred good symptoms—but it has been left for Mr. Dobson to note that this was a Queen Anne commonplace, and that Swift had used it in 1711. There are many such points to be discovered by a careful reader, and often the novelty is suffused over a wide area and defies analysis. For instance, in the chapter on "Steele's Letters," the merest tyro ought to be able to perceive that this picture is no mere reflection of Thackeray, but an independent and much closer portrait, full of intimate touches taken direct from the Steele correspondence.

The accuracy of Mr. Austin Dobson is so extreme, and the worship he receives for it from a thousand frailer scribes so unbounded, that we should not be human if we did not like to find him tripping. It is not an easy task, we admit, and the results are scarcely worth our labour and our midnight oil. Still we seem to have found something, just enough to make our splenetic efforts not altogether in vain. It is rash to suppose that Mr. Dobson does not know any fact, but we are really tempted to believe that he is not aware that Hogarth took the subject of his "Sigismunda" (not "Sigismunda") from Dryden—

"Oft, her mouth applied
To the cold heart, she kissed at once, and cried
[then] bade the vial to be brought,
Where she before had brewed the deadly draught,
First pouring out the med'cinable bane
The heart, her tears had rinsed, she bathed again;
Then down her throat the death securely throws,
And quaffs a long oblivion of her woes."

Such is Dryden's disagreeable description in his "Sigismunda and Guiscardo," and this without question gave Hogarth his subject. On p. 194 a word has gone wrong: Rogers' "Italy" was composed not in "couplets," but in blank verse. It is little blame to Mr. Dobson that he has not been able to verify his quotation from the mock-poem of "Hero and Leander," for it is one of the very rarest of books. In its first edition, that of 1653, the verse referred to runs thus:—

"Three children sliding thereabout
Upon a place too thin.
That so at last it did fall out
That they did all fall in."

The type and printing of this otherwise delightful book leave much to be desired, and do little credit to Messrs. Spottiswoode & Co. Finally, to have done with grumbling, the absence of an index is a tiresome defect.

DR. JESSOPP'S "STUDIES."

STUDIES BY A RECLUSE IN CLOISTER, TOWN, AND COUNTRY.
By Augustus Jessopp, D.D., Rector of Searnburg. London:
T. Fisher Unwin.

READERS of the *Nineteenth Century* always know that they may expect a treat when they see Dr. Jessopp's name appearing in the table of contents. A vivid and picturesque style, an unflinching store of

learning and curious facts, new and old, a keen sense of the ludicrous side of things, a sturdy independence of thought which reck little of being called revolutionary by one side, or reactionary by the other, make this veteran "poacher in Clio's wide domains," as he chooses to call himself, one of the most delightful and original—in his own domain—of living writers. He has some of the racy pungency, the wholesome aroma as of freshly turned-up soil, dear to those who know and enjoy their Borrow, but with a more gentle and human graciousness than was ever shown by that fierce and rugged East Anglian. Whether Dr. Jessopp is a compatriot of Borrow's by birth as well as by association, we do not know, but he is nowhere happier than in telling us about the Norfolk and Suffolk abbeys he knows so well. Yet we would on no account miss the genial and playful essay on "Letters and Letter-Writers," with its new light shed on familiar, if not hackneyed, classical figures, and substance and outline given to names, which, we must confess, were only names to us—such as Sidonius and Symmachus. His account of the letters written by St. Jerome, St. Basil, and others, is both amusing and suggestive, and he has at last revealed to us the reason why we never could read St. Augustine. Of much the same kind is "L'Ancienne Noblesse"—sketching the country gentleman of ancient times, in such types as Utuki Senui, the Assyrian, Xenophon, and Pliny the Younger. In a more serious vein is the reprinted *Quarterly* article on "St. Albans and Her Historian," which traces the growth of what one may call the new school of historical research in England, and the gradual unearthing of our national treasures since the passing of the Public Record Act in 1838, and furthermore gives a most interesting account of the great Abbey, of Matthew Paris, and of his monumental chronicle. In the course of a very few pages—and those pleasant and readable to a degree one does not expect in the severe and solid periodical to which they were contributed—Dr. Jessopp has set before us a marvellously clear and forcible picture of monastic life as it was in the thirteenth century. The moral drawn from the whole is contained in his plea for the extension of historic study at the Universities. Here, we think, Fate is moving in accordance with his wishes; at any rate, it seems to us that the Cambridge Historical Tripos has considerably grown in importance since its candidates were numbered by twos and threes in 1878, or thereabouts. "Bury St. Edmunds" is an ideal sort of an address to deliver to an archaeological society; and happy, we should say, were those who listened to it *in situ*.

Objections, we understand, are sometimes made to the practice of collecting and re-issuing one's magazine articles in volume form. It is a practice, no doubt, that sometimes results in the most horrible kind of *βιβλία ἀβιβλία*—but it is not to be condemned in the abstract. It would have been a matter for deep regret had these "Studies" (their author modestly deprecates the term *Essays*, having, as he says, found that the latter word has lost its old meaning, and now signifies an *achievement*, not an *attempt*) been left to their entombment in the back numbers of periodicals. Who cares to look up old *Quarterlies*? And even *Nineteenth Centuries* are cumbrous to one's shelves, if one wants to keep them. But this is a book one certainly wants to keep; and, comparing it with its own next of kin, it is by no means unworthy to take its place beside "Arcady" and "The Coming of the Friars."

Dr. Jessopp expressly disclaims the title of historian; and certainly a man with such multitudinous calls upon his time (he effectually disposes, in his preface, of the popular delusion that the country parson's life is one of learned leisure) would have little opportunity for the completion of a continuous and systematic historical work. But, apart from this, we think his *genre* is rather the historical essay than the history proper. It is a *genre* with a sub-

sidary but legitimate function of its own; it requires peculiar gifts, rarely, perhaps, found in the same person, and covers ground which the regular historian leaves untouched. Dr. Jessopp may have unduly taken to heart the remarks of certain critics who appear to have accused him of presumption, on the strength of a slip or two, in a former work. But a smatterer, as, with a spice of the pride that apes humility, he supposes he may be called, he certainly is not. Yet we can scarcely regret the soreness that seems to have inspired an eloquent outburst, of which we cannot refrain from transcribing the conclusion, and which may, perhaps, afford food for thought in more ways than one.

"... But the fact remains that, with all that is expected from town and country parsons nowadays, and in the face of all that the best of them are humbly and prayerfully trying to do for their people and the Church of Christ, it is too much to expect that we should have a *learned* clergy: it is inevitable that culture, and anything in the shape of erudition, should steadily, and perhaps rapidly, decline among us all. Of course, there is an evil to fear in the prospect, and I notice that in the Irish Church they have already begun to feel the seriousness of that evil, and to deplore the fact that the clergy in Ireland are tending to become all men of one type—narrow in view and diminutive in intellectual stature. But I, for one, am not afraid of the future.

"In the providence of God it may well be that His Church shall be built up to more loftiness of endeavour, more lowliness of mind, more intense appreciation of simple goodness, more living faith and devout vigilance by a clergy who are 'not of this world,' and who may even be the objects of contempt to the sciolists. It may be we need to be reminded that there are better things than writing history or even theology, and that it was not by learning that the conquering Cross prevailed, but by the labours of ignorant and foolish men, who overcame the world through the sheer force of love and sublime self-sacrifice. And so, when a pert young academic, just fresh from the schools, and rejoicing in his place of honour bravely won, assures me that all the other professions are going up and the clerical profession alone is going down, I do not quail before that exuberant youth, or tremble at his glowing eye, but, like the silent parrot, I 'think the more'; and a whisper seems to say to my own heart, 'Fishermen from Galilee, in their Master's strength, beat the philosophers once; they took some time about it, but the rout was complete at last. Strong Son of God!—it may be—it may be—that Thy Word shall go forth for the weak ones of the world to do the like again!'"

Dr. Jessopp, though somewhat afraid of democracy (unless we do him wrong in thinking that he identifies it with the wrong sort of agitator), is, it seems to us, a truer democrat than many who call themselves by that name. His views on the land question as laid down in his lecture delivered at Birmingham, whatever may be thought of them from an economic point of view, are at any rate *real* thoughts, derived from a long-continued contact with people and the conditions of things—not paper theories worked out in the seclusion of a study. They are home-made and hand-made, so to speak, like everything else of Dr. Jessopp's—he never gives us second-hand suppositions or second-hand conclusions. We can only hope that this will not be the last volume we shall enjoy from the pen of so suggesting and stimulative a writer.

A LADY'S HOME-NOTES.

AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK IN A HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE.
By Charlotte M. Yonge. London: Macmillan & Co.

MISS YONGE's latest work is not of the kind we are accustomed to expect from her. It is rather difficult to classify, but has a distinct charm of its own. It has—though such a claim is nowhere put forth—a certain affinity with White's "Natural History of Selborne." Miss Yonge's Hampshire village presents features not dissimilar to that classic ground, though it lies in the neighbourhood of Winchester, and not on the Downs near the Sussex border. The "Outlook" consists chiefly of notes on the weather, plants, birds, village customs and traditions, and other matters concerning which much interesting information can be gathered by quiet observers living for many years

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in the same spot. The notes are perhaps somewhat scrappy, and do not contain anything particularly striking; but first-hand observations, even if seemingly trifling, are always valuable, and we have met with many particulars new, at any rate, to us. Miss Yonge is inclined to believe the traditional assertion that robins kill one another in the autumn. She was told by a labourer's widow that "her husband has seen them fight to the death in the woods," and it certainly seems curious that they never increase in numbers, though they have broods of four or five. Their fierceness and combativeness are well known. Rooks also present a fine field for investigation. If their language could be recorded and learnt by means of the phonograph, as Professor Garner hopes to do with the speech of monkeys, we should be able to solve many long-debated problems. Miss Yonge makes no contributions to this hypothetical science, but tells a story, which she assures us is true, of some rooks in a cathedral close first persecuting an innovating pair who had built on a new tree outside the enclosure, and afterwards coming round to their opinions. The new tree was adopted and filled with nests, while the old one, which they deserted for it, was shortly afterwards blown down. It would be interesting to know whether such a thing ever happened before, or whether this shows the recent development of a Progressive spirit among a rigidly Conservative community. The decisive opinion, on this occasion, seems to have been given by an old bird "with white feathers in his poll," who, unfortunately, was afterwards shot, so that no further observations could be made on him. The remark has often been made—but it may not be out of place to make it once more—it seems a pity that the only way of intimating the existence of a rare bird, or one with any peculiarity, should be to say one has shot him.

Of folk-lore, Miss Yonge has not much to tell us. A curious, dying-out tradition, connecting the blacksmith's craft with St. Clement—of which another link is, perhaps, preserved in the song of "Old Clem" (alluded to in Dickens's "Great Expectations")—is still kept up, it appears, by village smiths exploding gunpowder on their anvils on the 23rd of November. "In a neighbouring village they have a dinner, at which a curious legend is read of Solomon inviting all the workmen of the Temple to a banquet, but omitting the blacksmiths, till they proved their claim by showing the bolts and bars they had made, when they were admitted, but washed clean." What, and whence, is this piece of literature? and has no folk-lore society taken cognisance of it? Is it possible, moreover, to discover the origin of the name "Shik-Shak Day," given in Hampshire and Sussex to the 20th of May? Miss Yonge says it is "unknown," but thinks the wearing of the oak-apple must be—at any rate, in that district—older than the Restoration Day of 1660. Some remarkable remedies are mentioned as popular in the days "before union doctors"—two of which, against fits, seem to partake of the nature of charms—viz., "to wear a ring of beaten six-pences, given by six young women who had married without changing their surname;" and to hang from the neck "a hair from the cross on the back of a he-donkey."

Miss Yonge's "Outlook" tends, on the whole, to a quietly cheerful optimism. We should have expected a certain amount of the *laudatio temporis acti*—a little bitterness in reference to Board Schools and modern ways; but Miss Yonge has no quarrel with progress, and in many respects is more in touch with the times than some of her followers and imitators. We have sometimes noted a complaint of what may be called the decay of general intelligence among rustics. Miss Yonge admits the fact to a certain extent, but explains it by saying that the more acute and active intellects usually emigrate or seek work in the towns, leaving the residue to become denser than ever by process of natural selection. But she thinks that ignorance of the common objects

of Nature was greater forty years ago than now. A boy of that period, being asked by the clergyman whether he had heard the nightingale yet (in a district where the bird is very common), replied, "Please, sir, I don't know how he hollers;" and "the old-fashioned country lad was the most unknowing creature in the world as to the things around him. In the early days of trying to open peasant children's minds I have heard of a blank book placed at a school, where children were to record any observation of natural objects. One adventurous scholar set down, 'Saw the sun drawing water—John Smith.' Then followed, 'Saw the sun drawing water—Mary Jones,' and so on, to the bottom of the page, without a single deviation in these experiences."

ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS.

DRAWING AND ENGRAVING. By P. G. Hamerton. London and Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

THE ART JOURNAL FOR 1892. London: J. S. Virtue & Co.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART FOR 1892. London: Cassell & Co.

HISTORIC HOUSES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM. London: Cassell & Co.

THE VISION OF HELL, BY DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by the Rev. Francis Cary. Illustrated with seventy-five designs by Gustave Doré. Popular Edition. London: Cassell & Co.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR 1892. London: Macmillan & Co.

GOOD WORDS FOR 1892. London: Isbister & Co.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE FOR 1892. London: Isbister & Co.

MR. HAMERTON'S book is a reprint, with additions, of his articles on drawing and engraving in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Anything Mr. Hamerton writes is worth reading, and the illustrations exemplifying various processes are full of interest from every point of view. The author's remarks, in the preface, on the right value and use of drawing are so just that we cannot forbear quoting from them: "The habit of looking upon drawing as a small accomplishment may be explained in some measure by the idle way in which it is often followed. The graphic arts only become valuable as a part of education when they are pursued seriously as a discipline in accuracy of observation. When the object of the drawing-master is to enable pupils to seem 'clever' by producing a feeble imitation of art that displays consummate manual skill, his labour and theirs are equally vain and nugatory, he and they are wasting their time together, as it is not in the nature of things that great executive talent can even be mimicked satisfactorily by those who have not really attained it in their own persons."

There are ten etchings in the *Art Journal*, four being original, by Mr. A. H. Haig, Mr. Herbert Dicksee, Mr. Percy Robertson, and Mr. E. Slocombe; two by Mr. G. H. Macbeth Raeburn after Mr. John Charlton and Mr. Yeend King; three by Mr. C. O. Murray after Mr. J. R. Weguelin, Mr. C. N. Henry, and Mr. Ernest Parton; and one by Mr. L. Muller after Mr. Stanhope Forbes. Two photogravures from pictures by Mr. F. Perrin and Mr. William Logsdail complete the twelve plates for the year. The illustrated articles are, as a rule, of very great value: the account of Mr. Leyland's famous house is only one among many records the subjects of which are inaccessible except to a favoured few. Among the serial articles are biographies of artists, expository papers on the "Furnishing and Decoration of the House," descriptions of provincial museums and art galleries, and a dozen articles on the important English and French exhibitions of the year. Fiction, a new departure in the *Art Journal*, is represented by six stories, including "The Sculptor's Mistake," by M. Jules Lemaitre; "The North Coast and Eleanor," by Mr. Frederick Wedmore; and "The Portrait Painters," by Mr. Barry Pain. The *Art Journal* is eminently conservative, and if we add insular we do not mean it in any bad sense. It

represents before everything English art, as competently as black and white and intelligent criticism can, and in its own sphere is not likely to be superseded. There is no profusion of illustration, no eagerness after new things; it is a leisurely, gentlemanly, self-contained, tolerant, very pleasant journal.

The *Magazine of Art* is liberal and cosmopolitan. Artists of all nationalities contribute to its illustrations, and it is willing to give all processes a trial. "Process" is on its trial; and we have little sympathy with those who cry out against it; it has done marvels, although hardly out of swaddling clothes, and its achievement in the future may be great. The twelve monthly plates are from paintings by Messrs. H. E. Detmold, Alfred Stevens, John Russell, A. Lynch, Troyon, L. Alma-Tadema, A. Schreyer, J. W. Waterhouse, R. Poetzelberger, Edouard Zamacois, Niccolò Barabino, and Jan Van Beers. Of these, two are chromotypogravures, five are photogravures, and five are etchings, the last by Messrs. J. Desmoulins, Th. Chauvel, F. Krostewitz, J. Dobie, and Ch. Courtry. It will be seen that English art is not by any means overlooked in the principal illustrations, nor is it given a secondary place in the general contents of the magazine; the article by Mr. Walter Shaw-Sparrow on Mr. Alexander Henderson's collection with engravings of Mr. Burne-Jones's "Days of Creation" is a treasure in itself. The monthly editorial is typical of the progressive liberalism of the magazine. This is an illustrated record of the movement of the art-world, giving portraits of artists whose names—through noteworthy achievements, through death or other cause—are made prominent, engravings of new statues and monuments, of buildings of architectural importance and artistic interest, of pictures and other works of art freshly acquired by our national galleries and other artistic bodies, etc. etc. What strikes one in looking over these editorials is the success with which they are kept abreast of contemporary events; each of them overflows with illustrations, and yet there are no sketches—all artistic engravings. Cosmopolitan, democratic, with the personal note of the times, alert in its news, and brimming with illustrations, the *Magazine of Art* is, considering price and everything else, as marvellous a publication as these latter days have seen.

Fourteen writers, specially qualified to treat of the houses they describe, contribute to "Historic Houses of the United Kingdom," and there are twenty-four articles in all. Among the literary contributors we may mention the Rev. Professor Bonney, Mr. William Senior, Mr. Harold Lewis, Miss Constance Anderson, and Miss Ella MacMahon. Besides five special full-page engravings, the book is handsomely illustrated with about three hundred woodcuts of many sizes, not a few of them being also full-page—reproductions of photographs many of them, and many of them from drawings by Mr. Holland Trincham, whose style reminds us somewhat of Mr. Herbert Railton's. The various styles of architecture, the various picture galleries with their old masters and portraits, and the historical associations of the selected English, Scotch, and Irish castles, supply rich material for good popular treatment, of which writers and illustrators take full advantage.

A popular edition of Dante's "Vision of Hell," with Doré's designs, deserves a welcome. Doré's illustrations are no more Dante's hell than Mr. Irving's Lear is Shakespeare's, but for the great mass, who are unable to interpret things for themselves, such a fantastic, shadowy idea of the "Inferno" as the Frenchman's serious caricature affords is, we honestly believe, better than none. Besides his giant scenery, his giant trees with roots like griffin claws grasping the soil, his strange crowds, and winged and tailed monsters, will rouse curiosity and encourage the sluggish reader to the study of Cary's translation, the best version in English, and a better version than Doré's pictures.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* has always remained true to its name—it is almost too English. But there is matter in it to suit all classes, with the exception, perhaps, of literary people, whose suffrage it has never done much to secure. The main features in the annual volume for 1892 are a series of illustrated articles on railways by Messrs. A. M. Malan, Alex. S. Parker, C. J. Bowen Corke, C. H. Jones, and W. Wordsell, officials of the various lines described; and a series of illustrated articles on factories—pianos, tobacco, biscuits, etc.—by Mr. Joseph Hatton. The stories are of a high order, and the general matter very varied, including such different subjects as "Rugby School," "The Times," "Village Life in the Olden Time," and "Wolf Hunting in Russia." Among the illustrations are numerous engravings of eminent men and women.

Good Words is hardly to be classed among religious magazines—at any rate, it cannot be intended for Sabbatarians or the "unco guid." It is really one of the best of our popular literary, scientific, and sociological periodicals, and more representative than any other of its class, because of the infusion of religious matter. The *Sunday Magazine* is intended, and well suited, for that large, respectable, and justly respected class who separate their religion from literature, science, and art, and whose consciences limit them in their choice of Sabbath reading. We are glad to find that the matter provided for this class continues to be of good quality—much of it quite readable even by those who are not Sabbatarians.

FICTION.

A BRILLIANT WOMAN. By the Hon. Mrs. Henry Chetwynd. Three vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.

INFELIX. By Lady Duntze. London: Ward & Downey.

UNDER PRESSURE. By the Marchesa Theodoli. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

JEAN DE KERDREN. By Philippe Saint-Hilaire. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

"A BRILLIANT WOMAN" is the story of a singular young lady who marries a man she regards as distinctly inferior to herself in intellect and knowledge of the world, and who has to pass through certain very bitter experiences before her eyes are rudely opened to the truth. Mrs. Chetwynd has a thorough knowledge of the country-house life which plays so large a part in this novel, and though she is guilty of introducing sundry very old acquaintances—such as the travelling American female and the local representative of Mrs. Grundy—it is not to be denied that her power of sketching social life produces distinctly amusing results. Nor is the plot of the story devoid of interest. The self-opinionated young lady who imagines that she has conferred an immense obligation upon her husband by marrying him is irritated at the very opening of her married life by a mystery affecting one of the families in the neighbourhood of her new home. Her husband declines to reveal this mystery to her, contenting himself with the intimation that he does not wish her to make the acquaintance of the family in question. Naturally, perhaps, she jumps to the conclusion that it is some scandal affecting the past life of her spouse which is hidden beneath the mystery, and, with all the eagerness of Blue Beard's wife, she determines to learn the secret of this skeleton in the cupboard. In the end, and after varied and, in some cases, striking experiences, the mystery is made known to her, and is shown to be very different from what her foolish imagination had led her to suppose. The chief fault we find with Mrs. Chetwynd is that she has, in the first instance, made the brilliant Maria, whom in the end the reader learns to love and admire, a singularly ill-bred young woman, who knows even less than a milliner's apprentice of the behaviour proper to the society in which her marriage has placed her. Nor can we acquit the author of having produced one deliberate caricature,

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the sketch of Maria's friend, the intolerable Flora Harrington. If Maria's manners are—at the outset of her married career—those of a very vulgar woman, the manners of Flora Harrington are unquestionably those of a woman belonging to the most debased class in society. It is impossible to believe that any decent person would have tolerated such a creature in her house for a single day.

"Infelix" has the sub-title "A Society Story." Mrs. Carew is cold and beautiful, and looks with a certain amount of scorn upon the good-natured squire whom she has married in a moment of enthusiasm, and who, though he makes her in all essentials a good husband, is so far wanting in good taste as to fall asleep in the drawing-room of an evening after a hard day's hunting of the fox. To this couple, who really have everything that man and woman could desire, enters another hunter—not of foxes, but of women. This is Mr. Cuthbert Eyre, a gentleman whose profession in life seems to be the breaking of women's hearts, but whom Ralph Carew regards as his bosom-friend. The woman-hunter loses no time in entering upon the pursuit of Mrs. Carew, and "Infelix" tells the story of the chase. The plot ends without the seduction to which it has seemed to be leading up from the opening chapter. There is a death-bed instead, and the baffled seducer is only able to print one passionate last kiss on the clay-cold brow of his darling. But this consummation is not reached until after a variety of love-making, not Platonic, has been described in detail by the author. Lady Duntze is clever, and some of her descriptions of character are distinctly amusing; but when next she writes we trust she will find a better theme than that which she has employed in "Infelix."

The Marchesa Theodoli inscribes "Under Pressure" to Mr. Marion Crawford, and there can be no doubt that it is from that distinguished author that she has derived her inspiration; but "Under Pressure" is no mere echo of Mr. Crawford's Roman stories. Roman life is described in these pages by one who knows her subject thoroughly. She lacks, as so many spectators whose point of view is too close to the thing observed do lack, that power of seeing the poetry in things prosaic, and the general sweep and tendency of the little things of everyday life which distinguishes Mr. Crawford. But she is a close observer, can analyse character, and tell a story that is thoroughly readable. The two daughters of the noble Astalli household, whose story forms the subject of these volumes, are typical Italian girls; and we do not know which of the two—she who is destined to a life apart as a nun, or she whose lot it is to make a brilliant marriage—better deserves our sympathy. The brilliant marriage which Lavinia ought to have made is broken off because of the failure of the bridegroom's father to sign his will. The Astallis, noble Romans though they are, consider money an indispensable qualification in their son-in-law; but little Lavinia, though, in the first instance, she had accepted the eligible young man as a mere matter of course at the bidding of her parents, has, to the great horror of the latter, found her heart in the meantime, and will by no manner of means agree to abandon the man she loves merely because he has lost his fortune. Hence comes a struggle between the child and her parents, the various incidents of which are described with a vividness and fullness of detail that speaks of the author's personal knowledge of the life with which she is dealing. The story ends satisfactorily, and those who wish to pursue that line of reading which Mr. Marion Crawford has opened up for them cannot do better than read "Under Pressure."

Despite the inevitable loss of style involved in the process of translation, "Jean de Kerdren" retains a considerable amount of native charm. The slight story, conceived in a vein of thoroughly French sentiment, is worked out with French grace and lightness of touch. Jean, Count de Kerdren, heir to an ancient title and great possessions in Brittany, is a young

naval officer whose devotion to his profession leads him to forswear marriage as a hindrance to his nautical career. But the Quixotic side of his character causes an overthrow of this stern theory. Mlle. de Valvieux, a beautiful girl whose charms had made no impression upon him during her days of prosperity, is suddenly left a penniless orphan; and Jean, meeting her in her subsequent poverty and humiliation, with romantic chivalry lays his title and fortune at her feet. After their marriage they retire to Jean's ancient castle in Brittany, where, by degrees, the grace and gentleness of his young bride win his real love. The gradual dawning of passion in Jean's strong nature is indicated by many pretty and delicate touches. Then comes the tragic break-up of their happy married life; for Alice soon begins to display the consumptive tendencies inherited from her mother. The distracted young husband vainly seeks to ward off the fatal malady by a long cruise with her in Mediterranean waters; she droops and dies, after a good deal of harrowing of the reader's feelings. Jean, left thus bereaved and lonely, becomes a priest, devoting the remainder of his blighted existence to deeds of charity. English readers are likely to resent the somewhat fine-spun sentiment of such incidents as the embroidery of Jean's priestly vesture by the dying wife; indeed, it must be admitted that poor Alice is an unconscionable time a-dying. A little more relief of humour would have been both artistic and agreeable. The translation, by Mrs. Waugh, is less wooden than translations are wont to be; but the punctuation is curiously erratic.

CULTURE IN EARLY SCOTLAND.

CULTURE IN EARLY SCOTLAND. By James Mackinnon, M.A., Ph.D. London: Williams & Norgate.

WE do not read far in this book till we discover that we are in capable hands. The dedication to a German scholar is not encouraging, if it is entertainment that we are after; but two or three pages suffice to assure us that Mr. Mackinnon, however much indebted to Germans for his learning, has gone elsewhere for his model of style. He is almost French in his lightness of touch and lucidity. Seldom do we find a monograph on a subject like this so bright and clear and flowing. Something in the outside of the book—the binding or the type—somehow led us to expect to find within the dreary lucubrations of an archaeological fumbler, or crank, or pedant, or stiff and stilted researcher; and we have been most agreeably disappointed. Mr. Mackinnon is a thoroughly instructed scholar, and a most pleasant and readable writer, who takes his subject seriously, but not too seriously, and who has studied it not only in archaeological museums and classrooms, but in the open air at home and abroad. He starts at his best in the chapters on Prehistoric Culture, where he pieces together and interprets with happy skill the scanty remains of the Stone Age and the Bronze Age. But his critical tact and lively imagination do not fail him as he comes down the stream of time and his materials become more abundant. Mr. Mackinnon has thoroughly mastered the literature of the subject, and combines respect for authorities with an independent and well-balanced judgment. On Ninian it appears that he has written a separate monograph in German, but his own special study of this part of his subject does not make him exaggerate its importance or put it out of perspective. He writes with equal spirit and knowledge of Columba and Aidan and Cuthbert. Nothing could be happier than his criticism of Gildas and Bede and other earlier historians and biographers. It is eminently constructive rather than destructive: he passes lightly over what a genial scepticism must reject, and builds upon the substantial remainder. Mr. Mackinnon is evidently a trained historian, as well as a most agreeable and lively writer.

A HANDBOOK OF GOVERNMENT.

CENTRAL GOVERNMENT. By H. D. Traill, D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. announce that they are about to publish "a new edition, thoroughly revised," of their "English Citizen Series," and of this reissue Mr. Traill's is the first volume. There is nothing in the substance of the volume to show that it has been "thoroughly revised." A gentleman who presumes to instruct the British (or English) citizen on his duties and responsibilities should be careful about his facts. Mr. Traill is an adept at avoiding precise statements by round-about phrases, and when he chances to be precise he is frequently inaccurate. Among other things, he tells us (page 42) that "three-fifths of the whole annual expenditure is made under the express direction of Acts of Parliament, and these